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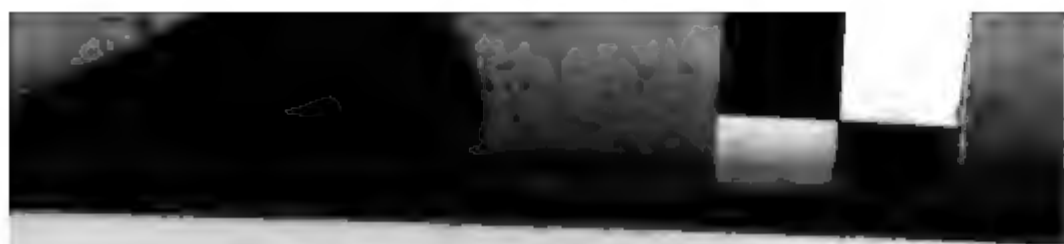


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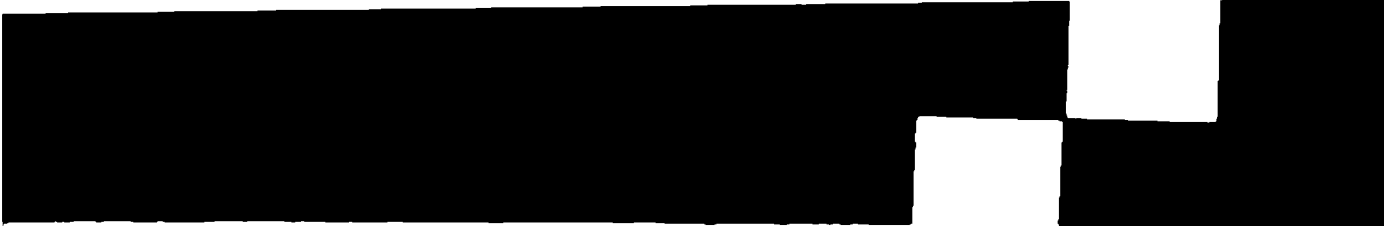
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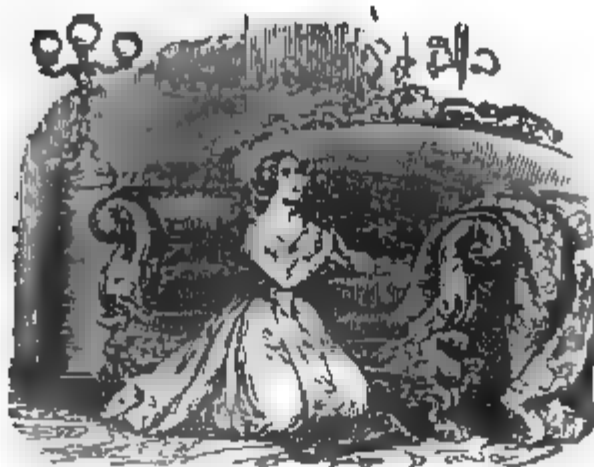


PLATE 11

**THE**  
**FAMILY SABBATH-DAY MISCELLANY,**  
**CONTAINING**  
**OVER THREE HUNDRED**  
**RELIGIOUS TALES AND ANECDOTES,**  
**ORIGINAL AND SELECT,**  
**WITH**  
**OCCASIONAL REFLECTIONS.**

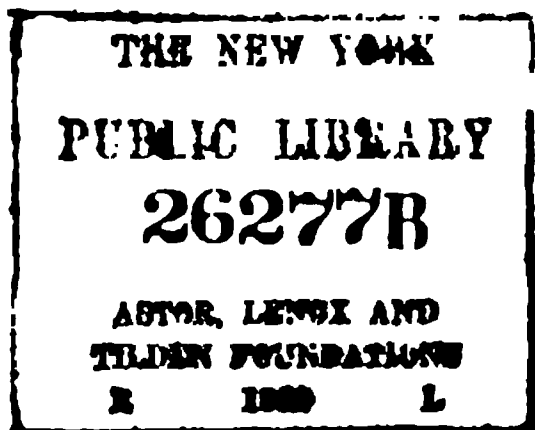
**ADAPTED TO THE USE OF FAMILIES ON THE LORD'S DAY.**

**BY CHARLES A. GOODRICH.**



**WITH ENGRAVINGS.**

**PHILADELPHIA:**  
**PUBLISHED BY LEARY & GETZ,**  
**NO. 224 NORTH SECOND STREET.**



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CHARLES A. GOODRICH,

In the Clerk's office of the District Court of

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## AUTHOR'S ADDRESS.

READER,

ALLOW me to inquire, in what manner your Sabbaths are spent? I can lay no claim, perhaps, to put such a question; but I request the privilege of asking it, in the hope of leading you to some just thoughts, if you never had any, in relation to a most important portion of your earthly existence.

There can be no difference of opinion between us, I conclude, in relation to the manner, in which the Sabbath *should be spent*, provided it can be made to appear, that God has revealed his will on the subject. If that will has been expressed, it is to be found in the Bible. That is his word, we both agree. What, then, says the Bible in relation to the Sabbath?

It carries us back to centuries ago, when, on a certain occasion, God came down; and, covering Sinai with the awful tokens of his presence, expressed his will to the children of Israel, in relation to the Sabbath, or a seventh portion of their time. He declared it to be his will, that they should *keep it holy*; that six days they should labor, and therein do *all* their work, leaving *none* of it to be done on the seventh, because the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord your God. It was his *rest*, and, therefore, should be theirs also. In it he signified, that they should not do *any work*, neither they, nor their children, nor their servants, nor even those who were transiently domesticated with them, the stranger within their gates. Nor should man rest alone, but the *beast* also. "Then he condescends to give a reason for this enactment, in which all mankind, whenever and wherever they live are equally interested—a reason, which was valid from the creation of the world, and will hold good as long as the world lasts; 'for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; *wherefore* the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.'

lections touching faith and duty, which the various narratives suggest: but it has occurred to the author briefly to state the more prominent of these truths, which the volume is calculated to illustrate and enforce.

The reader will find—

1. Complete evidence of a superintending and special providence.
2. Ample encouragement to fortitude, patience, and trust in God, in times of adversity. The poor will see how the Lord can supply their wants—and the widow and the fatherless, how he has often interposed for the relief and comfort of others, in circumstances like their own.

3. Ministers, parents, and teachers may learn from the experience here recorded of others, what encouragement they have to abound in prayer, and in continued and vigorous efforts in well-doing.

4. The volume will confirm the important sentiment, that means apparently the most inconsiderable, and inadequate, often lead through the Grace of God, to noble results;—and, therefore, the humblest Christian should never inquire, in a spirit of unbelief,—“What can *I* do?”

5. The most cunning and sagacious transgressor will see, how unerringly the finger of God can point to their secret sins, and bring them to light long after their commission, and while they are reposing in full security, that no development can be effected in the present world.

6. Children will find not a few examples in which faithfulness to parents, has resulted in leading them from vice to virtue, and from misery to joy.

7. The volume in its several parts, and as a whole, will serve, it is believed, to confirm the scriptural declaration—“It shall be well with the righteous,—woe unto the wicked it shall be ill with them.”

• Power of Belief 5-2-106 : 34

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## P R E F A C E.

A few of the pieces, which make up the present volume, are original, as are also the reflections, which occasionally follow other pieces; but the work is chiefly a *compilation*, consisting of Tales and Anecdotes, which have been collected from various sources, with reference to a particular object—viz. an interesting and instructive book for the *Sabbath*. No article, not decidedly moral and religious in its tendency, has been intentionally admitted. Of course, however, among such a variety of anecdotes, not every one can be expected to possess the same merit, nor have the same adaptation.

The Author has not even attempted to give the names of the authors of the several articles, as many of them were found to be anonymous; nor has he indicated the sources whence they are derived, as in numerous instances, the original publications, in which they appeared, could not be ascertained. Suffice it to say, that during many a long ramble, and diligent search, he has culled whatever seemed auxiliary to his purpose—a choice collection, adapted to family reading on the Sabbath.

In respect to the truth of the several narratives, no doubt can exist as to the great proportion of them; in respect to the remainder, the author has no means of deciding with absolute certainty, but from the general character of the articles themselves, and especially the occasions on which many of them were related—Missionary Meetings, Bible and Tract Society anniversaries—it is believed, that confidence may be placed in the truth of all.

A large and fair *type* has been selected for the work, in accommodation to the impaired sight of the aged. This class of persons not unfrequently object to modern subscription books, on the ground that the small type employed, renders the perusal of them rather painful than agreeable. This objection is here obviated.

*The reader will no doubt deduce for himself those important re*

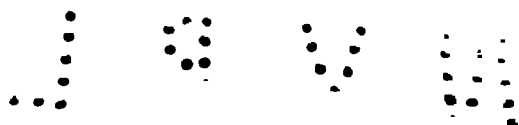
"Now, God has never revoked this expression of his will. He has never repealed this law. If he has, *when* did he it, and where is the record of its repeal? He has not taken off the blessing which he laid on the Sabbath. He has not obliterated the distinction, which he put on the seventh portion of time. He has not said, 'you need no longer remember the Sabbath to keep it holy—seven days you may labor—my example of six days work, followed by one of cessation and rest, you may now cease to imitate.' He has not said any thing like it. The law is in force therefore even until now.

"Well, here is the law of God, with the reason of it. Now, for the practice of men. How poorly they compare! There are indeed few, who do not remember the Sabbath day, and in some manner distinguish it from the other days of the week. But the law is, that they should remember it *to keep it holy*; that they should distinguish it by hallowing it as a day of rest. This they do not. They keep it no more holy than any other day, though they do *differently* on that day, from what they do on others. They do not the same work on that day, which they do on the other days, but they do some work. Such as *necessity requires*, and such as *mercy dictates*, they *may* do. The law of nature teaches that, and the example of the Lord of the Sabbath sanctions and confirms the lesson."\* But they do other things besides what necessity and mercy call them to do, and that which may be considered *work*, and certainly not contemplated by the Great Lord of the Sabbath.

By this I do not mean that my readers do not attend upon the *public worship* of God. You go, often, perhaps, and while in the sanctuary, you *appear* to worship God "in sincerity and truth." You listen to the Divine message, as delivered by the minister; and, if not doers of the word, you are attentive hearers of it. You return to your homes in quietness and order.

But how do you employ the *other portions of the day*? What *books* do you read?

Possibly none. There are those, who attend the public worship of God, who seldom if ever peruse the Scriptures, or any other religious books, on the Sabbath. I confess that the number is probably small. Most of those, who thus honor the institution of



the Sabbath, it is believed, do read—a large proportion of them, I trust, read the Scriptures—but are there not some even among religious families, who indulge themselves in reading books, which lay no claim to be religious? Some even in such families—and thousands, who belong to families less scrupulous, spend no inconsiderable part of the Sabbath in perusing the newspapers of the week; or in reading History, Biography and Travels; and not a few “steal awhile away,” and whirl away the consecrated hours, amid the fascinations of a *novel*, or *romance*.

But what would such persons say, should they see a neighbor making preparations for a journey of business, on that morning?—or proceeding to his field to dress out his corn?—or, shouldering his musket, and with dog by his side, setting forth on a hunting excursion? Would such employments and recreations, in their view be proper? But where is the difference in the sight of God, between these and reading profane history, or secular biography—a book of travels—or some voyage round the world—a newspaper, or a novel? Both, to say the least, are flagrant violations of that divine law, which says, “Remember the Sabbath day to *keep it holy*.” Yet many moral people would scarcely be disturbed in conscience by reading such works on the Sabbath, while they would be *shocked* at the impiety of the employments and recreations named above.

But it is urged, that the Sabbath is a long and wearisome day. Not to the true Christian. You hear no such complaints from him. His delight is too much in the worship of God, and in meditation on “the law of the Lord,” to make the Sabbath a dull and tedious day. To those, however, who find no enjoyment in spiritual objects and employments, it is wearisome. But are they hence excusable in prostituting the day to *secular* purposes? By no means. They should possess such a heart as *will* delight in God’s service, and in the performance of all those duties which he has enjoined. They should love the Bible, and so love it as never to *neglect* it, for any other book, however scriptural, and useful it may be.

The Bible should be read—pondered—improved. But while special attention to that is doubtless all important, the *exclusive* reading of it is not required. Other works may be profitably perused. But not those, which are of an irreligious tendency, nor even those, which might be deemed of a neutral character.

The works suitable for the Sabbath are such, as falling in with

the Bible, tend to enlighten the mind, and improve the affections—such as illustrate the grace of God—as lead to prayer, repentance, faith, and good works.

Such books introduced into families are safe and useful. The more interest and incident they have, the more attractive and impressive they will be likely to be.

In the belief that ample materials existed for a volume of a religious, but miscellaneous character—well adapted for family reading on the Sabbath—not to the exclusion of the Bible—no, not for a moment—but uniting with its holy influence, and often illustrating its truths, and enforcing its precepts, the author, some time since, commenced the task of collecting, and arranging them. He has gone on, till a large volume has been gathered. His labors are now submitted. Judging from the effects of many of the pieces upon his own mind, he cannot doubt, that they will be found interesting and profitable.

He hopes that the work will do *good*;—will subserve the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom—the welfare of immortal minds. And, if it shall be the means of impressing one soul with the importance of personal religion—of comforting one heart—of rousing one Christian to watchfulness and prayer—or of increasing benevolent effort for the salvation of a ruined world, he will not have labored in vain, nor have spent his strength for nought.

## RELIGIOUS ANECDOTES.

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### *Circulate the Bible.*

It has been related of a British subject of some distinction, that for some misdemeanor, he was cast into prison, and condemned to death. Friends interested themselves, and procured from the royal clemency a pardon; which was committed to the proper officer to be forwarded. The officer, however, being unfriendly to the prisoner, retained the pardon in his own hands, till the time appointed was past, and the *unhappy prisoner was executed*. Who does not feel his indignation moved, in view of such unfaithfulness?

The Bible is an offer of *pardon* from the clemency of heaven, sent down for condemned and perishing sinners, while yet they are "prisoners of hope." Whoever receives it, is bound to communicate the knowledge of it to his fellow prisoners far and near, that they, with himself, may partake the benefit. Every one into whose hands it falls, is, from this very fact, commissioned to publish it. It is made his *duty*. He is appointed to the office of publishing it.—"Let him that heareth say, Come!" A responsibility is upon him, from which he can never be free. Suppose then he fail in his duty. Suppose he let the pardon lie by him, till the poor brother for whom it was designed, dies without having heard of it. Is he guiltless? The British sheriff was guilty of a fearful crime. Is it less to hold back the knowledge of heaven's pardon from those for whom it was intended, till the day of mercy with them is for ever past?

Queen Elizabeth gave to the Earl of Essex a Ring, assuring him that into whatever disgrace he might fall, or whatever prejudices she might herself be induced to entertain against him, yet if he sent her that ring, she





hoped, advantage, which he himself had derived from their perusal. To the families which were removing to the new settlements, he gave several, to be carried by them to the place of their destination.

Before he had completed the circle of his distributions, he offered a tract to a *poor* man, who declined receiving it, saying, "It is of no use to give one to me, sir, for I can't read."

"Well," said the merchant, "it is probable you are a married man, and if so, perhaps your wife can read it to you."

"Yes," said he, "my wife can read, but I have no time to hear it read."

"You certainly can hear it read to-morrow," said the merchant, "which is the Sabbath."

"Sir," said he, "I have no more time on the Sabbath, than any other day: I am so poor, I am obliged to work on the Sabbath. It takes me the six days to provide for my family, and on the Sabbath I am obliged to get my wood."

"If you are so poor as that," said the merchant, "you must be *very* poor."

"I am," said he; and proceeded to mention that he had no cow, and that his family were very destitute.

"It is no wonder you are poor," replied the merchant, "if you work on the Sabbath. God won't prosper those, who thus profane the day. And now," said he, "my friend, I have a proposition to make to you. You, landlord, will be my surety, that my part of the contract will be fulfilled. From this time, leave off working on the Sabbath. If you have no wood, with which to be comfortable to-morrow, get a little for your necessity, the easiest way you can, and then, on Monday morning, provide a supply for the week; and, hereafter, leave off your other labors every week, early enough to provide a full week's store of wood on Saturday. Quit all your work on the Sabbath;—reverence that day; and at the end of six months, whatever you will say you have lost by keeping the Sabbath, I will pay you to the amount of *one hundred dollars*."

The poor man solemnly confirmed the contract, and the landlord engaged to be responsible for the due payment

of the money. With this, their interview, which had been continued for a considerable time, and withal a very serious one, was closed.

About five months afterwards, the merchant put up again at the same public house, for the night; and before he retired to rest, began, as before, to distribute to each person present, a Tract. He observed a plain, but well dressed man, who seemed to be eyeing him with special interest, and who, when he approached him, said, "Did you never distribute Tracts here before, sir?"

"Probably I have; I am not unfrequently distributing them."

"Did you not, four or five months ago, give a Tract to a man here, who said he worked on the Sabbath?"

The merchant replied, that he recollected the circumstance very well.

"Well, sir," continued the other, "I am that man. I carried home the Tract you gave me (it was the Tract entitled, '*Subjects for Consideration*, No. 46,') and told my wife every word of our conversation. She said you were right; and we sat down together, and she read the Tract aloud. So much affected were we with the Tract, and with what you had said, that we scarcely slept any all night. In the morning we rose; I went and procured a handful of wood, with which to get our breakfast, and after breakfast was over, we sat down and read the Tract again. Bye-and-bye, one of the neighbors came in, as was usual, to loiter away the day in vain conversation. We told him what had happened; he said you were right; and my wife read the tract again to him and myself. Other neighbors came in, and we did the same by them. They came again the next Sabbath, and we again read the tract to them; and now, sir, we have at my house, every Sabbath, a religious meeting; this Tract has been read every Sabbath since I saw you, and the reading of it is now accompanied with religious conversation and prayer!"

"Well," said the merchant, "if you have kept your promise, you perhaps would be glad of your money: how much have I to pay?"

"Oh, nothing, sir," replied the other, "I have never prospered so, as I have since I observed the Sabbath, to

keep it holy. When I saw you before, we had no cow—now we have a cow, and all our wants are comfortably supplied. We were never so happy before; and never can be thankful enough for what you have done for us.”

The landlord assured the merchant that he never had known such an alteration in a neighborhood, as had taken place in that, since he was last there. Before, the whole neighborhood spent their Sabbaths at work, or in visiting, fishing, hunting, and other amusements; but now they were seriously attentive to the subject of religion, and met every Sabbath for the worship of God.

Reader, on looking round upon your neighborhood, cannot you discover some poor family, like the one above described, by whom the Sabbath is not observed, and who, you have reason to believe, are poor *because* it is not observed? And, passing by their wretched habitation, on your way to church on a Sabbath morning, did you never observe the children abroad, sauntering around, idle, wretched and apparently half famished? May be you have seen, at the same time, neighbors wending their way to this wretched house, to spend the day in idleness, and possibly in intemperance. Such persons are wont to lay in a double portion of the maddening poison on Saturday. These probably have done so.

Does not the sight of such profanation of the day of God disturb you? Can you pass on, and not sigh over such wretchedness and guilt? Does not the condition of these poor children excite your sympathy?

Now, had you put a few Tracts in your pocket, before leaving home, might you not, on this day of mercy to a dying world, have just stepped in and said, “neighbor, will you do me the favor to read this little pamphlet to-day?” or, you might hand one to the children and say “sit down and peruse it—or carry it to your mother, and ask her to read it to you.”

Lifting up your heart to God while so doing for his blessing—what a result might you not expect? You would pass on with a light and happy heart. You would enter the sanctuary with a new object in view—to pour out your soul in prayer, that that family might be met by the Spirit of God. Lifting up your voice, you would

sing with unwonted joy—feeling that you had that morning done so.—

Go imitate the grace divine,  
The grace that blazes like a sun ;  
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,  
Through all your lives let mercy shine.

Possibly the action of the morning in its holy influence, might reach down to generations unborn. That mother's heart might be touched—that father, hard, and obdurate now, might himself, at length, yield to divine truth—those children might become the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. You might see them at no distant day, well dressed—well fed—happy—and as you passed on to the house of God, they might come forth, and walking with you, might whisper to your delighted soul, “We had rather be door-keepers in the house of God, than dwell in the tents of wickedness.”

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### ***Faith and Unbelief.***

Two negro women in Antigua, members of a religious society, but dead many years since, exhibited a remarkable contrast of faith and unbelief.

One of these women had accumulated, for a person in her station, what might be considered much wealth; but she was haunted with such an apprehension of dying in want, that she was afraid of laying out money even for necessary food, and under various pretexts evaded paying the usual small contributions toward the support of religion in the society to which she belonged. One day, she brought to a friend a number of guineas, and told her that she must keep them for her, and when she came to lie down, not to let flies “*nyam*” her—meaning that when she was confined to a dying bed, some one must be employed to take care of her. Her friend asked her how she knew, that she should be confined to a bed of sickness previous to her death, and advised her to make a proper use of her money, to dismiss all care of providing for an event, which might never happen, and to trust herself with Him, by whom the hairs of our head are all numbered. But she was deaf to this christian counsel, and continued anxious and careful about trifles. Complaining

bitterly one day to the same friend of some insignificant loss, which she had suffered, while her faithful monitor was laboring to convince her of the impropriety of such complaints, the woman exclaimed, "Oh! my head!"—fell down—and died shortly after!

The other woman, a poor field negro, had a heart overflowing with the love of God and man. She might have been exempted, by pleading poverty, from paying her contributions to her society; but she thought it an honor to be allowed to contribute her mite to the support of religion. On one of the occasions, when she had to pay her contribution, she had but two "*dogs*" (of the value of three half-pence) in the world, and her children must be fed. She could not bear to withhold her trifle, nor could she leave her children unfed. Recollecting that she had a little corn, she sent one of her boys to grind it; and sent the other to pick a weed, which the negroes boil for food. Having prepared their suppers for them, she left them with a light heart, and proceeded to the estate, where she was to meet her friends. When she put down her two "*dogs*," she raised her eyes to heaven, with these emphatic words—"Take it Massa! it is to you I give it!"

In her way home, the next morning, she had to pass the house of a lady, who knew her. The lady seeing her, called out, "O Mary! I bought a quarter of pork of you so long ago, that I had quite forgotten it; how much was it?" Mary could not recollect the amount; but the lady, determined not to let her lose by it, gave her two dollars, and sent her to her housekeeper for some rice and salt pork to take home with her, to which the housekeeper added some flour and pork from herself. In relating this circumstance afterward, Mary remarked, that *if we give God any thing, he does not pay us again as our fellow-creatures do, but gives us twice, and three times as much in return.* This excellent christian has been heard, when praying with other females, to be so drawn out in love to her fellow-creatures, that when she could particularize no further, she has supplicated, in the warmth of her love for mankind, and with true sublimity of conception—that there might be "*a full Heaven, and an empty Hell!*"

### ***True Moral Courage.***

THE Rev. Mr. Fletcher had a wild and profligate nephew in the army, who had been dismissed from the Sardinian service, for very bad conduct. He had engaged in several duels, and had spent his money in vice and folly. The wicked youth waited one day on his eldest uncle, General De Gons; and presenting a loaded pistol, threatened to shoot him, unless he would that *moment* advance him five hundred crowns. The General, though a brave man, well knew what a desperate fellow he had to deal with, and gave a draft for the money, at the same time, speaking freely to him on his conduct. The young man departed in high spirits, with his ill-gotten money.

In the evening, passing the door of his younger uncle, Mr. Fletcher, he called on him, and began with informing him, what General De Gons had done; and, as a proof, showed a draft under De Gons' own hand. Mr. Fletcher took the draft from his nephew, and looked at him with surprise. Then after some remarks putting it into his pocket, said, "It strikes me, young man, that you have possessed yourself of this note by some wrong method; and in conscience, I cannot return it, but with my brother's knowledge and approbation." The nephew's pistol was in a moment at his breast. "My life," replied Mr. Fletcher, with perfect calmness, "is secure in the protection of an Almighty power; nor will he suffer it to be the forfeit of my integrity, and your rashness." This firmness drew from the nephew the observation, "that his uncle De Gons, though an old soldier, was more afraid of death than his brother." "Afraid of death!" rejoined Mr. Fletcher, "do you think I have been twenty-five years a minister of the Lord of life, to be afraid of death now? No, sir, it is for *you* to be afraid of death. *You* are a gamester and a cheat; yet you call yourself a gentleman! *You* are the seducer of female innocence; and still say you are a gentleman! *You* are a duellist, and for this you style yourself a man of honor! Look there, sir," pointing to the heavens, "the broad eye of Heaven is fixed upon us. Tremble in the presence of your Maker, who can in a moment kill your body, and forever punish your soul in Hell."

The unhappy young prodigal turned pale, and trembled, with fear and rage. He still threatened his uncle, with instant death. Mr. Fletcher, though thus threatened, gave no alarm, sought for no weapon, and attempted not to escape. He calmly conversed with his profligate relation; and, at length, perceiving him to be affected, addressed him in the kindest language, till he fairly disarmed and subdued him! He would not return his brother's draft; but engaged to procure for the young man some immediate relief. He then prayed with him; and after fulfilling his promise of assistance, parted with him, with much good advice on one side, and many fair promises on the other.

### *Is it well with thee?*

THE story of the Shunnamite mother is one of tender interest. In the simple language of Scripture, the tale is told with more power than the fancy of the poet has ever given it; and no one can read it, without being moved with sympathy for the bereaved, and admiration of the sweet submission, with which she bowed to the heavenly blow. God had given her a son,—an only begotten, and well beloved son,—and it was not strange that a mother's heart should entwine itself most tenderly around him, and all her hopes of earthly happiness should be hushed with her darling boy. In his infancy she had watched him with a mother's love, and now, he was just blooming in the beauty of childhood, and beginning to repay the debt, which to none but a mother is due.

"And it fell on a day, that he went out to his father, to the reapers. And he said unto his father, My head! my head! And he said to a lad, Carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him, and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and then died. And she went up, and laid him on the bed of the man of God, and shut the door upon him, and went out."

In this hour of her terrible affliction, it was natural that she should fly to the man of God, for counsel and comfort. He had promised her this child from God, and the trembling hope doubtless lingered around her heart,



that He, who had given her the child, could give him back. He saw her coming, and sending his servant, asked her, "*Is it well with thee?* Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy child?" and she answered, '*It is well.*'"

Was it well with thee, O mother! when thy first born, thine only child, thy bright and beautiful boy, was cut down like a morning flower? Was it well with thee, when the *only* flower, that ever blossomed in thy bower, was withered, and the light of thy happy home had gone out in darkness;—when the merry laugh of that lovely child would no more cheer thy heart, nor his opening beauty gladden thine eye? Was it well with thee, fond mother, when all thy earthly hopes were blasted, and the child of thy bosom was cold, in the arms of death?

Yes, it was well! And severe, as she must have felt the blow to be, with the meekness of pious resignation to the holy will of the Lord, she acquiesced in the dispensation, though it made her house desolate, and her heart a desert.

This is a profitable question to put to any and every one, at all times, and one, on the answer of which, the most tremendous consequences may depend.

In affliction, the enquiry may appear more appropriate, as it was originally addressed to one in the depths of distress. But it is not to be confined to those who mourn. It is often better with those who weep, than with those who rejoice. "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." Those who are called to weep over the loss of those they love, and those who weep on account of sin, have found that it was *well* for them to be in sorrow. In such times the comforter has come, and dried up their tears, and given them beauty for ashes, and the oil of joy for mourning. Their sorrow has been succeeded by that peace, that passeth all understanding, and joy, that the world knoweth not of. And when the Lord, by the mouth of his servant, has inquired, "Is it well with thee?" the ready reply has been, "*It is well.*"

The question ought rather to be put as a test of character. It is well with those, and those only, who have found peace in believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. With them it is well, under all the vicissitudes of life;—in the trying hour of death, and in the eternal world. Put the

question to the believer, and hear his answer. Perhaps the world calls him poor. He has struggled all his days against the current of adversity, but is still poor. But he does not murmur. He feels that it is well with him, and better than it was with his master, when he dwelt among men.

Perhaps some sudden change of circumstances has swept away his property, and reduced him from affluence to poverty. He feels his loss more keenly, than he would have felt poverty, had he never been rich. But he knows that he has not lost his all. He has an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved eternal in the heavens. Thither he turns his eye, when this world perishes with the using, and as the last vestige of his fortune passes from his hands, he cries, "*It is well.*"

Death comes to his fireside, and takes away the joy of his heart, the delight of his eyes, the comfort of his life. He loves. He weeps. He feels the bereavement, but in the exercise of quiet resignation to His will, who strikes the blow, he finds grace to say "*It is well.*" So when he comes to lie down on a death bed himself, he would love to live and rejoice in the joy of those, who now weep around him. But he knows that to die is gain,—to depart and be with Christ is far better—and though the pains of death are terrible, and the ties that bind to life are strong, still, as he feels his heartstrings breaking, he can say with truth, "*It is well.*" And, oh! is it not well with him, when Eternity opens on his soul; when he quits this vale of tears; this land of sorrow, and pain, and death, and enters the gates of heaven? As he treads the golden streets of the new Jerusalem, as he casts his crown at the foot of the eternal throne, as he sits down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God, as he looks upward to the face of the Lamb, and meets his smile of transporting love, will he not exclaim, in the fulness of his satisfied soul, "*It is well!*"

Thus the *believer* answers this question. What saith the *sinner*? When afflictions assail him, he has not the strong consolation of those who have fled for a refuge to the hope set before them in the gospel. He mourns as those who have no hope. When his property is stripped

from him, he murmurs at his lot. When those he loves are removed by death from his arms, his heart rises in rebellion at the dealings of God. When he comes to lie down to die himself, he may cry peace, peace, to his soul, but his troubled conscience, the voice of God, assures him, there is no peace. It is not well with the sinner in life—nor in death. In that awful hour, when, of all other hours, he needs the christian's stay, he is torn by the torments of his own bosom, and harrowed by the awful forebodings of the future. But he must die. Eternity opens on his soul. Hell throws wide its gates. He enters the gloomy mansions. He feels the gnawing of the worm that never dies; the fire that is never quenched kindles upon him, and burns with its fiercest flame. That is his eternal couch. Ages will roll along, but no pang of hell will die, no ray of hope give sweet relief, no drop of water falls on his parched tongue.

Reader! perhaps that lost soul is thine. Is it well with thee? If not now, it may not be in death, or in eternity. It will not be, unless, before the evil day overtakes thee, thou art persuaded to fly unto Jesus Christ, to make him thy friend. Then, it shall be well with thee, in sickness and in health, in life and in death,—and well with thee to all eternity.

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### ***A Profitable Thought.***

A YOUNG man was once led by his companions to scene of dissipation, where they indulged in festivity and sin. In the midst of their enjoyment, the clock struck one. The following passage from "Young's Night Thoughts," rushed on the young man's mind—

"The bell strikes one. We take no note of time  
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue  
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,  
I feel the solemn sound; if heard aright,  
It is the knell of my departed hours.  
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.  
It is the signal that demands despatch.  
How much is to be done? My hope and fears  
Start up alarmed, and see life's narrow verge.  
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss,  
A dread eternity."





A Noble Youth.

The effect of the recollection of this passage was solemn and powerful. He could no longer enjoy the scene around him. He quickly retired, but his soul continued to be troubled; nor did he find rest till he had chosen the Savior. Reader, when you hear the clock tell the departure of another hour, will you ask yourself what report it bore to heaven? And how many more hours you are likely to have, to waste, perhaps in sin?

### *A Noble Youth.*

THE following anecdote was related to a gentleman, during a night he spent in a farmhouse in Virginia, some 60 years ago:—

In December, 17—, towards the close of a dreary day, a woman with an infant child were discovered half buried in the snow, by a little Virginian, seven years old. The lad was returning from school, and hearing the moans of some one in distress, threw down his satchel of books, and repaired to the spot whence the sound proceeded, with a firmness becoming one of riper years. Raking the snow from the benumbed body of the mother, and using means to awaken her to a sense of her deplorable condition, the noble youth succeeded in getting her upon her feet; the infant nestling on its mother's breast, turned its eyes towards their youthful preserver and smiled, as it seemed, in gratitude for its preservation. With a countenance filled with hope, the gallant youth cheered the sufferer on, himself bearing within his tiny arms the infant child, while the mother leaned for support on the shoulder of her little conductor. "My home is hard by," would he exclaim, as oft as her spirits failed; and thus for three miles, did he cheer onward to a happy haven, the mother and child, both of whom otherwise must have perished, had it not been for the humane feeling and perseverance of this noble youth.

A warm fire and kind attention, soon relieved the sufferer, who, it appeared, was in search of her husband, an emigrant from New Hampshire, a recent purchaser of a farm in the neighborhood of ——— near this place. Diligent inquiry for several days found him and in five

months after, the identical house in which we are now setting was erected, and received the happy family. The child grew up to manhood—entered the army—lost a limb at New Orleans, but returned to end his days, a solace to the declining years of his aged parents.

“Where are they now?” I asked the narrator.

“Here,” exclaimed the son. “I am the rescued one—there is my mother, and here, imprinted on my naked arm is the name of the noble youth, our preserver!”

I looked, and read “*Winfield Scott*.”

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### ***The King and the Soldier.***

A KING was riding along in disguise, and seeing a soldier at a public house door, stopped, and asked the soldier to drink with him; and while they were talking the king *swore*.

The soldier said, “Sir, I am sorry to hear a gentleman swear.” His majesty took no notice, but soon swore again. The soldier said, “Sir, I’ll pay part of the pot if you please, and go; for I so hate swearing, that if you were the king himself, I should tell you of it.” “Should you indeed?” said the king. “I should,” said the soldier. His majesty said no more, but left him. A while after, the king having invited some of his lords to dine with him, the soldier was sent for; and while they were at dinner, he was ordered into the room, and to wait a while. Presently the king uttered an oath; the soldier immediately, but with great modesty, said: “Should not, my lord, the king fear an oath?” The king, looking first at the lords, then at the soldier, said, “There, my lords, is an honest man: he can respectfully remind me of the *great sin* of swearing; but you can sit and let me send my soul to hell by swearing, and not so much as tell me of it.

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### ***The most interesting sight in the World.***

ONE day the Rev. Henry Venn, author of the “*New Whole Duty of Man*,” told his children, that in the evening he would take them to see one of the most interesting

## MISCELLANY.

sights in the world. They were anxious to know what it was, but he deferred gratifying their curiosity, till he brought them to the scene itself. He led them to a miserable hovel, whose ruinous walls and broken windows bespoke an extreme degree of poverty and want. "Now," said he, "my dear children, can any one who lives in such a habitation as this be happy? Yet this is not all, a poor young man lies upon a miserable straw bed within it, dying of disease, at the age of only nineteen, consumed with constant fever and afflicted with nine painful ulcers." "How wretched a situation!" they all exclaimed. He then led them into the cottage and addressing the poor young man, said, "Abraham Midwood, I have brought my children here to show them that it is possible to be happy in a state of disease, and poverty, and want; and now tell me if it is not so." The dying youth, with a sweet smile of benevolence and piety, immediately replied, "Oh, yes sir! I would not change my state with that of the richest person upon earth, who was destitute of these views which I possess. Blessed be God! I have a good hope, through Christ, of being admitted into those blessed regions where Lazarus now dwells, having long forgotten all his sorrows and miseries.

"Sir, there is nothing to bear whilst the presence of God cheers my soul, and whilst I can have access to him, by constant prayer, through faith in Jesus. Indeed, sir, I am truly happy, and I trust to be happy and blessed through eternity, and, I every hour thank God, who has brought me from a state of darkness into his marvellous light, and has given me to enjoy the unsearchable riches of his grace!" The impression made by this discourse upon his young hearers was never effaced.

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### *The Sage's advice to Mourners.*

I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell often. As he raised his humid eyes to heaven, he cried: "My brother! Oh my brother!"

A sage passed that way, and said:

"For whom dost thou mourn?"



"One," replied he, "whom I did not sufficiently love while living ; but whose inestimable worth I feel."

"What would'st thou do if he were restored to thee?"

The mourner replied, that he would never offend him by an unkind word, but would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come to his fond embrace.

"Then waste not thy time in useless grief," said the sage ; "but if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living remembering that they will one day be dead also."

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### *Course of Life.*

"LIFE," says Bishop Heber, and beautiful is the imagery which he employs to express his thoughts, "life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat, at first, glides gently down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads ; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands ; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us : but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

"Our course in youth and manhood, is along a wilder and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry, which passes before us ; we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable, by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor ; our voyage may be hastened but cannot be delayed. Whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of its waves is beneath our heel and the lands lessen from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and the earth loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants and of our farther voyage there is no witness, but the Infinite and Eternal."

And do we still take so much anxious thought for the future days, when the days which have gone by, have so strangely and uniformly deceived us? Can we still so set our hearts upon the creatures of God, when we find by sad experience, that the Creator only is permanent? Or, shall we not rather lay aside every weight, and every sin which doth so easily beset us, and think of ourselves henceforth as wayfaring persons only, who have no abiding inheritance, but are sustained during our pilgrimage with the hope of a better world.

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### ***The Washer-Woman.***

A LADY some time ago, in her daily pursuit of objects on whom to bestow comforts and blessings, derived from the resources of a large fortune and benevolent heart, found on a miserable pallet, in a miserable dwelling, a wretched female in great bodily agony, and, as it turned out, a few hours only from dissolution. She learned with grief, that this poor woman was a victim of intemperance, and that a course of drunken habits was dragging her into a premature grave. After a few solemn words to the dying creature, the lady was surprised that she turned round and feebly said, "Madam, do you not know me?" So altered, however, were her sunken and emaciated features, that it was some time before she recognized the changed countenance of one who had been her laundry servant. Much moved at the sight, the lady exclaimed, "Ah! is it you—in such a place, in such distress, and oh! in such perilous circumstances, as regards your immortal soul?" "It is," replied the dying woman with firmness and composure, "here I am, and it is *you*, who have brought me to this." If a beam out of the wall had spoken the sentence, Mrs. — could not have been more confounded. "Oh, Madam," continued the departing sinner, "dinna you mind how often I refused, how unwilling I was to taste—I mean the whiskey at the washing? Oh, and how you pressed me till't and gart me do't. Oh! *dinna ye min' that?* How sair I pled wi *you*, that you wud na gar me do't?"

### *The Scotch Baker in London.*

A rotund, full-priced baker, who was in the habit of bringing his miserable debtors into "Westminster Court of Requests," one day stepped into the plaintiffs box with papers and ledger in hand, to make good his claim for twenty-five shillings, for bread supplied to a Mr. John Howard.

A tall young woman, wearing a handsome fur mantilla, and evidently careful to exhibit the externals of gentility, presented herself to answer the demand. Her age might be either eighteen or twenty-eight; the hollow cheek and spare form, produced by early sorrow or privation, or both, prevented a closer approximation to the truth.

A Commissioner.—Is the amount disputed?

Young Lady.—Certainly not. I have only to say, on the part of my father, that he sincerely regrets his inability to settle the amount at once.

Chairman.—How will you pay it?

Young Lady.—I have five shillings to offer now, and my father wishes to have the indulgence of paying the rest at half a crown a week.

Commissioner.—'The bill is for bread, and it has been standing for some time. Judging from your appearance, I should think your father cannot be in such circumstances as to make it difficult to procure the few shillings left unpaid on this bill.

Young Lady.—Appearances are often deceitful. It is equally distressing to my father and myself to ask even for one day; but unexpected sickness in our family has totally exhausted our little means.

Baker, (pocketing the money).—Twa and saxpence a week is not enough. Ye gang about toon wi a grand boa, and a fine silk dress, while my wife maun wear a plaid shawl and a cotton goon, because the likes o' ye will eat an honest mon's bread wi'oot paying for't. 'That fine tippet ye hae gotten on maun hae cost, may be sax gowden guineas.

"It is true," said the young lady coloring, "my dress may appear rather extravagant, and if I could with prudence dress at less cost, I would do so; but upon a respectable exterior, on my part, as a teacher of music, do

ends the subsistence of a sick father and two young  
sters. (The baker shut his book abruptly, and thrust  
s papers into his pocket.) As for the boa you allude to,  
at was pledged this morning to raise a few shillings to  
y you the five you have just received, and to provide food  
r those who have tasted little else beyond dry bread for  
e last week. The tippet I have on was kindly lent me  
r my landlady, as the day is wet and cold."

"Well, Mr. Baker," said the Chairman in a tone of  
mpassion, "perhaps you will agree to the young lady's  
rms?"

"Oh, aye," said to baker, "twa and saxpence a month.  
it it down if you wull."

Chairman.—Two and sixpence a week was offered.

"Mak it just what ye lik," said the baker.

The order was made and handed to the young lady  
as she was leaving the court, the Baker stopped her.  
Gie me haud o' that bit paper," said the baker. The  
equest was complied with. "Noo," said the baker,  
hrusting some silver into her hand, "tak bock your  
roon-piece, and dinna fash yoursel at a' wi' the weekly  
payment. Ye shall hae a four pund loaf ilka day at my  
shope, and ye may pay me just when ye're able, and if I  
niver git the siller may be I'll niver miss it; but mind,  
young leddy," said he angrily, "gin ye deal wi' ony ither  
baker, I'se pit this order in force agin yere father."

The young lady looked her gratitude. The baker had  
vanished.

The world has often been pronounced cold and selfish,  
and the experience of thousands has confirmed the truth  
of the declaration. But, as in a dark and cloudy night  
now and then a star peers out to cheer the lost wanderer,  
o among the selfish multitude, there is here and there a  
heart, which, like the "Scotch Baker's," can feel and flow  
orth in tenderness and sympathy, in view of the wretch-  
dness and penury of others. I love to contemplate such  
instances of kind hearted generosity, even though they  
ay spring from no higher source than natural sympathy  
hey show what man sometimes is, even in his ruins  
/hat may he not become.

*"When Grace hath well refin'd his heart?"*

There is room enough for the exercise of kindness everywhere. But, how many modest, virtuous and sh nkin beings, in our large cities, whose sufferings and deprivations the world never knows, find themselves obliged to toil by day and by night to furnish food for a father—that father may be one, who has sunk himself by intemperance and vice to infamy and want—but who is still a father;—or, for a mother, pining under wasting consumption;—or, for orphan brothers and sisters, while hundreds around them feast on the richest viands, and sleep on the softest couch.

Oh! when will this winter, which locks up the generous affections of the soul have ended? When shall we return from our aphelion state within the warming influence of that world, where all is love, and where each one finds in every one he meets, a friend and brother?—May those who read the foregoing simple, but touching tale learn a lesson of kindness.

O may our sympathizing breasts  
That generous pleasure know;  
Kindly to share in other's joy,  
And weep for other's woe.  
When the most helpless sons of grief,  
In low distress are laid,  
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,  
And swift our hands to aid.

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### ***Christian Firmness.***

WHEN the Rev. Mr. Baird was once pleading the cause of France, he related the following, which he received from the lips of one of the Evangelists, employed by the Missionary Society of Paris. 'This evangelist was preaching in one of the towns of France, and a lady, the wife of one of its wealthiest citizens attended at the chapel, and became deeply interested in the subject of her soul's salvation. Her husband, who was an infidel, opposed her violently; and, at length, when she became a decided christian, told her that if she went to the chapel again, *he would take her life*. Knowing well the character of the man, and firmly believing that he would execute his threat, she called upon the minister to ask his advice. I know not, said he, what to give, but we will pray to

God for wisdom. They kneeled, and prayed together. She arose from her knees ; and, without saying a word, returned home. The next Sabbath, she was found in the house of God, listening as if for the last time on this side of the eternal world. At the close of the service she returned, and upon entering her house, her husband met her, when the following conversation ensued ; "Have you been to the chapel ?" "Yes." "Did I not tell you, that I would kill you, if you went again ? How dared you to go ?" "Yes, but we must obey God rather than man." Perceiving that he hesitated, she embraced the opportunity of expostulating with him. "Why," said she, "do you intend to kill me ? Have I been a worse wife to you—a worse mother to your children, since I became a christian ?" "No," replied he, letting his weapon fall from his hand, "no, and I promise never to oppose you any more. And now," continued he, "I wish you to pray for me." They bowed before the mercy seat, and she poured out her soul in prayer for him. He is now one of the most active members of the church.

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### ***Our Father in Heaven.***

THE Bible, says Bonnet, in his meditations on the Lord's Prayer, insists much upon this comparison of an earthly Father, and our Father in Heaven ; and it challenges the tenderest affections of a parent's heart to surpass in any respect the love and care of our Heavenly Father. "What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone ? or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent ? If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven, give good things to them that ask him." Does a suffering or an erring child meet with assistance or compassion from his father ? "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

The Bible does not stop even here ; the experience of the christian contains still richer treasures of consolation. If there be found a father so unnatural as to abandon his own child, or if death, striking a beloved father, leave his

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child an unprotected orphan, the arms of a heavenly Father are stretched out to receive him, to surround him with love and paternal care: "When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up." And this assurance, which David had found so blessed a reality, when he pronounced these words, is the same to every soul whose confidence is in the Lord. Yes, I have seen the young child returning sad and dejected, after accompanying its father to the tomb, and have heard it ask in the agony of grief—"Who will now be my guide and my support, in this life of misery, upon which I am about to enter, alone, and poor, weak, and without hope?" And then, I have seen the hand of a faithful servant of God pointing upwards, while with accents of tenderness and sympathy he said—"My child! remember that thou hast still a Father in Heaven;" and these words, these few words, found the way to that young heart, and never after departed from it; and these few words gave a direction to his whole future life by shedding over it a new light.

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### *An Incident.*

THE following passage occurs in the recently published memoirs of Mrs. Hemans:

"It was about this time that a circumstance occurred, by which Mrs. Hemans was greatly affected and impressed. A stranger one day called at her house, and begged earnestly to see her. She was then just recovering from one of her frequent illnesses, and was obliged to decline the visits of all, but her immediate friends. The applicant was, therefore, told that she was unable to receive him; but he persisted in entreating for a few minute's audience, with such urgent importunity, that at last the point was conceded. The moment he was admitted, the gentleman (for such his manner and appearance declared him to be,) explained in words and tones of the deepest feeling, that the object of his visit was to acknowledge a debt of obligation, which he could not rest satisfied without avowing—that to her he owed, in the first instance, that faith and those hopes, which were

now more precious to him than life itself; for that it was by reading her poem of "*The Sceptic*," he had been first awakened from the miserable delusions of infidelity, and induced to "Search the Scriptures." Having poured forth his thanks and benedictions in an uncontrollable gush of emotion, this strange but interesting visitant took his departure, leaving her overwhelmed with a mingled sense of joyful gratitude and wondering humility

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### *Henry Martyn.*

SOME years since, an English gentleman spent several weeks at Shiraz, Persia. He attended a public dinner with a party of Persians, among whom was one, who took but little part in the conversation. He was below middle age, serious, and mild in countenance. His name was Mahomed Rahem. In the course of a religious conversation, the Englishman expressed himself with some levity; at which Mahomed fixed his eyes upon him, with such a look of surprise, regret, and reproof, as reached his very soul. Upon inquiry, the gentleman found he had been educated as a Mollah, (priest) though he had never officiated; that he was much respected, was learned, retired in his habits, and was drawn out to that party only by the expectation of meeting an Englishman, to whose nation and language he was much attached. In a subsequent interview, Mahomed Rahem declared himself a christian, and gave the following account of the happy change in his views and feelings:—

"In the year 1223 (of the Hegira) there came to this city an Englishman, who taught the religion of Christ, with a boldness hitherto unparalleled in Persia, in the midst of much scorn and ill-treatment, from our mollahs, as well as the rabble. He was a beardless youth, and evidently enfeebled by disease. He dwelt among us for more than a year. I was then a decided enemy to infidels, as the christians are termed by the followers of Mahomet; and I visited this teacher of the despised sect with the declared object of treating him with scorn, and exposing his doctrines to contempt. Although I persevered for some time in this behavior to him, I found that



every interview increased my respect for the individual, and diminished my faith in the religion in which I had been educated. His extreme forbearance towards his opponents, the calm and yet convincing manner, in which he exposed the fallacies and sophistries by which he was assailed, (for he spoke Persian excellently) gradually inclined me to listen to his arguments, to inquire dispassionately into the truth of them, and, finally, to read a tract which he had written, in reply to a defence of Islamism by one of our chief mollahs. Need I detain you longer? the result of my examination was, a conviction that the young disputant was right. Shame, or rather fear, withheld me from avowing this opinion. I even avoided the society of the christian teacher, though he remained in the city so long. Just before he quitted Shiraz, I could not refrain from paying him a final visit. Our conversation—the memory of it will never fade from my mind—sealed my conversion. He gave me a book: it has ever been my constant companion; the study of it has formed my most delightful occupation; its contents have often consoled me.” Upon this he put into his hands a copy of the New Testament in Persian. On one of the blank leaves was written, “There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, HENRY MARTYN.

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### ***Books of Fiction and the Bible.***

THE Bible contains the literature of heaven—of eternity. It is destined to survive in human hearts every other book, and command the ultimate veneration and obedience of the world.

When Sir Walter Scott returned, a trembling invalid from Italy, to die in his native land, the sight of his “sweet home,” so invigorated his spirits, that some hope was cherished, that he might recover. But he soon relapsed. He found that he must die. Addressing his son-in-law, he said, “Bring me *a book*.”—“What book?” replied Lockhart. “Can you ask,” said the expiring genius, whose fascinating novels have charmed the world, but have no balm for death—“Can you ask *what* book?—there is but *one*.”

No, there is but *one* book, that God has given to us--  
et us give that *one book unmutilated to the world.*

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### ***Anecdotes respecting the Bible.***

THERE are a few anecdotes relating to the publication of the first authorized translation of the Bible, which are well worth recording, as demonstrative of the temper in which our first ancestors received the blessing, and the use they made of it. A command was issued that every church should be provided with one of these folio Bibles. It was done ; but the anxiety of the people, of such as could, to read the precious volume, and of such as could not, to handle and turn over the pages of that book, which they had been in the habit of regarding as a thing of mystery and prohibition, was so great, that it was found necessary to chain them to the desks. In a country church, I have seen the very Bible, and the very chain preserved as relics, which three hundred years ago, attested the popular feeling on this subject. But so deeply rooted were the old prejudices of the governing authorities, that it was four years after the Bible was placed in the churches, before the king could be persuaded to revoke the decrees which forbade his subjects to have it in their private possession. At last, they were *graciously permitted by royal license*, to purchase Bibles for their own reading at home. Then it was that every body who could afford it bought a copy of the Scriptures, such as could not buy the whole, purchased detached passages. A cart load of hay was known to be given for a few chapters of St. Paul's epistles. And many there were, who, having learnt to read in their old age, that they might have pleasure in poring over the written word, and reading with their own eyes the wonderful things of God, exclaimed with the prophets, "Thy words were found and I did eat them ; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." The crosses and public places often presented the moving sight of men, women and children, crowding round a reader, who was rehearsing the Songs of Zion, and the prophecies of the

seers of Israel, or the tender discourses of the Redeemer of mankind.

One poor man, named John Marbec, was so desirous of making himself master of a Bible, that he determined to write one out, because he had not money enough to buy one; and when he had accomplished that laborious task, he set about the still more trying toil of making a concordance.

“They would hide the forbidden treasure under the floors of their houses,” says Mr. Blunt in his admirable ‘Sketch of the Reformation,’ “and put their lives in peril, rather than forego the book they desired; they would sit up all night, their doors being shut for fear of surprise, reading, or hearing others read the word of God; they would bury themselves in the woods, and there converse with it in solitude; they would tend their herds in the fields, and still steal an hour for drinking in the good tidings of great joy.

Such being the avidity, with which the Scriptures were cherished, let the reader imagine the consternation which overwhelmed the pious of his country, when the capricious Henry reversed his former decrees in favor of biblical learning, and threatened his people with imprisonment, confiscation and fire, if any below the privileged classes should presume to search the scriptures. This terrible stretch of royal prerogative was confirmed by act of parliament in 1543; and it seemed like a seal of human folly and infatuation forced upon a tyrant king and a subservient Senate, to refute future calumnies against Protestantism, and to be handed down to posterity as proof, that the Reformation was carried on, not by the cold mechanism of State politics, but by the fervent zeal and undaunted devotion of holy men, in spite of kings and parliaments. Our protestant forefathers would have been crushed, and their names and their labors forgotten, if the will of their temporal and spiritual rulers could have been accomplished. This proclamation of 1543 set forth that no books were to be printed about religion, without the king’s consent; none might read the scriptures in an open assembly, or expound it, but he who was licensed by the king or his ordinary. Every *nobleman* or *gentleman* might cause the Bible to be read to

him in or about his house. Every merchant, who was a house-keeper, might also read it, but no women, nor artificers, apprentices, journeymen, serving-men under the degree of yeomen, and no husbandman, nor laborer, might read it.

Such were the struggles of Protestantism! nearly two hundred years after Wickliffe's translation first appeared; even after the authorized version was published and circulated, the king, who is falsely described by our opponents, as the nursing father of our faith, strove by every means with which absolute power invested him, to stifle the infant religion, which he is said to have engendered.

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### ***The Baptism—A Sketch from Real Life.***

It was the afternoon of a cold winter day. The snow had been drifted over the plain, that spread itself around the cottage of Mrs. Seldon. From the summit and sides of the hills that lifted themselves above the little valley, it seemed to have been whirled and wreathed in high and dangerous drifts about the house. Now the wind was hushed, and the sun broke from the clouds. Serene and quiet lay the untrodden snow, as if a storm had never swept across its dazzling surface. As I left the village, and urged my way towards the cottage, I saw the curtain lifted from the window, and presently the door was opened, and the old nurse gave me a cordial welcome. "We feared you would not come;" and she added in a hushed tone, "to-morrow it would have been too late." I had no time to answer, for she quickly led the way to the little room, where the widowed mother lay. The racking pain had left her, and her face was kindled with joy—not of earth—as the sun shone upon it. Near the bed was a table, upon which a white cloth had been spread. A basin of water stood upon it, and a Bible lay near. Two children, bright and gentle, stood by the nurse, gazing silently upon the sweet face of the mother. I went to the bedside, and spoke to her in a low tone. "Yes, I have strength," she whispered. "I have done with earth—earthly ties are sundered,"—and the flush deepened on her cheek, as she cast her eyes upon her children. "I have committed

my orphans to God. I have loved them beyond life—but I have given them up. Now, sir, let the solemn ceremony be performed.” She called the children to her, and they bent their young heads, as we all kneeled in prayer. Her right hand rested upon that of the oldest, and with the other she clasped the little round arm, that lay across her breast. She closed her large dark eyes, and her lips moved—moved in earnest prayer. Then, clasped hand in hand, the little ones came, and stood by the table. Beautiful and simple as the baptismal rite always is, it was peculiarly touching and beautiful, in that room of death. A dying mother then gave her children to God. When the children returned to their mother, she pressed them to her bosom—kissed them—and asked God to bless them.

“Mother,” asked the oldest, “has the water made our hearts clean?”

“God cleanses the heart, my child. When your mother is dead, remember this—*she gave you to God*. You are no longer mine, but his.”

“I am glad, mother, because God will be your father, too; and, mother, if you live with God, and he takes care of sister and me, then he can tell you when we are good, and that will make you happy.”

A peaceful smile passed over the pale, languid features of the mother, as she again pressed her children, and exclaimed, “God bless you, my precious ones!”

Death, whatever may be our preparation, comes unexpectedly at last, and between the rising and setting of that day’s sun, a life of devoted piety was quietly closed. There was a long silence around the bed of death, and beautiful to those that stood about was the face from which anxiety and sorrow had forever departed, now reposing in everlasting rest. As her pale cheek flushed, and her eyes kindled with the last glow of life, her voice was earnest in prayer for her children, and her last words heard distinctly by us all, were, “Into thy hands I commit them.”

## MISCELLANY.

### ***Observance of the Sabbath.***

Among many excellent speeches, which were made at the "Chelsea Association for the observance of the Sabbath," none were more interesting than that of Mr. Chancellor, who is well known as one of the largest proprietors of carriages let out for hire, in the neighborhood of London. The following portion of his speech shows the happy result of a conscientious sacrifice.

"About four years and a half ago, it came into my mind, that I was acting wrongly in allowing my public conveyances to run on the Sabbath day; but I had doubts what to do, for I knew if I gave it up, it would be a loss of £500 a year to me, and my family was large. I made it a subject of prayer to God; and, at length, my mind was made up on the subject. It is impossible to describe the peace and happiness, which I have enjoyed since this resolution. I would not return to my former practice for ten thousand pounds. I now always pay my men early on Saturday morning, instead of Saturday night, and great is the benefit resulting from it. I used often to hear of their joining in riots, at the public houses on Saturday nights, but now nothing of the kind occurs. Our Sunday is really a day of rest; and it is delightful to me to see my men at church, and reading their Bibles. I wish many of my neighbors might follow my example, for they would find happiness from it here, and I am sure they would in Heaven."

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### ***Will your principles stand the test of a dying hour?***

COLONEL Ethan Allen was a bold and distinguished officer in the American Revolution. He could face the enemies of his country, with the most undaunted bravery, and in the field of battle he never shrunk from danger. But he was an opposer of Christianity, and even gloried in the character of an infidel. His wife, however, was a pious woman, and taught her children to love and respect religion, while *he* told them that it was all a delusion. But an hour at length came, when the confidence of Col. Allen in his own sentiments was severely tried, and like

many other infidels, he dared not defend them. A beloved daughter was taken sick ; and, at length, her situation became alarming. In this solemn period, she sent a message to her father, requesting to see him. He hastened to her bedside, when she thus addressed him—"Father, I am about to die—I shall soon be in eternity and before the bar of God—I wish to be on safe ground—now tell me—shall I believe in the principles, which you have taught me, or shall I believe what mother has taught me?"

What a question for a daughter to put to a father ! The intrepid soldier quailed before her—his chin quivered—his frame was agitated—he paused, unable to reply—but at length laconically replied—"Believe what your mother has taught you"—and hurried from the room.

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### ***The Missionary Garden—A Dream.***

Furnished by a young Lady.

THE day had been sultry, and a warm south wind was blowing languidly, as I took my evening walk, along the banks of a small stream, which ran at the foot of my garden. It was twilight—the hour when fancy asserts her sway, and when we most often indulge in reverie. As I walked silently along, my thoughts were employed on that most grateful of all topics, to the Christian—the *extension and final triumph of the Redeemer's kingdom in this revolted world.*

My imagination transported me to the time when, wherever the voice of man is heard, the song of praise to redeeming love shall strike upon the ear ; and wherever his footsteps are seen, there shall be found those, whose feet run in the way of God's commands ; and I exultingly exclaimed :

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
'Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

But, in the midst of these gladdening and soul reviving anticipations, the thought suddenly presented itself, *How is all this to be accomplished ; and when shall these things be ?* Although the triumph of the Gospel had been the

## M I S C E L L A N Y .

delightful theme of my contemplations ; yet I had never before seriously pondered upon the *means* of its accomplishment ; and, now, as one difficulty after another rose to view, I began to despond ; and, by the time I had seated myself on the bank of the stream, something like gloom and unbelief pervaded my soul. I thought of the nations setting in darkness—of the shocking and sickening forms of error, which thousands had embraced, and were cherishing ; and, more than all, of the natural enmity of the human heart to the pure doctrines of Christianity. And then, I turned my gaze to the church of Christ, itself—the light, which was to illumine all this darkness—the salt, which was to purify all this corruption. Alas ! the candle glimmered faintly in the socket, and the purifying savor was scarcely diffused through its own body.

At length, overcome with fatigue, and wearied with my sorrowful reflections, I fell asleep ; and, as is often the case, my imagination, uncurbed by reason, pursued a similar train, as during my waking moments.

I seemed, in my dream, to be on the summit of a mountain. Stretching beneath me, lay a fertile and beautiful valley, which looked as if it might be the abode of happiness, such as seldom falls to the lot of mortals. As I regarded it more attentively, I observed that it was regularly laid out like a *garden*, and there were in various parts of it, persons who seemed to be endeavoring to improve and cultivate it.

Desirous of knowing more of this interesting spot, I commenced descending the mountain, and at length encountered a person, who appeared to be a spectator like myself, seated beneath a small arbor. On seeing me approach, he requested me to take a seat beside him, and in answer to my inquiries, proceeded as follows :

“The garden which you see,” said he, “belongs to a great and wise king, who resides far distant, but who, nevertheless, has herein interested himself for many years in the production of the choicest fruits ; and destines this spot to be the favorite and best cultivated of any in his dominions. For this end, he has here placed some of his most faithful and highly valued subjects, to whose care he has committed it, giving them directions how to keep it, and promising them a due reward for their faithful



endeavors to accomplish his object. His directions are to enrich the soil, and cause to grow every kind of fruit and flower, that is pleasing to the eye, or whose fragrance is grateful to the senses. No weeds are allowed to grow in the ground, and nothing suffered to stand, which does not in some way contribute to the object in view. But there is one tree, especially, which every subject is required to cultivate on his own allotted portion. Most precious is it to the king. A fair tree to look upon ; its blossoms are fragrant, and its fruit more delicious than that of any other tree. It is easily injured and destroyed ; but with kind and constant care, it may be brought to perfection. The seed the king himself furnishes, and every implement, which the cultivators need for its growth. Moreover, there is a day set on which the king himself will come to view this garden, when it is expected that it will present to his eye even greater loveliness than Eden itself."

At this moment, the stranger being called away, I descended into the garden, to observe more narrowly, how far these highly favored persons had proceeded in their delightful work. I readily distinguished the beautiful tree of which my friend had spoken. But to my surprise, it appeared to be growing only on small portions of the garden. Wherever it raised its graceful head, however, the neighborhood was filled with a fragrance most sweet and delightful. By far the greater part of the garden, however, was either lying waste, or was covered with noxious weeds. Still greater was my surprise to observe how few were employed in destroying these weeds, or in efforts to plant out and rear the tree of grace and beauty. On the other hand, there were a multitude of persons, who seemed to be unemployed, or who were scattering the seed of noxious plants, which, as they grew rapidly, threatened to destroy the tender shoots of the king's favorite. These latter persons I observed had on a different attire, and appeared to belong to a different order. . They were, moreover, apparently restless, discontented, and unhappy ; while the former seemed to wear the aspect of great cheerfulness, and to enter into their employment with appropriate zeal and diligence. Occasionally I noticed others of a somewhat doubtful character. Their

dress was party-colored; and I observed that at no time did they appear with any earnestness to be laboring with those who were engaged in rearing the beautiful tree, but now and then mingled with those, who were scattering abroad the seeds of noxious plants. In neither employment, however, did they appear to take much interest.

While wondering what these things could mean, I retreated a little up the mountain, when my friend again made his appearance; and I eagerly enquired, who the several persons were, whom I had seen in the garden.

"I will answer your enquiry," said he. "Those who are engaged in rearing the beautiful tree, are the true and loyal subjects of our king, who by filling the garden with this tree, would make it a happy and delightful abode. The second class are the subjects of another king, or rather usurper—an enemy to the Lord of the manor, who claims this garden as his own—most unjustly, however; and he has sent a portion of his subjects to counteract the efforts of the cultivators of the tree of grace, and in place of it, to fill the garden with thorns and briars. Those in party-colored attire are indeed the *professed* subjects of the real owner of the garden; but, devoid of principle, or of a just independence, and especially fond of popularity, they are often found, notwithstanding their profession, mingling with the opposite party, and I regret to add, to the cause of the true owner of the garden, do more injury than good."

"I have yet," said I, "another question to propose. The proprietor of the garden, you say, is one day to appear to inspect these premises, and the day may not be far distant. Yet before his appearance, these weeds are to be rooted out—these thorns and briars must disappear—the sterile portions must be rendered fertile:—my question is, How can the *few operators* in the field—I mean those who *would* beautify and adorn the garden, accomplish so much, perhaps, in so short a time, and in opposition to so many embarrassments?"

"My good friend," the stranger replied, "for an answer to your question, observe for a short time the operations of the faithful few. Look at yonder corner. How engaged they appear who are stationed there! how full of faith and zeal! Were all endued with the same benevo-

lence—were all willing to practice the same self denial, the garden would soon have fewer unsightly places. Go among them, and you will hear them speaking in anxious tones, now and then, of the dark prospects before them ; and some of them, at times, appearing ready to faint. But most of them go forward, animated by the promises and assurances of their king, that, at length they shall see the accomplishment of all their wishes. By and by, the king himself will furnish them with more aid. He will make their task easier. He will bring greater numbers into the field, patient, persevering and self-denying laborers, through whose efforts and the smiles of the good king, the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.’”

“ But,” said I, “ why might not the improvement of the garden go forward with greater rapidity ? Why should the work so linger ? Could not the king hasten this work of loveliness and beauty ? ”

“ Doubtless he could,” responded the stranger.

“ And if the improvement of the garden be an object so dear to him, why does he not accelerate the work, and fulfil the desires and expectations of his friends ? ”

“ That is a question, my friend, which thousands have asked before you. I will reply to it as well as I am able. The king has committed this work to his *friends*. Their *instrumentality* is to be employed in the improvement and perfection of the garden.”

“ Oh ! I see at once the difficulty in the case,” said I, “ ~~the~~ king’s friends are not *sufficiently engaged* ! ”

“ That is the *true* difficulty,” said he. “ Many of those who have professed attachment to the king, and to the improvement of the garden, seem to be wanting in affection and zeal. Some of them are too much engrossed with their own worldly concerns to labor in the garden, or to aid in supporting those, who are willing to work. Others are too supremely selfish ; and others still, too indifferent to even inquire what is their duty. The work devolves on a *few*. These few have really done much ; and, had they only the co-operation of those who ought to help, and those who pretend to wish to see the garden subdued, and beautified, and adorned, the work would go on well.”

"Alas!" said I, "what a pity that any *professed friends* should unite with the enemy, and sow tares or thorns instead——"

"You are wrong, perhaps," said the stranger interrupting. "They do not *intend to aid the enemy*——"

"Oh! no," I replied, "they have no such design—but, *in truth*, what do they do, but co-operate with the king's enemies? Does he not say, 'He that is not *for* me is *against* me? He that *gathereth* not with me *scattereth* abroad?' And is it not true, that by reason of their neglect, or selfishness, many a spot which ought to have been cleared and fertile, is still a desert?"

"Yes, you are right, quite right. I will recall what I said," replied the stranger.

"There is still another thing which troubles me," said I.

"What is it?"

"Laborers here are often suddenly removed. Many only begin, as it were, to work, and the king withdraws them."

"Very true," said the stranger, "and often mysterious to us."

"Hence the importance of zeal and fidelity, while they remain here," said I. "Can they not be made to feel, that they were sent into the garden to work—to do all in their power to cultivate and beautify it? Oh! how it grieves me, that any should so requite the gracious sovereign himself, and think so little of that purpose, upon which he has set his heart. They will by and by see their error, and most bitterly lament their ingratitude and folly."

"That they will," said the stranger, "and I fear that many who have here said and sung

'I love thy kingdom, Lord—'

Will hear the king say at last, when they seek to enter into his paradise above, 'Depart—I never knew you—depart ye workers of iniquity.'"

"I hope *I* shall not be of the number," said I.

"I hope not truly," said the stranger. "I hope that, strangers as we are to one another, or at least as we *have been*, we may both be found, not only to have 'loved the

kingdom' of the great and good King, whose garden it is, but that it will be proved, that we have persons who have done much to accomplish his wishes in respect to it.

At this moment the sound of music broke upon me. "That is a beautiful strain," said I.

"Sweet indeed," said the stranger. "Let us catch the words."

"They are a part of that beautiful song," said I, "the first line of which you just quoted :

'For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend :  
To her my toils and cares be giv'n,  
Till toils and cares shall end.'

"Delightful ! delightful !" exclaimed the stranger. "Let us join them. We are acquainted with that song."

"Not only can we sing it," said I, "but I trust we are willing to unite with them in doing all——"

I did not finish the sentence. The dew was falling fast. My limbs were chilled with the damps of the evening. I hastened to my chamber, and my dream taught me a lesson which I trust I shall not soon forget. God grant that I may always value his cause the more, by having the importance of it so clearly impressed upon me, and never feel that any toils are too severe, or any sacrifices too great, if by such toils and sacrifices I may contribute to its advancement in the world.

### *Praying for the Sick.*

MR. Mason, of New York, was requested to visit a lady in dying circumstances in that city, who, with her husband, openly avowed infidel principles, though they attended on his ministry. On approaching her bedside, he asked her if she felt herself a sinner, and her need of a Savior. She frankly told him *she did not* ; and that she believed the doctrine of a Mediator to be all a farce. "Then," said the doctor, "I have no consolation for you—not one word of comfort. There is not a single passage in the bible, that warrants me to speak peace to one, who rejects the Mediator provided. You must take the consequence of your infidelity." So saying, he was

Without leaving the room, when some one said—"Well, if you cannot speak consolation to her, you can pray for her."—He assented; and kneeling down by the bed-side, prayed for her as a guilty sinner, just sinking into hell; and then left the house.

To his utter astonishment, a day or two after, he received a message from the lady, earnestly desiring that he would visit her, without delay. What was his amazement, when on entering the room, she held out her hand to him, and with a benignant smile said, "It is all true—all that you said on Sunday is true. I have seen myself the wretched sinner you described me to be in prayer. I have seen Christ to be that all-sufficient Savior you said he was—and God has mercifully snatched me from the abyss of infidelity, in which I was sunk, and placed me on that *Rock of Ages*. There I am secure—there I shall remain—I know whom I have believed."

All was like a dream to him. But she proceeded, and displayed as accurate a knowledge of the method of salvation revealed in the gospel, and as firm a reliance on it, as if she had been a disciple of Christ for half a century. Yet, there was no boasting, or presumption—all was humility, resignation, and confidence. She called her husband, and charged him to educate their daughter in the fear of God; and above all, *to keep from her those novels and books of infidel sensuality, by which she had been so nearly ruined*; and on the evening of the same day, expired in fullness of joy, and peace in believing.

The account which the doctor received from her attendants was this—that his prayer fastened upon her mind—that soon after he had left her, she became alarmed respecting the state of her soul—that at one period, such was her agony, that although on the Sunday her voice was so feeble that she could scarcely be heard, yet her cries were distinctly audible from the second story to the cellar of the house, and that at length she found peace in believing in Christ, as he is exhibited in the gospel.

***Power of Religion.***

LORD — was a man of the world. His pleasures were drawn from his riches, his honors, and his friends. His daughter was the idol of his heart. Much had been expended for her education; and well did she repay, in her intellectual endowments, the solicitude of her parents. She was highly accomplished, amiable in her disposition, and winning in her manners. They were both strangers to God.

At length Miss — attended a Dissenters' meeting in London; was deeply awakened, and was soon happily converted. Now she was delighted in the service of the sanctuary, and in social meetings. To her the charms of Christianity were overflowing. She frequented those places, where she met with congenial minds, animated with similar hopes.

The change was marked by the fond father, with painful solicitude. To see his lovely daughter, thus infatuated, was to him an occasion of deep grief; and he resolved to correct her erroneous notions on the subject of the real pleasure and business of life. He placed at her disposal large sums of money, hoping she would be induced to go into the fashions and extravagances of others of her birth, and leave the meetings. But she maintained her integrity. He took her long journeys, and conducted in the most engaging manner, in order to direct her mind from religion; but she still delighted in the Savior.

After failing in many projects, which he fondly anticipated would be effectual, he introduced her into company, under circumstances that she must either join in the recreation of the party, or give offence. Hope lighted up in the countenance of this affectionate, but misguided father, as he saw his snare about to entangle the object of his solicitude. It had been arranged among his friends, that several young ladies on the approaching festive occasion, should give a song accompanied by the piano-forte!

The hour arrived; the party assembled. Several had performed their parts, to the great delight of the party, which was in high spirits. Miss — was now called on for a song, and many hearts beat high in hopes of

victory. Should she decline, she was disgraced ; should she comply, their triumph was complete. This was the moment to seal her fate ! With perfect self-possession she took her seat at the piano-forte, and run her fingers over its keys, and commenced playing and singing, in a sweet air, the following words :

“ No room for mirth or trifling here,  
 “ For worldly hope or worldly fear,  
 “ If life so soon is gone ;  
 “ If now the Judge is at the door,  
 “ And all mankind must stand before  
 “ Th’ inexorable throne !

“ No matter which my thoughts employ,  
 “ A moment’s misery or joy ;  
 ‘ But O ! when both shall end.  
 “ Where shall I find my destined place ?  
 “ Shall I my everlasting days,  
 “ With fiends or angels spend !”

She arose from her seat. The whole party was subdued. Not a word was spoken. One by one left the house. Her father wept aloud. Lord —— never rested until he became a christian. He lived an example of christian benevolence, having given to benevolent enterprises, before his death, nearly half a million of dollars.

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### *Epitome of War.*

THE history of every war, says the Ettrick Shepherd, in his “ Lay Sermons,” is very like a scene I once saw in Nithsdale. Two boys from different schools met one fine day upon the ice. They eyed each other with rather jealous and indignant looks, and with defiance on each brow.

“ What are ye glowrin at Billy ?”

“ What’s that to you ? I’ll look where I have a mind, an’ hinder me if ye daur.”

A hearty blow was the return to this, and there was such a battle began ! It being Saturday, all the boys of both schools were on the ice, and the fight instantly became general and desperate. At one time, they fought with missile weapons, such as stones, and snow balls ; but, at length, they coped in a rage, and many bloody raps were liberally given and received. I went up to try



if I could pacify them ; for by this time a number of little girls had joined in the affray, and I was afraid they would be killed ; so, addressing the one party, I asked what they were pelting the others for ? what they had done to them ?

“ O, neathing at a’ man ; we just want to give them a good thrashin ! ”

After fighting till they were quite exhausted, one of the principal heroes stepped forth between, covered with blood, and his clothes torn to tatters, and addressed the belligerent parties thus :—

“ Weel, I’ll tell you what we’ll do wi’ ye : if ye’ll let us alane, we’ll let you alane.”

There was no more of it ; the war was at an end, and the boys scattered away to their play.

I thought at the time, and have often thought since, that that trivial affray was the best epitome of war in general, that I had ever seen. Kings and ministers of the state are just a set of grown-up children, exactly like the children I speak of, with only this material difference, that instead of fighting out the needless quarrels they have raised, they sit in safety and look on, while they send out their innocent but servile subjects to battle ; and then, after a waste of blood and treasure, are glad to make the boy’s conditions, “ If ye’ll let us alane, we’ll let you alane.”

### ***A Straight Road to Heaven.***

It is stated, that, as an eloquent preacher delivered a discourse, in which he set forth the intense and eternal torments of the finally impenitent, one of the modern restorationists was present ; and having a desire to show his knowledge, followed the preacher to the house, where he took tea after the exercises of the day were closed, and introduced himself by saying—

“ Well, sir, I have been to hear you preach, and have come here to request you to prove your doctrine.”

“ I thought I had proved it, for I took the Bible for testimony,” was the reply.

“ Well, I do not find any thing in *my* Bible to prove that the sinner is *eternally* *larned*, and I do not believe any such thing.”

"What do you believe?"

"Why I believe that mankind will be judged according to the deeds done in the body; and those that deserve punishment will be sent to hell, and remain there until the debt is paid," &c.

Said the preacher, "I have but a word to say to you; and first, for what did Christ die? And lastly, there is a straight road to heaven; but if you are determined to go round hell to get there, I cannot help it."

The man took his leave, but his mind was "ill at ease." *There is a straight road to heaven* still rang in his ears; he went home, read his Bible attentively, and was soon convinced of, and acknowledged his error, and after a suitable time united with the followers of the Lamb.

### ***Bishop Polk.***

At the consecration of Bishop Polk, as Missionary Bishop of Arkansas, the distinguished Bishop, M'Ilvaine, delivered a discourse, in which he touchingly alludes to his instrumentality in the conversion of that gentleman, while a Cadet at West Point:

But you will indulge me, brethren, with a moment to say a few words to him, whose consecration to the office of Missionary Bishop is now to take place. You can little conceive with what a special and most affectionate interest, the speaker will participate in this solemnity. A little of it may be explained by the following brief relation.

It is now nearly thirteen years, since a very remarkable work of grace occurred, in the Military Academy of the United States. During a condition of almost universal indifference to religion, and of wide spread infidelity, against which the efforts of the ministry of one man, set for the defence of the gospel, seemed for a long time to make not the least way; suddenly, almost, in a very few days, many minds, without communication with one another, and without personal intercourse with the minister appeared deeply, and almost simultaneously interested in the great matters of eternal life. Officers as well as Cadets participated in this, and to such an extent, that the minister's study was soon occupied every evening with assem-

blies, composed of both, for prayer and the exposition of the Word of God; and a serious impression, more or less deep and abiding, was spread over a large part of the whole military community. Several became at that period very decided soldiers of Christ. Many others received impressions then, which God has since ripened into manifest and energetic piety. Many more received the seed of the word, in whom, though it seemed to die, it has since, under the continued influence of the spirit, sprung up and brought forth fruit. Some are still in military life. Others have been long since, adorning the christian profession in the ministry of the gospel.

The very first appearance of this work of grace, so remarkably and singularly the work of God, was the coming of a Cadet, alone and most unexpectedly, to introduce himself to the Chaplain, and unburthen the sorrows of a contrite heart. All around him was coldness and scepticism. To speak decidedly in favor of religion, was then so unusual in the Academy, that it made one singular. To converse with the Chaplain on that subject, had not yet been ventured by any, except out of opposition to the truth. That any one would appear there seriously seeking eternal life, even the Chaplain was afraid to hope. But the darkest part of the night is nearest the dawn. A Cadet did venture to come, in open day, to the Chaplain's study, too deeply concerned to heed what would be said of him. He was personally unknown to the Chaplain. His message he tried to utter, but could not. Again he tried, and again; but the heart was too full for speech. At length it was: "*Tell me what must I do—I have come about my soul. I know not what I want—I am entirely in the dark. What must I seek? where must I go?*"

Such was the first declaration of one, who, for some days, had been awakened under the preaching and reading of the truth. A sermon preached on the scriptures, and a tract sent at a venture, from the Chaplain's study to whomsoever it might meet, had been blessed to his soul.\* Doubts and cavils were all abandoned. Implicit

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\*The Tract was sent by a Cadet, who, in obedience to the request of a pious father, of whose death he had just heard, had come to introduce himself to the Chaplain. He was not then of a serious mind in religion. A

submission seemed his engrossing principle. From that moment, the young man appeared to take up the cross, and to stand decidedly and boldly on the Lord's side. The singular and very prominent evidence of the hand of God in this case, was very greatly blessed to others. Bye-and-bye, he professed Christ in the sacrament of baptism, which was administered to him, with others, recently turned to the Lord, in the Chapel of the Military Academy, and in presence of all the corps. After graduating at that institution, and leaving the army, he passed through a regular course of study for the holy ministry, and was successively ordained deacon and presbyter. Many years have since elapsed. The Chaplain has since been called to a higher order in the ministry, and more enlarged responsibilities in the church. The Cadet, meanwhile, after many vicissitudes of active duty and disabling ill health, supposed he had settled himself for the rest of his life, as a preacher and pastor to an humble and obscure congregation of negroes, whom he had collected together from neighboring plantations; to whom, living upon his own pecuniary means, he appropriated a part of his own house for a church, and to whose eternal interests he had chosen cheerfully and happily to devote himself, as their spiritual father, with no emolument but their salvation. But such was just the true spirit, for the highest of all vocations in the church. To be a servant of servants, is the very school in which to prepare for the chief ministry under him, who took on him the form of a servant. The church needed a Missionary Bishop for a vast field, for great self-denial, for untiring patience, for courageous enterprise. Her eye was directed to the self-appointed pastor of that humble congregation. With most impressive unanimity

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Tract was put into his hand for himself; another, as bread upon the waters, with the direction, "*drop it any where in the barracks: perhaps I shall hear from it.*" He smiled, promised compliance, and dropped it, unseen, in the room of his friend, the Cadet above named. That day a week, the Chaplain heard from it, as related in the discourse. But still, he who dropped it was not known to care for his soul. The other, having learned from the Chaplain to what Cadet he was so indebted, put a pious book in his way—(Gregory's Letters.) Soon they were in prayer together in private. Soon, he who was first in Christ presented the other, as one seeking the peace of God, at the place where the prayers of Cadets were then wont to be made, (the Chaplain's study.) One of them is now a Bishop; the other, a most beloved minister of the Gospel, well known as the devoted and successful Pastor of one of the largest flocks of the Diocese of Virginia.

did she call him away to a work, not indeed of more dignified duty, but of more eminent responsibility ; not indeed of more exquisite satisfaction to a christian heart, (for what can give a true christian heart more exquisite satisfaction, than to lead such of the poor to Christ?) but of severer trials, and vastly greater difficulties and hardships. Counting the cost, he has not dared to decline it. Regarding the call as of God, he has embraced the promised grace, and is now ready to be offered. And thus the Chaplain has met the Cadet again, seeing and adoring the end of the Lord in that remarkable beginning ; and now with unspeakable thankfulness to God, for what he here witnesses, may he say to this candidate, the Bishop elect, in the words of St. Paul to his beloved disciple : “Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace, that is in Christ Jesus. Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. And the things thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also.” I call you *son*, in affectionate recollection of the past. I call you *brother* now, in affectionate consideration of the present and the future. Dear, beloved brother, I see plainly in prospect the hardness you are to endure. I mean not hardness to the body. Of this, indeed, you will have no lack in your wide circuits of travel and labor. But this is not the cross I speak of. Hardness to the spirit, I mean : trials of patience, and faith, and love, and meekness ; trials of the heart, painful and constant,—such as Jesus knew so acutely, because his spirit was so pure, his heart so tender, his sense of the hatefulness of sin so deep—trials, such as you will feel acutely, in proportion as you attain towards the purity and elevation of the mind of your dear Master. But “God hath not given us the spirit of fear.” Be thou partaker of the afflictions of the gospel, according to the power of God. “Endure hardness as a good soldier of Christ.” Be ever looking unto him, glorious captain of your salvation !—ever considering him, who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself ; have in him the simple confidence of a good soldier ; show the implicit obedience, the patient watchfulness, the intrepid zeal, the entire devotedness of a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Your strength is all in him. It is enough.

Use it. It waits your call. Draw upon that right hand of power, till you are "*strong in the Lord.*" Carry the spirit of the pastor—of the pastor of that congregation of slaves, the spirit of a servant of servants, into the highest walks of your office. A ruler by commission; be always the servant of all in spirit and in work. Wash the disciples' feet. Do any thing to bring sinners to the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. Count all things but loss, that the loss may "win Christ and be found in him." Be yourself an example of the plainest, the most pointed, distinct, earnest and constant preaching of Christ. This, and the raising up and sending out of others to the same work, is the high vocation to which you are called. Strive to surround yourself with a ministry after this pattern; a ministry of men schooled in the experience of the preciousness of Christ; schooled in the mind of Christ; taught of God how to set him forth to the consciences and hearts, to the wants and fears, and woes of this lost and blinded race. "Lay hands suddenly on no man." Aim indeed at a numerous ministry, because absolutely needed. Aim, infinitely more, at a ministry full of the Holy Ghost; knowing Christ, teaching Christ, following Christ; ready to endure all things for Christ, and his kingdom. When difficulties thicken, and helpers are few, and the wilderness is dark and dry, remember that you do not minister to others, without being ministered unto; *you* have a "*Good Shepherd*"—out of sight—but always near; ever holding you with his right hand. Jesus ministereth to you. Let him minister. Open your whole soul to the working of his silent, all-subduing ministry. It will lift up your heart, and fill you with peace, and make your wilderness and solitary place to be glad.

Finally, remember, the time is short. The six working days of this short week will soon be over; the everlasting Sabbath will soon begin. Labor hard. The work is great; but what we do must be done quickly. "We must give ourselves continually to prayer, and the ministry of the word." We look "for the appearing of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ." Watch and work! With a father's heart, I pray for you. With a brother's heart, I pray for you; commending you to God

and the word of his grace." The God of peace, who brought again from the dead, our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

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### ***The Master and his Black Boy.***

A POOR black boy, the property of a slaveholder in Africa, having heard of the preaching of the missionaries, felt a strong desire to go and hear about Jesus Christ. For this purpose he crept secretly away one evening, but being obliged to pass under the window of the house, his master observed him, and called out, "Where are you going?" The poor fellow came back trembling, and said, "Me go to hear the missionaries, Massa." "To hear the missionaries! indeed; if you ever go there, you shall have nine and thirty lashes, and be put in irons." With a disconsolate look the poor black replied, "me tell, massa, me tell the great Massa." "Tell the great massa!" replied the master, "What do you mean?" "Me tell the great Massa, the Lord in heaven, that my massa was angry with me, because I wanted to go and hear his word." The master was struck with astonishment, his color changed, and unable to conceal his feelings, he hastily turned away, saying, "Go along, and hear the missionaries."

Being thus permitted the poor boy gladly complied. In the mean time, the mind of the master became restless and uneasy. He had not been accustomed to think he had a master in heaven, who knew and observed all his actions; and he at length determined to follow his slave, and see if there could be any peace for his troubled spirit; and creeping unobserved, he slunk into a secret corner, and eagerly listened to the words of the missionary. That day Mr. Kickerer addressed the natives from these words: "Lovest thou me?" "Is there no poor sinner," said he, "who can answer this question? Not one poor slave, who loves Jesus Christ? No one who dares to con-

less him? Here the poor slave boy, unable to restrain any longer, sprang up and holding up both his hands, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, cried out with eagerness, "Yes, massa, me love the Lord Jesus Christ, me do love him with all my heart." The master was still more astonished and he went home convinced of the blessings the Gospel brings, and became a decided Christian.

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### ***The Jew and his Daughter.***

AN aged clergyman, in the western part of Virginia, as he was preaching to a large audience, observed a man in the congregation, who had in every respect the appearance of a Jew. He was well dressed, and appeared absorbed in deep and devout attention, during the services; at the close of which the clergyman went to him, and thus addressed him. "Sir, am I not correct in supposing that I am addressing one of the children of Abraham?" "You are, sir." "But how is it that I meet a Jew in a Christian assembly?"

The substance of his narrative was as follows. He was a very respectable man, of superior education, who had lately come from London, with his books, his riches, and an only child, a daughter in her seventeenth year. He had found a beautiful retreat on the fertile banks of the Ohio, had buried his wife before he left Europe, and now knew no pleasure, except in the society of his beloved child. She was, indeed, worthy of a parent's love—she was extremely beautiful in her person, but possessed the superior charms of a cultivated mind and amiable disposition; no pains had been spared on her education. She could read and speak with fluency, several different languages, and her manners were most pleasing. No wonder, then, that a father, far advanced in age, should place his whole affection on this only child of his love; especially as he knew no source of happiness beyond this world. Being a strict Jew, he educated her in the strictest principles of his religion.

It was not long since that his daughter was taken ill. The rose faded from her cheek, her eye lost its fire, her



strength decayed, and it soon became apparent that her disease was incurable and fatal. The father hung over the bed of his daughter, with a heart ready to burst with anguish. He often attempted to converse with her, but seldom spoke except by the language of tears. He spared no trouble or expense in procuring medical assistance, but no human skill could turn aside the arrow of death.

The father was walking in a small grove near his house, weeping, when he was sent for by his dying daughter. With a heavy heart he entered the door of her chamber, soon, he feared, to be the chamber of death. He was now to take a last farewell of his child, and his religious views gave him but a feeble hope of meeting her hereafter. The child grasped the hand of her parent and addressed him with all the energy which her expiring strength permitted.

"Father, do you love me?"

"My child, you know I love you, that you are more dear to me than all the world beside."

"But father *do* you love me?"

"Why, my child, will you give me pain so exquisite? Have I, then, never given you any proofs of my love?"

"But, my dearest father, *do* you love me?" The father could not answer—the child added; "I know, my dear father, you have ever loved me; you have been the kindest of parents, and I *tenderly* love you. Will you grant me one request? O, my father, it is the dying request of your daughter, will you regard it?"

"My dearest child, ask what you will, though it take every shilling of my property, whatever it may be it shall be granted—I will grant it."

"My dear father, *I beg you never again to speak against Jesus of Nazareth.*"

The Father was dumb with astonishment. "I know," continued the dying girl, "I know but little about this Jesus, for I was never taught, but I know that he is the Savior, for he has manifested himself to me since I have been sick, even to the salvation of my soul; I believe he will save me, although I had never loved him before; I feel that I am going to him; that I shall ever be with him. And now, my father, do not deny me; I beg that you will never again speak against this Jesus of Nazareth. I en-

that you to obtain a Testament which tells of him, and I pray that you may know him; and when I am no more, that you may love and always serve him."

The exertion here overcame the weakness of her feeble body; she stopped, and her father's heart was too full even for tears. He left the room in great horror of mind; and before he could recover himself, the spirit of his beloved daughter had taken its flight, we may trust, to the Savior whom, though she scarcely knew, she yet loved and honored. The first thing the parent did, after committing to the dust this, his only and beloved child, was to procure a New Testament, which he read diligently; and taught by the Spirit from above, is now numbered amongst the meek and humble followers of his once despised Savior.

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### ***George III, at a Prayer Meeting.***

HIS late majesty, George the Third, had heard of a poor man at Windsor, who had occasionally a prayer meeting at his house. He one day disguised himself, and went to the door to inquire of the man the nature of the meetings, and to ask permission to attend. The poor man, not knowing the illustrious individual with whom he was conversing, supposed him to be a person laboring under a concern about his immortal interests, and asked him to walk in; he then conversed with him on the great subjects of religion, with which the apparent stranger was much pleased; and expressing his gratitude asked if he might be permitted to come again. This proposition was agreed to. He afterwards paid the man another visit, when the concerns of his soul and of eternity, again occupied his attention. These visits were repeated, until one day when the king was there, one of his attendants came to the door, with a loud rap, which brought the poor man to his door, when he was surprised on being asked if his majesty was there? To which the man innocently replied, no. On going in, he informed his strange visitor of the singular inquiry that had been made. On this his majesty explained the whole affair; thanked the good man for his kind attention and advice, and told him that as he was found out, he could no more enjoy his company, but

must bid him farewell. His majesty's regrets on this occasion were extremely great, as he derived pleasure from the simple and familiar piety of this humble disciple.

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### ***The Doctrine of Transubstantiation.***

A ROMAN Catholic gentleman in England being engaged to marry a Protestant lady, it was mutually agreed that there should be no contests on the subject of religion. For some years after their union, this agreement was scrupulously observed; but in the course of time, the priest, who had paid them frequent visits, expecting to find no difficulty in making a convert of the lady, began to talk upon the peculiarities of his religion. He particularly insisted upon the doctrine of transubstantiation, and grew troublesome by his importunity. To avoid being farther teased by him, she one day seemed to be overcome by his arguments, and agreed to attend at mass with her husband the following Sabbath, provided she might be allowed to prepare the wafer herself. The priest not suspecting any thing, and glad on any terms to secure such a convert, gave his consent. The lady accordingly appeared at the Chapel with her husband, and after the consecration of the wafers, which she had brought with her, she solemnly demanded of the priest, whether it was really converted into the body of Christ? To which question he without hesitation replied, *That there was a conversion made of the whole substance of the bread into the body of Christ, and that there remained no more of its form or substance.*

"If this be really the case," said she, "you may eat the wafer without any danger; but as for *myself*, I should be afraid to touch it, as it is mixed with arsenic." The priest was overwhelmed by a discovery so unexpected, and was too wise to hazard his life upon a doctrine for which he had, however, contended with all the earnestness of perfect assurance. The lady's husband was struck by this practical confutation of a doctrine which he had before implicitly believed, that he never afterwards appeared at the mass.

### *A Sinner led to the Savior.*

It was a beautiful afternoon of a summer Sabbath, when a younger brother, about sixteen years of age, came into my room, and throwing his arms around my neck, said, "I want you to pray for me."

It was a moment of surpassing interest, and emotions never to be told, or forgotten, were awakened in my heart. He had always been what is called, "a good boy"—his life had been marked by the strictest morality, and his attendance on the duties of religion made it impossible to detect in his character any thing amiss. And while I had looked on him as a stranger to the Savior, and in need of regenerating grace, I never expected to see him strongly excited in view of sin, or the prey of peculiar distress. He seemed so near the kingdom of God; like the young man in the gospel, he had outwardly kept all the commandments, so that it appeared as if he must be easily led to embrace the Savior. His *morality* had allayed my anxiety in his behalf, and the interest he had ever manifested in the subject of religion, tempted me almost to forget that he was still in his sins, an enemy of God, and an heir of hell. And when he broke in upon me with the solemn demand that I should pray for him, it startled me, as if he had come in starving and asked for bread.

Perceiving that he was in great distress of mind, I desired him to set down for a moment, and tell me the occasion of his anxiety freely; and then I would comply with his request. He said that the subject of religion had for years been often before him, and he had always intended to become personally interested in it; but, he added, "when in your prayer meeting last evening you closed your remarks with the words, 'Choose ye *this day* whom ye will serve,' I resolved that I would seek earnestly the salvation of my soul. But at that time I felt no unusual concern, and this morning scarcely any more; but my resolution was firm to choose the Lord for my portion. And this afternoon, in church, the sermon came home to my case, and I feel that I am a sinner, a great sinner, sinking into hell; and I want you to pray for me."

We kneeled down, and I offered prayer, while he wept in bitterness by my side. After a few moments, and still on our knees, I asked him what appeared to weigh the most heavily on his heart. He said that he had been chiefly distressed by the fear of the hell to which he was exposed, but *now* that had ceased to fill him with peculiar horror, and his *sins* appeared so great, and so wicked, that he must sink under their power. We spoke of the peculiar aggravation of his guilt, who had enjoyed the highest religious privileges, had been early consecrated by pious parents to God, and had been the child of many prayers and tears, and had still refused to give his heart to Christ. And as his ingratitude was revealed, he seemed to abhor himself as unworthy of the dust. And now despair was filling his breast. Such sins, so many, so great, so inexcusable, can never be forgiven. I asked him if he felt that God would be just in shutting him out of heaven, and making him miserable forever. Oh yes, he replied, he deserved the everlasting wrath of a holy God. He could never suffer more than he deserved; but it was not hell, it was sin that made him miserable. He would suffer any thing, every thing, if he could only be delivered from this dreadful load of sin.

We spoke of the character of God; of his spotless purity, that could not bear with sin; of his justice, that burns to punish it; of his truth, that had sworn to take vengeance on the ungodly. But he anticipated all this, and my words were too weak to meet the views he already had of these attributes, conspiring against his soul. I spoke of the love of God; love against which he had sinned so long and deeply; love, that had given him the religious privileges of his youth; love, that was now keeping him out of hell; love, that even now offered to pardon and save him.

"No, no," said he, "I have sinned too much for that. There can be no pardon for so vile a wretch as I." And sinking under this despairing thought, he gave utterance to his grief in sobs and tears.

It was an awful moment. I loved him as my own soul; and his arm clung round my neck, as if I were holding him out of the pit. He seemed ready to perish. I plead at the throne of grace, that the convicted sinner

might find mercy in this hour of his extremity. I asked him to pray; and the few broken petitions that he was able to offer, discovered the depths of distress from which he cried. Thus far I had said nothing to him of the Savior, as waiting to be gracious. I had set before him his sins, as they appeared in contrast with the holiness of God, and had endeavored to lead him to a deep sense of guilt, on account of those sins. He had been well instructed in the great truths of religion, but the thought of a possibility of finding salvation from such sins as he felt on his soul, seemed not to have entered his mind. And when at this juncture I spoke to him of the atonement, which Christ had made for guilty man, he could see no provision that met his case. I called up the precious and frequent promises of God; the gracious and glorious offers of salvation that Jesus Christ has made; I explained to him how consistent it was for God to pardon, since Christ had suffered; and how willing that Savior was to have mercy on the chief of repenting sinners. We went to Calvary, and dwelt on the dying sacrifice, and I asked him, if, with that bleeding witness of God's willingness to provide salvation for sinners, he could doubt the eternal word. Here his unbelief was staggered. Seizing upon the first gleam of hope, I besought him to cast himself upon the sovereign mercy of God in Christ Jesus. "You are a lost sinner, self condemned and perishing. You acknowledge that God will be just in sending you to hell. But you see the provision, which he has made for just such sinners. Can you not trust your immortal interests in the hands of that Savior?"

The solemnity of eternity appeared to rest on his soul, as he poured out his heart in prayer, and committed himself unto Him, who is able and willing to save. We wept in silence in the fulness of our souls that knew no words to express the emotions of that hour. With perfect calmness, almost incredible after the storm through which he had just passed, we rose from our knees—we had been praying and conversing for about two hours—and walked out together. A Sabbath's sun was just setting, but a brighter sun, with healing in its beams, was rising on his heart. We met some young and unconverted friends, and at my request he told them what God

had done for his soul, and tenderly invited them to seek the Savior he had found.

My brother is now a minister of the New Testament, and will never forget the two hours that we spent on our knees in the summer of 1831.

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### ***The Price of Happiness.***

AN interesting but care-worn mendicant, in vacan mood of mind, entered one day the store of a wealthy merchant in the city of New York, and as he paced along his eye rested on an unusual quantity of gold and silver coin which the clerks were busied in counting. His heart sunk within him, as he felt the chill of November, which reminded him of the poverty of his lot, and the misery of his family, and turning away in despair, he ejaculated to himself, "How happy some of that money would make me!" "What is that you say, my friend?" interrogated the merchant. The confused mendicant begged to be excused—he was not conscious of uttering any thing; at any rate, his thought was not intended for *his* ear. But the kind hearted merchant would not take denial, and the poor man repeated what before had involuntarily broke from his lips.

"And how much, my dear fellow, would it take to make you happy?" "O, I don't know!—the winter is coming on apace, and I have no wood: my wife and children are poorly clad, for I have been sick. Our wants are limited, however, and fifteen dollars would dissipate the gloom of winter." "John, count this man fifteen dollars." The ingenuous heart can feel, like the grateful stranger, the nobleness of such bounty, and exult for human nature, that meek-eyed charity should find such a kindred abode. A ray of heavenly light does occasionally break upon this scene of war, of selfishness, and ambitious strife; enough to agonize the spirit for the future safety of that unnumbered host, who, even in a christian land never feel the glow of charity, and who never know the luxury of bestowing a dollar upon the children of want.

### ***The Praying Shepherd.***

ONE of the ejected ministers of Wales, went to England, and hired himself as a shepherd to a nobleman of that country. One day the nobleman's wife was ill, and he sent for the officiating clergyman of the parish to come and pray for her. The clergyman being a sportsman, told the messenger that he would comply with the request after his return from hunting. The nobleman hearing this, became very uneasy in his mind, and thought it very strange that a professed minister of the gospel, preferred hunting to praying. A domestic told him that the shepherd could pray very well; that he went out every night to pray in a certain private place; and that he had watched him, and heard him pray frequently. The shepherd was immediately sent for, and prayed so powerfully, that the nobleman's heart was melted. He urged the poor man to recite his whole history, and he reluctantly complied. "Well, then," said the nobleman, "you shall henceforth be a shepherd of men." He built him a meeting house, attended his ministry, and never again troubled the sportsman.

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### ***Kindness Rewarded.***

SOME years ago, during a rebellion in Ireland, a person named Edgeworth thought it his duty to raise a company of soldiers to aid in restoring peace; and finding one day that a large body of rebels were only a mile off, he and his family fled to a place at some distance. The only person left behind in the house was a faithful housekeeper. On the evening of the day of the flight of the family, a large number of the rebels entered the village. After some delay they went to the gate of the house, and the housekeeper expected every moment they would enter by violence. But why did they not? One of the rebels who had some authority, placed his back against the gate and declared that no one should open the gate, or set the foot of an enemy inside that place. He said that the housekeeper was a good woman, and had done him a service, though she did not know him, nor he her. He



had never seen her face, but she had the year before lent his wife a small sum of money to pay the rent of his flax ground, and he would stand her friend now.

This led the mob to talk over the matter ; and at length, they determined to send six of their number, to go into the house to demand fire-arms, and to know the truth. The six men went round to the back door, and summoned the housekeeper. One of them presented a gun at her and asked for arms ; she said that she had none. Her defender, then, addressed himself particularly to her, and inquired if she remembered him. She answered, "No ;" to the best of her knowledge she had never seen his face. He asked her if she had lent a woman money to pay her rent of flax-ground the year before. She replied, "Yes, she remembered," and named the woman, the time, and the sum. The truth of what he had stated was thus proved to his companions. He then bid her not be alarmed, for that no harm should happen to her, nor to any belonging to her ; not a soul should have leave to go into her masters house, not a twig should be touched, not a leaf should be harmed. With a loud huzza the rebels went off ; but the care of this grateful man for the person who *had been kind to him* did not cease here, for the whole time that the rebels were in town, he kept guard at the gate.

When Mr. Edgeworth returned, the town presented a most deplorable spectacle : the windows were shattered and the doors were broken, but *within his own gates* all was safe ; a map which he had consulted before his departure was still on the table, and a flower which one of the children had been copying was still on the chimney piece.

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### ***A Merited Rebuke.***

MR. Locke, having been introduced by Lord Shaftsbury to the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Halifax ; these three noblemen, instead of conversing with the philosopher, as might naturally have been expected, on literary subjects, in a very short time sat down to cards. Mr. Locke, after looking for some time, pulled out his pocket-book, and

began to write with great attention. One of the company observing this, took the liberty of asking him what he was writing. "My lord," said Locke, "I am endeavoring, as far as possible, to profit by my present situation, for, having waited with impatience for the honor of being in company with the greatest geniuses of the age, I thought I could do nothing better than to write down your conversation; and, indeed, I have set down the substance of what you have said this hour or two." This well timed ridicule had its desired effect, and these noblemen, fully sensible of its force, immediately quitted their play, and entered into a conversation more rational, and better suited to the dignity of their characters, and it may be added, better fitted to improve time, than so unprofitable a diversion.

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### *Perseverance.*

A PERSON, who suspected that a minister of his acquaintance was not sufficiently Calvinistic, went to him and said, "Sir, I am told that you are against the perseverance of the saints." "Not I, indeed," answered he, "it is the perseverance of *sinners* that I oppose." "But that is not a satisfactory answer, sir. Do you think that a child of God cannot fall very low, and yet be restored?" He replied, "I think it will be very dangerous to make the experiment."

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### *The Black Ewe.*

SOME time ago, as a gentleman was passing over one of the extensive downs in the west of England, about mid-day, where a large flock of sheep was feeding, and observing the shepherd sitting by the road side preparing to eat his dinner, he stopped his horse and entered into conversation with him to this effect. "Well, Shepherd, you look cheerful and contented, and I dare say have very few cares to vex you. I, who am a man of pretty large property, cannot but look at such men as you with a kind of envy." "Why, sir," replied the shepherd, "'tis true, I

have not troubles like yours ; and I could do well enough were it not for that *black ewe*, that you see yonder amongst my flock. I have often begged my master to kill or sell her, but he won't, though she is the plague of my life ; for no sooner do I sit down to look at my book, or take up my wallet to get my dinner, but away she sets off over the down, and the rest follow her ; so that I have many a weary step after them—there ! you see she's off, and they are all after her !” “Ah, friend,” said the gentleman to the shepherd before he started, “I see every man has a black ewe in his flock to plague him, as well as me !”

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### *James Saunders.*

THE Rev. T. T. Biddulph of St. James' Church, Bristol, mentioned from the pulpit, about 1818, that a boy, some years before, behaved so ill in St. James' Sunday School, that neither kindness nor severity appeared to have any effect upon him. At length, the teachers were very reluctantly obliged to expel him, and had almost forgotten the circumstance. Lately, as a clergyman, (who was then a teacher in the school,) was sitting in his study, in a distant country village, a sailor knocked at the door. On being admitted he said to the clergyman—

“I suppose you have forgotten me, sir ?”

“Yes,” said the Rev. Henry Poole, “I have, if I ever knew you.”

“Do you remember a wicked boy by the name of *James Saunders* ?”

“Oh, yes,” said he, “I have much cause to remember him ; he gave me much trouble and anxiety. What do you know of him ?”

“I am the lad.”

“You are grown so, and so much altered, I could not have believed it. Well, James, what account can you give of yourself ?”

“A very sorry account, sir. When I was expelled from the school, I left the city, and wandered, I scarcely knew or cared where. At length I found myself by the sea side. Weary of living by lying and stealing, I got on ship board ; and after sailing in various parts of the world

I was shipwrecked, in a hurricane, in the bay of Honduras. After swimming until my strength failed me, I gave myself up for lost. In the middle of a dark night I came to my senses, and found myself on a rock, half covered with water. I looked round and called for my shipmates, and found that two of them were situated like myself, every moment expecting a watery grave. For the first time since I left school, you, sir, darted into my mind. I thought of your kindness, of my base ingratitude, and some of the sacred truths you took so much pains to fix in my memory ; particularly that passage in Numbers xxiii. 9, "From the top of the rock I see him." In my extremity, I looked to the Savior of whom I had heard so much, but whom I had so long slighted and despised. I knelt down, up to my waist in water, and cried mightily that God would be the rock of my heart, and my portion forever. I found your words true, 'that praying breath was never spent in vain.'

"At day break we discovered some pieces of the wreck, on which we ultimately succeeded in reaching the shore. Then, many precious truths which you had taught me from the Bible, came into my mind, though I had almost forgotten during my career of iniquity, even that there was such a book. I thought, sir, you would be glad to find that all your care and anxiety on my account was not lost. I therefore walked from my ship to thank you in the best manner I can, for your former kindness to me."

Knowing the cunning adroitness of the lad, Mr. Poole was half inclined to discredit him. He inquired the name of his captain, to whom he wrote, and ascertained that since this young man had sailed with him, his conduct had been so correct and exemplary, that whenever he knew James Saunders was on deck, he made himself perfectly easy, knowing that the duties of the ship would be faithfully attended to.

Many months afterward, Mr. Poole received a letter from the captain, saying that poor James Saunders, in a distant part of the world, was seized with a fever ; that during its progress he sent for the sailors, read to them while he was able out of the Bible, exhorted them to cleave to the Rock of ages, which never moves to take

example by him, though one of the vilest of sinners, who had found mercy and grace to help in every time of need, and commending them all to Jesus, he fell asleep in Him without a struggle—a monument of saving grace and redeeming love.

The new school-room at Bristol, accommodating from five to six hundred children, being in debt several hundred pounds, some gentlemen of the committee, and other friends of the institution had lent the money wanted, in sums to suit their convenience, and had received bills for their respective amounts bearing interest. The next day after relating the above incident, Mr. Biddulph received from a member of his congregation, a letter enclosing one of those bills for fifty pounds, requesting Mr. B. to burn it, as the above anecdote had amply paid both principal and interest of it. Another of the congregation, who held three similar fifty pound bills, sent them with a like request. Surely this is an encouragement for every person connected with Sabbath schools, to persevere amidst discouragements.

This case furnishes a signal instance of the prevalence of prayer, and the utility of storing the young mind with portions of Scripture, even though it should appear to be casting the precious seed on stony ground. It may, in God's own good time, bring forth abundantly, to the praise of our adorable Immanuel, to whom be all the glory.

Sunday-school teacher! "In the morning sow thy seed, in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not which shall prosper this or that." When thou art ready to retire with trembling, disgust or dismay, think of James Saunders, and go forward, leaning on your beloved Redeemer.

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### ***Thomas Scott.***

THOMAS SCOTT, the author of the invaluable Commentary on the Scriptures, is nearly as well known in the United States as in England. Thousands of families in this country possess that work; thousands of individuals, by means of his labors, have better understood the Bible; and a multitude, it is believed, will meet the good man

in the kingdom of God, parents and children, who have heard read morning and evening his judicious exposition, and solemn practical reflections, and, who, through the blessing of God upon the truth, have been turned to the wisdom of the just, through his instrumentality. A sketch of the life of such a man—and a sketch only do we propose to give—may with propriety have a place in this volume, especially as it shows what an amount of good a single individual may accomplish, and that individual rising up from obscurity, and making his way to influence and usefulness, through a series of formidable and disheartening obstacles.

“My father,” says Doctor Scott—for we will let him tell his own story, as far as practicable—“was a grazier, a man of small and feeble body, but of uncommon energy of mind and vigor of intellect; by which he surmounted, in no common degree, the almost total want of education. His circumstances were very narrow, and for many years he struggled with urgent difficulties. But he rose above them, and, though never affluent, his credit was supported, and he lived in more comfortable circumstances to the age of seventy-six years. He had thirteen children, ten of whom lived to maturity; and my eldest brother was twenty-three years older than my youngest sister. Having been taught principally by my *mother*, to read fluently and to spell accurately, I learned the first elements of Latin at Burgh, two miles off, at a school, to which, for a while, I went as a day scholar. But at eight years of age, I was sent to Bennington, a village about four miles north of Boston, where my father had a grazing farm, that I might attend a school in the parish, kept by a clergyman. Here I continued about two years; and in addition to writing, and the first rudiments of arithmetic, I learned a little Latin.”

About this time his eldest brother, a surgeon in the British Navy, died. Anxious to have a son in the medical profession, his father selected Thomas, and placed him at school at Scorton, with that object in view. For a time he applied himself with commendable diligence to his Latin studies; but was so deficient in ideas, that, according to his own account, he “was then, and for some years afterwards greatly at a loss to write a common letter

In this school he continued five years, when he was indented an apprentice to a surgeon and apothecary at Alford, a few miles distant from his father's residence. Unfortunately, his master was a man of irreligious principles, which 'Thomas soon imbibed, and under the influence of which, his conduct became so flagitious, that in two months he was sent home in disgrace.

Mortified and displeased, his father dismissed all thoughts of another situation for him, but determined to bring him up a grazier. To this humble and depressing employment he was confined for nine years, "as entire a drudge as any servant or laborer in his father's employ, and almost as little known beyond the circle of immediate neighbors." "As much of my father's farm," he continues, "consisted of low land, which was often flooded, I was introduced to scenes of hardship, and exposed to many dangers from wet and cold, for which my previous habits had not prepared me. In consequence, I was frequently ill, and at length, suffered such repeated and obstinate maladies that my life was more than once despaired of. Yet a kind of indignant, proud self-revenge, kept me from complaining of hardship; though of reproach, and even of reproof, I was impatient to the greatest degree of irascibility." Thus situated, he was led to be absent from his father's house as much as possible, and to associate with persons of the lowest station in life, and wholly destitute of religious principle.

Yet even at this time, he appears to have thought of the University; and, strange as it may seem, of one day becoming a minister of the gospel. But his father, probably from a previous prejudice, as well as from a dislike to his conduct, repressed all such aspirings, and frequently intimated, that he expected 'Thomas would become a parish pauper.

But a discovery made about this time roused his stifled energies, and changed his business and his fortune. This discovery was, that his father, now advanced in years, had made his will, by which the whole farm was to be leased to another son, while 'Thomas "was to be under-tenant to him for some marsh-grazing land," on which was no house, and no family could be supported.

Indignant, yet unbroken in spirit, 'Thomas at once de

resolved to take care of himself. He forthwith applied himself to study with a strange and untiring zeal ; at the same time resolving, at the first favorable opportunity, to leave his father's house, and seek his fortune abroad.

At length in April, 1772, deeming himself to be causelessly and severely blamed, in a fit of indignant passion, altogether discreditable to himself, he left his father's house, and on the following day set off for Boston, where a clergyman resided, with whom he had contracted some acquaintance.

"To this clergyman," says he, "I opened my mind with hesitancy and trepidation ; and nothing could exceed his astonishment, when he heard my purpose of attempting to obtain orders. He knew me only as a shepherd, somewhat more conversable, perhaps, than others in that station, and immediately asked, 'Do you know any thing of Latin and Greek ?' I told him I had received an education, but that for almost ten years, I had not seen a Greek book, except the Grammar. He instantly took down a Greek Testament, and put it into my hands ; and without difficulty I read several verses, giving both the Latin and English rendering of them, according to the custom of our school. On this, having strongly expressed his surprise, he said, "Our visitation will be next week ; the archdeacon, Dr. Gordon, will be here ; and if you will be in the town, I will mention you to him, and induce him, if I can, to send for you." This being settled, I returned immediately to my father for the intervening days ; knowing how much at that season, he wanted my help, for services which he could no longer perform himself, and was not accustomed to entrust to servants.

Although opposed and even ridiculed by friends, he still persevered and at length went to live at Boston, where he applied himself diligently in the preparation for taking orders.

Considering the spirit, in which he left his father, although that father seems not himself in all instances to have acted judiciously towards his son, it is not wonderful that Providence should have thrown obstacles in his path. On applying to the Bishop for ordination, the prelate denied his admission. without the consent of his



father, and a letter from some beneficed clergyman in the neighborhood. These were terms with which he could not at that time comply, and under a degree of mortification, bordering on despair, he was obliged to return home, where he immediately resumed his shepherds' clothes, and engaged in his old employment.

His attempt to obtain orders soon became known in the neighborhood, exciting much attention, and astonishment, with no small degree of ridicule. "This," says he, "raised the spirit of my relations; and the sentiment expressed by my brother, was that of the other branches of the family. I wish, said he, my brother had not made the attempt; but I cannot bear to have it said, that one of our name undertook what he was unable to accomplish."

"In consequence of this sensation, my brother, and all my sisters met by appointment at my father's house; and, with my mother, urged it in the most urgent manner, as his indispensable duty, either to consent to my ordination, or to fix me on a farm on my own account. I apprehend it was clearly foreseen what his concession would be, if he could be induced to concede at all; and accordingly, after much debate, he gave his consent in writing to my entering into orders."

Thus placed in more eligible circumstances, he again went to reside at Boston, where he applied himself diligently to his studies—"but," says he, "I was greatly frowned on by many of my relations; and I frequently heard the laugh of the boys, as I walked about the street in a brown coat, and with lank hair, pointing me out as the 'parson!'—If this were a species of persecution, it was certainly not for *Christ's sake*, or *for righteousness's sake*, for I was estranged from both at this time."

At this time, it would seem that Mr. Scott, according to his own confession, was destitute of evangelical piety and was aiming at the sacred profession of the ministry, without this most essential qualification. This proved to him in subsequent life, a source of most sorrowful regret. He did, indeed, afterwards become pious—truly, devotedly pious, and shone with uncommon lustre, as a disciple of Jesus. But, at this time, and for a period after receiving ordination, he had only the form, without the power of godliness.

At length, he received ordination and entered upon the duties of a curate. From this time, he applied himself with the most unwearied assiduity to the study of the learned languages and such other subjects, as were connected with the duties of his profession. He spared, he tells us, no pains, shunned as much as he well could all acquaintance and diversions, and even retrenched from his usual hours of sleep, that he might increase his intellectual acquisitions. In nine months, he read through the entire works of Josephus in the original Greek. With the Septuagint and the Hebrew Bible he became familiar. His progress in the latter was remarkable. "Of the Hebrew," he says, "some twenty weeks ago, I knew not a letter; and I have now read through one hundred and nineteen of the Psalms, and twenty-three chapters of Genesis; and commonly now read two chapters every day, tracing every word to its original, unfolding every verbal difficulty." At the age of sixty, he applied himself to the study of Arabic and Susoo—the latter an African dialect, and both exceedingly difficult languages to be mastered. During the acquisition of these languages and for many years afterwards, he suffered severely from chronic complaints. At the age of seventy-two years, he informs us that he never studied more hours each day in his life. "Never," says he, "was a manufactory more full of constant employment than our house; five proof sheets of Commentary a week to correct, and as many sheets of copy (quarto) to prepare."

He was employed upon his Commentary for thirty-three years. The marginal references alone cost him seven years of severe labor. For nearly forty-six years he was employed eight, ten, and sometimes fourteen hours in a day in his study.

"The sale of his works," a writer remarks, "of plain didactic theology, during his life time, amounted to *two hundred thousand* pounds sterling. Probably an equal sum has been expended for these same works since his death. Of his Commentary on the Scriptures, not less than *thirty-five thousand* copies have been sold in the United States alone, at a sum of at least *seven hundred thousand dollars*. Two stereotype editions of it have been published. The work is now, at the distance of thirty years from its publication, as popular and ac-

capable to the religious public as ever. The *annual sale* is now, in this country, not less than fifteen hundred copies. What an amount of good has been accomplished by a single effort of this entirely self-taught man. At least one hundred thousand families gathering their views of the meaning of the Christian revelation from the comments of a single mind. This already amazing amount of good, is but a tithe of what will yet be seen. Wherever, on all the continents of this earth, the English language shall be spoken, and the English Bible shall be found, there the name of THOMAS SCOTT will be hailed as one of the most important benefactors of mankind."

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### ***I Never Prayed.***

SEVERE and sudden sickness seized a young friend of mine, and I hastened to his bed-side. In the midst of conversation, which seemed to make little or no impression on his mind, I was led to inquire, "Did you ever pray?" A faint and hesitating "No," was the melancholy answer. A host of sad thoughts crowded on me, awakened by this reply. A youth of some eighteen or twenty summers was lying on a dying bed. He had lived in the midst of the means of grace, had been taught the nature and the duties of religion, had been externally moral in his deportment, but had never prayed. He had been taught that he was a sinner, but had never asked to be forgiven. He knew that he was under the curse of the law of God, and exposed to everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord; but he had never asked God to deliver him from the danger of hell, and prepare him for the enjoyment of heaven.

I was distressed beyond measure. It appeared incredible, but I had no reason to doubt the sincerity of the dying youth. Taking his hand, I addressed him in words similar to these:

"My dear friend did you never pray? You, a creature dependent on your Creator for every breath you draw, for every mercy you enjoy, for every power you possess, did you never thank that Creator for these gifts? A sinful creature—having no hope, and without God in

the world—ready to perish—under guilt that would ruin the universe—did you never pray for mercy? Brought up in the enjoyment of the gospel, and often told of that Savior, who died for just such sinners as you are, did you never go to that Redeemer in the dust, at the foot of his cross, acknowledge your vileness, and sue for an interest in his pardoning and atoning blood? Look, I beseech you, at the sacrifice that God has made for you. Look at the sins which have separated between you and God. Consider the infinite debt which you owe your Maker, and your infinite inability to pay that debt, and then say if you ought not to pray for a discharge. Consider that you are not only a debtor, bankrupt, and in prison, but a criminal condemned already, and awaiting the day of execution to arrive. Another has undertaken to discharge your debt, and waits but for you to ask his aid. He has consented to suffer the penalty of the law in your stead, and justify you in the presence of your condemning Judge, but he will extend the benefits of his clemency to you only on condition that you will *ask, believing*. You are a sinner, dying in your sins. Death is feeling for your heart-strings now, and will soon break them. The frail thread of life holds you out of a burning hell. You must perish unless you pray. Pray, and perhaps you may be saved."

With such words I urged the duty of prayer on this dying friend, and the insensibility with which they were heard, was as great as that with which the multitudes of sinners listen to the same entreaties, when death does not appear so near. The work of death is going on, and that youth does not pray. I went from his bedside, reflecting that, perhaps disease had made him still more insensible than those in health, and if I made the appeal to them I might meet with more success.

Some of them have doubtless read this, and wondered that a sinner could die without prayer. But is it not more strange that one can live without prayer? Can you lie down at night and trust yourself to sleep without prayer, when you know that you are in the hands of an angry God, who holds you in being, and might in an instant drop you into devouring fire? Can you presume on his goodness, without so much as asking him to keep you.

while you cannot keep yourself? Can you wake in the morning, and begin the business of the day, without once thinking of Him who watched you while you slept, and whose hand was your shield? Can you pursue the world, and never ask his aid in whose hand are all your ways—who must favor your plans or they will fail? And these are but common obligations. These would bind, though there were no such thing as sin and misery, or holiness and heaven. A wretch, who believes there is a God and denies every thing else, ought to pray. But you believe more than this. You believe that the Bible is the word of God, and that every word of that book will have a certain fulfilment. You know that you must pray or God will never have mercy on your soul: and knowing this, and knowing that God is waiting to be gracious, you refuse to pray.

Should the king come to the door of your cell, where you were waiting for the day of death to come, and offer to grant a full and instant pardon, if you would fall down on your knees, and confess with penitence, your sin, and trusting in his unbought goodness, would plead with him for mercy; would you plead? If he should come to you on the scaffold, as you were on the point of suffering the penalty of the law, and make you the same offer; would you pray? There is not a more miserable evasion of duty than the plea which many put in that they *cannot* save themselves, and, therefore, it is of no use to try. You do not feel the force of that objection. If you did, you would pray. Were you in captivity, dependent utterly on the will of your master for life and death, you would put all your hope of escape in prayer. You would fall down before him, whose chains were on you, and plead with earnestness and tears, that he would have compassion, and let you go. And the more sensible you were of the impossibility of deliverance, except through the mercy of your master, the stronger would be your supplications, and the more abundant your tears. And if you felt your dependance on God for deliverance from hell, you would go down on your knees and beg for your life as a dying man.

No; God has constituted an inseparable connexion between your salvation and prayer. Your prayer will

make you better, or God more kind. But if you are saved he must save you, and he will be inquired of by you to do this thing for you. And oh! if you never prayed, pray now. If you have, pray more. Cry mightily unto God. Besiege his throne.

Perhaps he will admit your plea,  
Perhaps will hear your prayer."

No. There is no perhaps, or peradventure, in any promise that God ever made. "Ask, and ye *shall* receive,"—not *perhaps* ye shall receive. "Seek and ye *shall* find,"—not *peradventure* ye shall find. "Knock and it *shall* be opened unto you. For every one that seeketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

### ***Love your Enemies.***

A SLAVE in one of the Islands of the West Indies, who had originally come from Africa, having been brought under the influence of religious instruction, became singularly valuable to his owner, on account of his integrity and general good conduct. After some time, his master raised him to a situation of some consequence in the management of his estate; and on one occasion, wishing to purchase twenty additional slaves, employed him to make the selection, giving him instruction to choose those, who were strong and likely to make good workmen. The man went to the slave market, and commenced his scrutiny. He had not long surveyed the multitude offered for sale, before he fixed his eye upon one old and decrepid slave, and told his master that he must be one. The master appeared greatly surprised at his choice, and remonstrated against it. The poor fellow begged that he might be indulged; when the dealer remarked, that if they were about to buy twenty, he would give them the old man in the bargain.

The purchase was accordingly made, and the slaves were conducted to the plantation of their master; but, upon none did the selector bestow half the attention and care he did upon the poor old decrepid African. He too

him to his own habitation, and laid him upon his own bed; he fed him at his own table, and gave him drink out of his own cup: when he was cold, he carried him into the sunshine; and when he was hot, he placed him under the shade of the cocoa-nut trees. Astonished at the attention this confidential slave bestowed upon a fellow-slave, his master interrogated him upon the subject. He said—"You could not take so much interest in the old man, but for some special reason: he is a relation of yours, perhaps your father?"—"No, massa," answered the poor fellow, "he no my fader." "He is then an older brother?" "No, massa, he no my broder!" "Then is he an uncle, or some other relation?" "No, massa, he no be my kindred at all, nor even my friend!" "Then," asked the master, "on what account does he excite your interest?" "He my enemy, massa," replied the slave; "he sold me to the slave dealer; and my Bible tell me when my enemy hunger, feed him, and when he thirst, give him drink."

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### **John Newton.**

Two or three years before the death of this eminent servant of Christ, when his sight was become so dim, that he was no longer able to read, an aged friend and brother in the ministry, called on him to breakfast. Family prayer succeeding, the portion of scripture for the day was read to him. It was taken out of Bogatsky's Golden Treasury; "By the grace of God, I am what I am." It was the pious man's custom on these occasions, to make a short familiar exposition on the passage read. After the reading of this text, he paused for some moments, and then uttered the following affecting soliloquy:

"I am not what I *ought* to be! Ah! how imperfect and deficient! I am not what I *wish* to be! "I abhor what is evil," and I would "cleave to what is good!" I am not what I *hope* to be! Soon, soon I shall put off mortality: and with mortality, all sin and imperfection! Yet, though I am not what I *ought* to be, nor what I *wish* to be, nor what I *hope* to be, I can truly say, I am *not* what I *once* was—a slave to sin and Satan; and I

can heartily join with the apostle, and acknowledge, '*By the grace of God, I am what I am.*'"

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### ***Andrew Fuller.***

"I don't know," said a gentleman to the late Andrew Fuller, "how it is that I can remember your sermons better than those of any other minister, but such is the fact." "I cannot tell," replied Mr. Fuller, "unless it be owing to simplicity of arrangement; I pay particular attention to this part of composition, always placing things together which are related to each other, and that naturally follow each other in succession. For instance, added he, suppose I were to say to my servant, 'Betty, you must go and buy some butter, and starch, and cream, and soap, and tea, and blue, and sugar, and cakes,' Betty would be apt to say, 'Master, I shall never remember all these. But suppose I were to say, 'Betty you know your mistress is going to have friends to tea to-morrow, and that you are going to wash the day following; and that for the tea party, you will want tea, and sugar; and cream and cakes and butter; and for the washing you will want soap, and starch and blue;' Betty would instantly reply, 'Yes master, I can now remember them all very well!'"

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### ***The Force of Truth.***

A GENTLEMAN was once asked in company, what led him to embrace the truths of the gospel, which formerly he was known to have neglected and despised! He said, "My call and conversion to God, my Savior, were produced by very singular means; a person put into my hands '*Paine's Age of Reason.*' I read it with attention, and was much struck with the strong and ridiculous representation he made of many passages in the Bible. I confess, to my shame, I had never read the Bible through; but from what I remember to have heard at church, and accidentally on other occasions, I could not persuade myself that Paine's report was quite exact, or that the Bible was quite so absurd as he represented it. I resolved,



therefore, that I would read the Bible regularly through, and compare the passages when I had done so, that I might give the Bible fair play. I accordingly set myself to the task, and as I advanced, I was struck with the majesty which spoke, the awfulness of the truths contained in it, and the strong evidence of its divine origin, which increased with every page, so that I finished my inquiry with the fullest satisfaction of the truths as it is in Jesus, and my heart was penetrated with a sense of obligation I had never felt before. I resolved henceforth to take the sacred word for my guide, and to be a faithful follower of the Son of God."

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***Be sure your Sin will find you out.***

No doctrine is more clearly revealed in the Scriptures, than that of a future judgment. Whatever crimes, therefore, are not brought to light in the present world are sure to be disclosed on that solemn and final day. The omniscience of God will bring them to light. No matter in what age of the world they have been perpetrated, nor in what obscure retreat. No matter whether they have existed in the heart, or have been acted out in the life—God is perfectly able to disclose them; for, as the poet says:

"Midnight and noon in this agree,  
Great God, they're both alike to thee;  
Nor death can hide, what God will spy,  
And hell lies naked to his eye."

But it is by no means certain that the crimes of mankind will not be disclosed even in the *present world*. God has so often in his providence brought to light the crimes of men, that we may well say, that no transgressor is safe against developement. How often has it happened, that when the actor has felt himself perfectly secure—when time has passed on, and years have rolled away, and no disclosures have been made—on a sudden, and apparently by accident, (not indeed by accident, but by the overruling hand of God, who has seen, and remembered the crime,) it has come to light. Some apparently trivial circumstance *has excited* suspicion—suspicion has led to inquiry—and

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inquiry has ended in fastening the crime upon the perpetrator.

While a ball is still unfired, it is within our power and at our disposal. No sooner, however, is the match applied to the gun which contains it, than it is out of our reach, and beyond our control. We can neither recall it, nor stay its ravages. So with sin; while uncommitted we are free to avoid and prevent it; but the act once done, and the guilt is upon us, and the consequences beyond our reach. God can prevent them; but so far as our power extends, those consequences may last, and spread wider and wider, till the judgment day. Nay, the evil antecedent to that day, may be, in comparison with the evil which shall roll up after it, only as the beginning of sorrows.

To impress the solemn truth, the author subjoins several well authenticated instances, in which Divine Providence has brought to light most unexpectedly, and ~~yet~~ **most strikingly**, the perpetrators of crimes, when they were imagining themselves secure against conviction. Ponder upon these disclosures, reader, and may they have the effect to prevent you from sinning against a God, who can fill you with shame here; or, if he suffers your crimes to go unnoticed in the present world, will disclose your sin at his final bar and there pour his indignation upon you.

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A little more than fifty years ago, a man by the name of Henry Thomson called at the house of Mr. John Smith, a resident in a retired part of England, and requested a night's lodging. This request was readily granted, and the stranger having taken some refreshment, retired early to bed, requesting that he might be awakened at an early hour the following morning.

When the servant appointed to call him entered the room for that purpose, he was found in his bed, perfectly dead.

On examining his body no marks of violence appeared, but his countenance looked extremely natural. The story of his death soon spread among the neighbors, and enquiries were made who he was, and by what means he came by his death.

Nothing certain, however, was known. He had arrived

on horseback, and was seen passing through a neighboring village, about an hour before he reached the house where he came to his end. And then, as to the manner of his death, so little could be discovered, that the jury which was summoned to investigate the cause, returned a verdict that he died "by a visitation of God." When this was done, the stranger was buried.

Days and weeks passed on, and little further was known. The public mind, however, was not at rest. Suspicions existed that foul means had hastened the stranger's death. Whispers to that effect were expressed, and in the hearts of many, Smith was considered as the guilty man.

The former character of Smith had not been good. He had lived a loose and irregular life, involved himself in debt by his extravagances; and, at length, being suspected of having obtained money wrongfully, he suddenly fled from the town.

More than ten years, however, had now elapsed, since his return, during which he had lived at his present residence, apparently in good circumstances, and with an improved character. His former life, however, was now remembered, and suspicion, after all, fastened upon him.

At the expiration of two months, a gentleman one day stopped in the place for the purpose of making inquiry respecting the stranger, who had been found dead in his bed. He supposed himself to be a brother of the man. The horse and clothes of the unfortunate man still remained, and were immediately known as having belonged to his brother. The body also, itself was taken up, and though considerably changed, bore a strong resemblance to him.

He now felt authorized to ascertain, if possible, the manner of his death. He proceeded, therefore, to investigate the circumstances, as well as he was able. At length he made known to the magistrate of the district, the information he had collected, and upon the strength of this, Smith was taken to jail to be tried for the wilful murder of Henry Thomson.

The celebrated Lord Mansfield was then on the bench. He charged the grand Jury to be cautious as to finding a bill against the prisoner. The evidence of his guilt, if

guilty, might be small. At a future time it might be greater; more information might be obtained. Should the jury now find a bill against him, and should he be acquitted, he could not be molested again, whatever testimony should rise up against him. The grand jury, however, did find a bill, but it was by a majority of only one.

At length, the time of trial arrived. Smith was brought into court, and placed at the bar. A great crowd thronged the room, eager and anxious to see the prisoner and to hear the trial. He himself, appeared firm and collected. Nothing in his manner or appearance indicated guilt; and, when the question was put to him by the clerk, "Are you guilty, or not guilty?" he answered with an unflinching tongue, and with a countenance perfectly unchanged, "Not guilty."

The counsel for the prosecution now opened the case. But it was apparent that he had little expectation of being able to prove the prisoner guilty. He stated to the jury, that the case was involved in great mystery. The prisoner was a man of respectability and of property. The deceased was supposed to have had about him, gold and jewels to a large amount; but the prisoner was not so much in want of funds, as to be under a strong temptation to commit murder. And, besides, if the prisoner had obtained the property he had effectually concealed it. Not a trace of it could be found.

Why, then, was the prisoner suspected? He would state the grounds of suspicion. The deceased, Henry Thomson, was a jeweller, residing in London, and a man of wealth. He had left London for the purpose of meeting a trader at Hull, of whom he expected to make a large purchase. That trader he did meet; and after the departure of the latter, Mr. Thomson was known to have had in his possession jewels and gold to a large amount.

With these in his possession, he left Hull on his return to London. It was not known that he stopped until he reached Smiths, and the next morning was discovered dead in his bed. He died, then, in Smith's house, and if it could be shown that he came to his death in an unnatural way, it would increase the suspicion, that the prisoner was in some way connected with the murder.

Now, then, continued the counsel, it will be proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the deceased died by *poison*. But what was that poison? It was a recent discovery of some German chemists, said to be produced from distilling the seed of the wild cherry tree. It was a poison more powerful than any other known, and deprived of life so immediately, as to leave no marks of suffering, and no contortions of the features.

But, then, the question was, by whom was it administered? One circumstance, a small one indeed, and yet upon it might hang a horrid tale, was that the stopper of a small bottle of a very singular description had been found in the prisoner's house. That stopper had been examined, and said by medical men to have belonged to a German vial, containing the kind of poison, which he had described. But, then, was that poison administered by Smith, or at his instigation? Who were the prisoner's family? It consisted only of himself, a housekeeper, and one man servant. The man servant slept in an out-house adjoining the stable, and did so on the night of Thomson's death. The prisoner slept at one end of the house, the housekeeper at the other, and the deceased had been put in a room adjoining the housekeeper's.

It would be proved, that about three hours after midnight, on the night of Thomson's death, a light had been seen, moving about the house, and that a figure holding the light was seen to go from the room, in which the prisoner slept to the housekeeper's room; the light now disappeared for a minute, when two persons were seen, but whether they went into Thomson's room, the witness could not swear; but shortly after they were observed passing quite through the entry to Smith's room, into which they entered, and in about five minutes the light was extinguished.

The witness would further state; that, after the person had returned with the light into Smith's room, and before it was extinguished, he had twice perceived some dark object to intervene between the light and the window, almost as large as the surface of the window itself, and which he described by saying, it appeared as if a door had been placed before the light. Now, in Smith's room, there was nothing which could account for this appear-

place; his bed was in a different part; and there was neither cupboard nor press in the room, which, but for the bed, was entirely empty, the room in which he dressed, being at a distance beyond it.

The counsel for the prosecution here concluded what he had to say. During his address Smith appeared in no wise to be agitated or distressed and equally unmoved was he while the witnesses testified in substance what the opening speech of the counsel led the court and the jury to expect.

Lord Mansfield now addressed the jury. He told them that in his opinion the evidence was not sufficient to condemn the prisoner, and that if the jury agreed with him in opinion, the court would discharge him. Without leaving their seats, the jury agreed that the evidence was not sufficient.

At this moment, when they were about to render a verdict of acquittal, the prisoner rose and addressed the court. He said that he had been accused of a foul crime, and the jury had said that there was not sufficient evidence to convict him. Did the jury mean that there was *any* evidence against him? Was he to go out of court, with suspicions resting upon him after all? This he was unwilling to do. He was an innocent man, and if the judge would grant him the opportunity, he would prove it. He would call his housekeeper, who would confirm a statement which he would now make.

The housekeeper had not appeared in court. She had concealed herself, or had been concealed by Smith. This was considered a dark sign against him. But he himself now offered to bring her forward, and stated as the reason, not that he was unwilling that she should testify, but knowing the excitement, he was fearful that she might be bribed to give testimony contrary to fact. But he was now ready to relate all the circumstances he knew—she might, then, be called, and be examined. If her testimony does not confirm my story, let me be condemned.

The request of the prisoner seemed reasonable, and Lord Mansfield, contrary to his usual practice, granted it.

The prisoner went on with his statement. He said he wished to go out of court relieved from the suspicions which were resting upon him. As to the poison, he

means of which the stranger was said to have died, he knew neither the name of it, nor the effect of it, nor even of the existence of it, until made known to the counsel. He could call God to witness the truth of what he said.

And, then, as to Mr. Thomson, he was a perfect stranger to him. How should he know what articles of value he had with him! He did not know. If he had such articles at Hull, he might have lost them on the road; or, which was more probable, have otherwise disposed of them. And if he died by means of the fatal drug, he must have administered it himself.

He begged the jury to remember, that his premises had been repeatedly and minutely searched, and that not the most trifling article that belonged to the deceased had been discovered, in his possession. The stopper of a vial had been found—but of this he could only say, he had no knowledge, and had never seen it before it was produced in court.

One fact had been proved, and only one. That he would explain, and his housekeeper would confirm his statement. A witness had testified that some one had gone to the bedroom of the housekeeper, on the night in question. He was ready to admit, that it was he himself. He had been subject for many years of his life to sudden fits of illness; he had been seized with one on that occasion, and had gone to her to procure her assistance in lighting a fire. She had returned with him to his room for that purpose, he having waited for a minute in the passage, while she put on her clothes. This would account for the momentary disappearance of the light. After remaining a few minutes in his room, finding himself better, he had dismissed her, and retired to bed, from which he had not risen, when he was informed of the death of the guest.

Such was the prisoner's address, which produced a powerful effect. It was delivered in a very firm and impressive manner, and from the simple and artless manner of the man, perhaps not one present doubted his entire innocence.

The housekeeper was now introduced and examined by counsel for the prisoner. She had not heard any part

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of the statement of Smith, nor a single word of the trial. Her story confirmed all he had said.

To this succeeded her cross-examination, by the counsel for the prosecution. One circumstance had made a deep impression on his mind—this was, that while the prisoner and the housekeeper were in the room of the former, something like a door had obstructed the light of the candle, so that the witness testified to the fact, but could not see it. What was the obstruction? There was no door—nothing in the room, which could account for this. Yet the witness was positive that something like a door, did, for a moment, come between the window and the candle. This needed explanation. The housekeeper was the only person that could give it. Designing to probe this matter in the end to the bottom, but not wishing to excite her alarm, he began by asking her a few unimportant questions, and among others where the candle stood, while she was in Mr. Smith's room.

"In the centre of the room," she replied.

"Well, and was the closet, or cupboard, or whatever you call it, opened *once* or *twice*, while it stood there?"

She made no reply.

"I will help your recollection," said the counsel; "after Mr. Smith had taken the medicine out of the closet, did he shut the door or did it remain open?"

"He shut it."

"And, when he replaced the bottle in the closet, he opened it again, did he?"

"He did."

"And how long was it open the last time?"

"Not above a minute."

"Well, and when open, would the door be exactly between the light, and the window?"

"It would."

"I forget," said the counsel, "whether you said the closet was on the right or the left hand side of the window?"

"On the left hand side."

"Would the door of the closet make any noise in opening?"

"None."

"Are you certain?"



"I am."

"Have you ever opened it yourself, or only seen Mr Smith open it?"

"I never opened it myself."

"Did you never keep the key?"

"Never."

"Who did?"

"Mr. Smith always."

At this moment, the housekeeper chanced cast her eye towards Smith, the prisoner. His countenance suddenly changed. A cold damp sweat stood upon his brow and his face had lost all its color; he appeared a living image of death. She no sooner saw him, than she shrieked and fainted. The consequence of her answers flashed across her mind. She had been so thoroughly deceived by the manner of the advocate, and by the little importance he had seemed to attach to her statements, that she had been led on by one question to another, till she had told him all he wanted to know.

She was obliged to be taken from the court, and a physician, who was present, was requested to attend to her. At this time the solicitor for the prosecution (answering to our State's attorney) left the court, but no one knew for what purpose. Presently, the physician came into court and stated that it would be impossible for the housekeeper to resume her seat in the box short of an hour or two.

It was about twelve in the day. Lord Mansfield, having directed that the jury should be accommodated with a room, where they could be kept by themselves, adjourned the court two hours. The prisoner in the mean time was remanded to gaol.

It was between four and five o'clock, when the judge resumed his seat upon the bench. The prisoner was again placed at the bar, and the housekeeper brought in and led to the box. The court room was crowded to excess, and an awful silence pervaded the place.

The cross-examining counsel again addressed the housekeeper. "I have but a few more questions to ask you," said he—"take heed how you answer, for your own life hangs upon a thread."

"Do you know this stopper?"

"I do."

"To whom does it belong?"

"To Mr. Smith."

"When did you last see it?"

"On the night of Mr. Thomson's death."

At this moment, the solicitor entered the court, bringing with him, upon a tray, a watch, two money-bags, a jewel-case, a pocket-book, and a bottle of the same manufacture, as the stopper, and having a cork in it. The tray was placed on the table in sight of the prisoner and the witness, and from that moment not a doubt remained in the mind of any man of the guilt of the prisoner.

A few words will bring this melancholy tale to its close. The house, where the murder had been committed, was between nine and ten miles distant. The solicitor, as soon as the cross-examination of the housekeeper had discovered the existence of the closet, and its situation, had set off on horseback, with two sheriff's officers, and after pulling down a part of the wall of the house, had detected this important place of concealment. Their search was well rewarded; the whole of the property belonging to Mr. Thomson was found there, amounting in value to some thousand pounds; and to leave no room for doubt, a bottle was discovered, which the medical men instantly pronounced to contain the very identical poison, which had caused the death of the unfortunate Thomson. The result was too obvious to need explanation.

It scarcely need be added that Smith was convicted and executed, and brought to this awful punishment by his own means. Had he said nothing—had he not persisted in calling a witness to prove his innocence, he might have escaped. But God had evidently left him to work out his own ruin, as a just reward of his awful crime.

The narrative shows us in a most impressive manner, *what the human heart is, and what it may become*. Without the restraining influence of the spirit of God, no man is safe. He carries with him a heart, false, selfish, and vile; and, which, unless its tendencies are repressed, may involve him in guilt and ruin. How strongly are we urged to flee to a throne of grace, and there seek the all-sufficient aid and restraining influence of our heavenly

Father. Sought as he should be, humbly and importunately, he will be with us in the hour of temptation, and assist us to avoid that path and those evil practices, which would conduct us to ruin.

It should not be forgotten; that we are in his hands, and at his disposal. We are never safe, in sinning against him. He can bring our crimes to light, by any means, and at any moment he pleases. In the preceding story, the swinging of a door, and the finding of the stopper of a vial, appeared at first, most unimportant. Yet, upon these two trifles hung the developement of a most awful crime, and but for these the vile perpetrators would have escaped till the day of judgment. Let us, therefore, take heed how we sin; lest, left in righteous judgment by God, he suffer us to work out our own destruction.

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### ***The Headless Nail.***

THERE lived in England, some years since, a clergyman by the name of Dr. Donne. In the earlier part of his ministerial life, he administered to a congregation out of London. One day, while taking a walk around his parish, he entered the churchyard, where he found the grave digger employed in digging a grave. Advancing to the spot, he stood and watched, for a time, the movements of the man, at the same time holding such conversation with him, as would be likely to arise from the gloomy nature of the grave digger's employment. In the midst of the work and the conversation, the latter came upon a skull which he threw out.

The Dr., observing it, picked it up for the purpose of examining it; in doing which, what was his surprise to notice a *nail* without a head, sticking in the *bone of the temple*. He said nothing to the grave digger about the discovery, but drawing out the nail, he concealed it in the corner of his handkerchief. Having done this, without apparent design, he demanded of the man whether he knew whose skull that was.

The grave digger replied that he believed he did. "In *this spot*," said he, "several years ago, there was buried

a man who kept a brandy shop, at no great distance from this."

"And what character did he sustain?" inquired the doctor.

"Oh," said the grave digger, "he was an honest man, for all that I know; but, then, he would drink too much, and one morning, after a night of intoxication, he was found dead in his bed."

"Had he a wife?" asked the doctor.

"Yes."

"And what sort of a woman was she?"

"Quite a clever woman," said the grave digger; "only the neighbors used to reflect on her, because she married another man the day after her husband was buried."

"Is she still living?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," said the grave digger,— "she and her husband occupy the house which you observe yonder, down the hill."

The conversation here terminated, and the doctor continued his walk. There must have been, thought he to himself, as he left the church yard, some foul work by which this man came to his death. After some reflection he determined to proceed to the house, and make such inquiries as circumstances might seem to justify.

On reaching the place, he introduced himself to the woman, with whom he entered into a conversation; and, among other topics, alluded to her bereavement of a former husband. The woman was by no means backward to converse upon the subject, but affected great sorrow at her former loss. For a time, the doctor listened to her with apparent sympathy; but, at length, suddenly opening his handkerchief, he demanded in a stern manner, "*Woman do you know this nail?*"

Struck with horror, she instantly confessed her guilt.

Now, we ask, was all this *accidental*? On the contrary, who can doubt that the providence of God was concerned in the disclosure. And from facts like these we may learn, that important results are often connected with apparently trifling circumstances, and that what God designs to disclose, no human foresight or cunning, is able to conceal. The art of this woman had led her to make use of a nail without a head, by which to murder her hus

band, in order to marry another man : but even that was insufficient to prevent her detection, because God had purposed that her guilt should be disclosed.

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### ***Effect of Faithful Preaching.***

I WAS once applied to by a stranger, in a place where I was laboring for a few Sabbaths only, says Rev. Thomas English, for a sight of a letter which I had received calumniating his character. I looked at the man, and pitied him, and coolly replied : "It would be a breach of the common principles of society, to show confidential letters, written to us, for the purpose of our doing people good." He retorted in an angry tone—"I demand a sight of it, sir, as an act of Justice due to an injured man." I replied, "How did you know that I had received a letter concerning you?" "Know," said he ; "it was impossible not to know it, your language and manner were so pointed, that it was impossible I should be deceived." I rejoined : "Do not be too positive ; you have been deceived before now, I suppose ; you may be so again." "It is not possible ;" said he, "you described the sin of which I am accused, in the clearest language ; and looking me in the face, and pointing towards me, you said, 'Sinner, be sure your sins will find you out ;' I therefore expect from you, sir, as a gentleman, and a Christian minister, that you will give me a sight of the letter, that I may know its contents and repel its charges !" I observed, "I do not know your name ; to my knowledge I never saw you before ; and as you have not told me in what part of the sermon it was I was so pointed, if I show you any letter, I may show the wrong one : I shall, therefore certainly not exhibit any of my letters to you, nor satisfy you whether I have received any one about you, till you describe the case alluded to." He hesitated ; but afterwards described the sin of which he was accused. When he had finished, looking him full in the eyes, assuming a solemn attitude, and using a grave and serious tone of voice, I said : "Can you look me full in the face, as you must your Judge at the great day of God, and declare that you are innocent of the sin laid to your charge?" He

trembled, turned pale, and his voice faltered; guilt and anger struggling in his breast, like the fire in the bowels of mount Etna, and summoning up his courage, he said: "I am not bound to make any man my confessor; and if I were guilty, no man has a right to hold me up to public observation, as you have done?" I assumed a benignity of countenance, and softened my tones saying: "Do you believe the passage I cited—'*Be sure your sins will find you out*'—is the word of God?" He said, "It may be." "Surely it is," said I; "He that made the ear, shall he not hear? He that made the eye, shall he not see? Can He have any difficulty in bringing your sin to light? Now, I will tell you honestly, I never received any letter or information about you whatever; but I am persuaded your sin has found you out; the preaching of the word is one method, by which God makes men's sins find them out. Let me entreat you seriously to consider your state and character; who can tell, God may have intended this sermon for your good; he may mean to have mercy upon you; this may be the means of saving your neck from the gallows, and your soul from hell; but let me remind you, you are not there yet, there still is hope." He held down his head, clenched his hands one into the other, and bursting into tears, said: "I never met with any thing like this. I am certainly obliged to you for your friendship. I am guilty, and hope this conversation will be of essential advantage to me."

### *My Fruit Tree.*

(Written by Doctor Watts to a lady, on the death of several young children.)

I HAVE a comely fruit-tree in the summer season, with the branches of it promising plenteous fruit; the stock was surrounded with seven or eight little shorts of different sizes, that grew up from the root at a small distance, and seemed to compose a beautiful defence and ornament for the mother tree. But the gardener, who espied their growth, knew the danger; he cut down those tender suckers one after another, and laid them in the dust. I pitied them in my heart, and said "How pretty were these young standards! How much like the parent! How elegantly clothed with the raiment of summer!

And each of them might have grown to a fruitful tree !<sup>a</sup> But they stood so near as to endanger the stock ; they drew away the sap, the heart and strength of it, so far as to injure the fruit, and darken the hopeful prospects of autumn. The pruning knife appeared unkind indeed, but the gardener was wise ; for the tree flourished more sensibly, the fruit quickly grew fair and large, and the ingathering at last was plenteous and joyful.

Will you give me leave, *Velina*, to persuade you into this parable ? Shall I compare you to this tree in the garden of God ? You have had many of these young suckers springing up around you ; they stood a while your sweet ornaments and your joy, and each of them might have grown up to a perfection of likeness, and each might have become a parent tree. But say, did they never draw your heart off from God ? Did you never feel them stealing any of those seasons of devotion, or those warm affections that were first and supremely due to him that made you ? And when they had been cut off successively, and laid one after another in the dust, have you not found your heart running out more towards God, and living more perpetually upon him ? Are you not now devoting yourself more entirely to God every day, since the latter was taken away ? Are you not aiming at some greater fruitfulness and service than in times past ? If so, then repine not at the pruning knife ; but adore the conduct of the heavenly husbandman, and say, "all his ways are wisdom and mercy."

But I have not yet done with my parable.

When the granary was well stored with excellent fruit, and before winter came upon the tree, the gardener took it up by the roots, and it appeared as dead. But his design was not to destroy it utterly ; for he removed it far away from the spot of earth where it had stood, and planted it on a hill of richer mould, which was sufficient to nourish it with all its attendants. The spring appeared, the tree budded into life again, and all those fair little standards that had been cut off, broke out of the ground afresh, and stood up around it (a sweet young grove) flourishing in beauty and immortal vigor.

You know not where you are, *Velina*, and that I have carried you to the hill of Paradise, to the blessed hour of

the resurrection. What an unknown joy it will be, when you have fulfilled all the fruits of righteousness in this lower world, to be transplanted to that heavenly mountain! What a divine rapture and surprise of blessedness, to see all your little offspring around you that day, springing out of the dust at once, making a fairer and brighter appearance in that upper garden of God, and rejoicing together, (a sweet company,) all partakers with you of the same happy immortality; all fitted to bear heavenly fruit, without the need or danger of a pruning knife. Look forward by faith to that glorious morning, and admire the whole scheme of Providence and grace. Give cheerful honors before hand to your Almighty and all-wise Governor, who by his unsearchable counsels has filled your best wishes, and secured your dear infants to you forever, though not just in your own way; that blessed hand which made the painful separation on earth, shall join you and your babes together in his own heavenly habitation, never to be divided again, though the method may be painful to flesh and blood. Fathers shall not hope in vain, nor mothers "bring forth for trouble. They are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them." Isaiah lxxv: 23. "Then shall you say, "Lord, here am I, and the children that thou hast given me. For he is your God, and the God of your seed, in an everlasting covenant." *Amen.*

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### ***Heaven on Earth.***

MR. JOHN HOLLAND, the day before he died, called for a Bible, saying, "Come, oh come; death approaches, let us gather some flowers to comfort this hour." And turning with his own hand to the 8th chapter of Romans, he gave the book to Mr. Leigh, and bid him read: at the end of every verse he paused, and then gave the sense to his own comfort, but more to the joy and wonder of his friends. Having continued his meditations on the 8th of Romans thus read to him, for two hours or more, on a sudden he said "O stay your reading! What brightness is this I see? Have you lighted up any candles?" Mr. Leigh answered, "No, it is the sunshine;" for it was



about five o'clock in a clear summer evening. "Sun shine!" said he, "it is my Savior's shine, now, farewell world; welcome heaven. The day-star from on high hath visited my heart. Oh, speak it when I am gone and preach it at my funeral; God dealeth familiarly with man. I feel his mercy; I see his majesty; whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell. God knoweth; but I see things that are unutterable."

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### ***The Pearl of Great Price.***

SOME years ago a female of rank—a native of one of the islands in the Indian seas, having been married to a merchant of Aberdeen, who had visited her country, returned with him to Scotland. There she continued to live for some years, without religion of any kind; it is probable that formerly she had been a Buddhist, but she showed no appearance of devotion. Her time was spent upon her children, and her jewels, of both of which she seemed very fond. In playing with the one and adorning the other, her days were passed. Whilst thus engaged she one day heard a loud rumbling noise in Union street where she resided, and upon looking out of the window to see what it was, beheld merely some carts filled with blocks of granite passing through the street. Disappointed, she turned to an old Scotch nurse then in the room and remarked what a poor country Scotland was, the hills of which produced nothing but great blocks of ugly stone.

In *her* country she intimated that from their hills they obtained gold, jewels, and precious stones. 'The old nurse could not for a moment allow her own country to be inferior to that of her mistress', and she replied that they had a treasure in Scotland which her mistress' country did not possess; we have, said she, the most precious of all treasures here, we have "*the pearl of great price.*"

The heathen lady's ear was instantly caught by this expression. At once she declared, she must have that treasure, and was confident that her kind husband would not fail to buy it for her, let it cost indeed what it might she would even part with all her other jewels, of which

she was passionately fond, to obtain it. The old Scotch servant then intimated to her that it was not to be bought, but to be had freely, "without money, and without price." She gave her also to understand that the jewel of which she spoke was not intended as an ornament for the neck or ears, but as a blessing for the heart. The poor heathen then said, that was just what she wanted, for she was often very unhappy, when she thought of all her relations, whom she should never see again, and of her much loved though distant land; she said she often had an aching heart in spite of her children, and her comforts and her jewels. Her poor instructress then explained to her that this treasure was hid in the field of Holy Scripture, and that it was to be found by diligently seeking for it. Upon hearing this, her mistress seemed resolved upon obtaining it; she immediately began to learn to read, although before this she had refused to be instructed. She applied herself earnestly to the task; at length she became able to read the Bible, and searched it diligently, until she found what she so greatly desired. In one word, she became a Christian, was a regular communicant at one of the churches in Aberdeen, and at length died a peaceful death, trusting in the merits of her Savior.

There may be many of our readers, who although they have lived all their years in a Christian land, are still as utter strangers to the greatest of all its treasures as was this poor heathen. Surrounded by dear relations and children, possessed of many comforts and much earthly good, they may have been content to live all their years without savingly acquainting themselves with him, who is above all price, who is more precious than rubies! Dear reader! "Christ is the blessing for the heart." If you are still a stranger to this blessing—to this "pearl of great price,"—O set earnestly to work to search for it.

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### *A Good Example.*

A GENTLEMAN not long since enclosed twelve dollars for the Treasury of the Foreign Missionary Society, accompanied by a letter, in which he says: "This sum, which is the annual amount of my contributions at the

monthly concert for prayer, has become due in consequence of the writer's having been absent in a foreign country, and traveling in places where, and under circumstances when it was impracticable to attend this most interesting of all meetings for prayer.

And here, may I be permitted to allude to a systematic plan of contributing to this object, which, for many years, I have pursued; as I do it with the hope of inducing others, whose means, like my own, may be limited, to adopt a similar *progressive* plan.

Fifteen years ago, when my attention was first called to the importance of foreign missions, I was a fatherless boy, striving from my own resources to educate myself; for I was without friends or patrimony. Poor as I was, I thought it was my duty to do something for the cause of missions; and I determined to contribute a certain sum monthly, which sum should be increased in proportion to the increase of my means. *Six-pence*, each month, was at first all I could afford. A 'mite' indeed! and I thought, hardly worth contributing. But I remembered that the aggregate amount of one year would pay for a Bible, or, at least, a few tracts, which, carried by a missionary into some pagan family, and blessed by Him, who had bestowed his commendation upon her of old, who, in poverty, cast her 'mite' into the Treasury of the Lord, might be instrumental of doing incalculable good.

At the end of a year or two, this sum doubled; and, in the course of a few years longer, I was enabled to contribute my half dollar, monthly, to the cause of missions. For the last three or four years, the sum has been increased to *one dollar* a month; and I hope the time may yet come, when I shall have it in my power to give monthly the aggregate amount of my annual donation. During the period since my first contribution was made, I have never omitted to give the sum which I had stipulated at the commencement of each year, to bestow upon this object. When detained from the monthly concert, as in this instance, I have invariably laid aside my six-pence or shilling, or half dollar, as the case might be, and have contributed the accumulated amount, at the first concert I could attend. It has always seemed to me to be a contract with the Lord, and I dare not, on my

part, withhold the fulfilment of it. It is true that I have often in this way, parted with my last shilling; but I have never suffered by so doing. Indeed, if I thought it would induce one doubting soul to "cast its bread upon the waters," I would relate some striking "providences" which have followed, in some of those instances where I contributed my *last dollar* to the monthly concert, the Bible or Tract cause, or to some other branch of the Lord's treasury. This I will say, that I can bear my most decided testimony to the truth of that declaration of Holy writ that "he that watereth shall himself also be watered."

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### ***The Ivy and the Oak.***

AN interesting volume entitled "Algic Researches," contains the following allegory:

A vine was growing beside a thrifty oak, and had just reached that height at which it requires support. "Oak," said the ivy vine, "bend your trunk so that you may be a support to me." "My support," replied the oak, "is naturally yours, and you may rely on my strength to bear you up, but I am too large and too solid to bend. put your arms around me, my pretty vine, and I will manfully support and cherish you, if you have an ambition to climb, even as high as the clouds. While I thus hold you up, you will ornament my trunk with your pretty green leaves and shining scarlet berries. They will be as frontlets to my head, and I shall stand in the forest like a glorious warrior, with all his plumes. We were made by the Master of life to grow together, that by our union the weak should be made strong, and the strong render aid to the weak."

"But I wish to grow *independantly*," said the vine, "why cannot you twine around me, and let me grow up straight, and not be a mere dependent upon you?" "Nature," answered the oak, "did not design it. It is impossible that you should grow to any height alone, and if you try it, the winds and rain, if not your own weight, will bring you to the ground. Neither is it proper for you to run your arms hither and yon, among the trees. The trees will begin to say it is not my vine--it is a

stranger.—get thee gone, I will not cherish thee. By this time thou wilt be so entangled among the different branches, that thou canst not get back to the oak; and nobody will then admire thee, or pity thee.”

“Ah me!” said the vine, “let me escape from such a destiny,”—and with this, she twined herself around the oak, and they both grew and flourished together.”

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### ***The Ball Room.***

IN one of the interior counties of Pennsylvania, a young man, whom, for the sake of distinction, we shall call B. was convicted of sin, and led to inquire anxiously the way to be saved. He was the son of one of the most respectable and wealthy inhabitants of that region of country, but his father was, unhappily, a bitter opposer of the religion of Christ. Perceiving the state of his son's mind, he determined to leave no means untried to divert his attention from the subject. He hurried him from business to pleasure and from pleasure to business, with strong hopes that his serious impressions might be driven away; or, at least, that he might be prevented from making any public profession of the change of his views. But all these efforts were vain. The Spirit of God had excited the anxieties of his soul, and did not desert him. He was brought to the dust in submission, and found peace in believing in Christ.

About this time a splendid *ball* was got up, with every possible attempt at display, and the youth of the village and surrounding country were all excitement for the festive hall. B. was invited. He at once declined attending; but his father insisted that he should go. Here was a struggle for the young convert. On the one hand were the convictions of his own conscience, as well as the desires of his heart. On the other, the *command* of a father whom he was still bound to obey. The struggle was long and anxious. At length it was decided; *he determined* to go. His father rejoiced in his decision. His friends congratulated him on having abandoned his new notions, and become a man again.

The evening at last arrived. The gay party were gath

ered in the spacious hall. There was beauty, and wealth, and fashion. The world was there. Every heart seemed full of gladness, every voice was one of joy. B. appeared among the rest, with a brow that spoke the purpose of a determined soul. He was the first on the floor to lead off the dance. A cotillion was formed, and as the circle stood in the centre of the room, with every eye fixed on them, what was the astonishment of the company when B. raised his hands and said, "LET US PRAY."

The assembly was awe-struck. Not a word was uttered. It was silent as the grave, while B. poured out his heart to God in behalf of his young companions, his parents, and the place in which they lived. With perfect composure he concluded his prayer. All had left the room—all but *one*. A young lady whom he had led upon the floor as his partner, stood near him, bathed in tears. They left the room together, and not long afterwards, she was led to the foot of the cross, having been first awakened by her partner's prayer, on the *ball room floor*. They were soon married, and are still living, active, devoted members of the body of Christ. B. is an elder in one of the churches, near the city of New York.

This fact conveys some important hints. Here was a doubtful case of action. B. was commanded by his father to go to a ball. He thought it was no place for him. There was nothing in the gay and frivolous amusement of the evening, congenial to his feelings. Still he must go, or disobey his father. Here was the struggle. In resolving to obey his father, he also determined to keep a conscience void of offence toward God. Having formed the resolution, he had strength for its execution. It must have required more than ordinary moral courage, to carry such a resolution into effect. But B. was determined, and found grace to sustain him in the first effort, perhaps, ever made to convert a ball room into a place of prayer. The effect was remarkable, though natural. The company retired. They came to dance, not to pray. When the voice of prayer broke on their ears, it was terrifying to their consciences. They fled from its power. B. triumphed over himself. He obeyed his father; did his duty to his young companions; was the blessed instrument of awakening the lady, who was afterwards his wife,

and without doubt has occasion to this day for devout thankfulness to God, that he was thus enabled to be faithful in the discharge of the singular duty he had undertaken.

Should any of my young readers be similarly situated, perhaps the course of B. may assist them in forming an opinion, as to the stand they should take. And if any read this, who are fond of the mirth and folly and music of the ball room, let me ask you, my friend, one or two questions. Should you frequent a place where *prayer* would be out of place? If the thoughts, and the words, and the scenes of a ball room, are not congenial to the spirit of prayer, is not the reason that in such pursuits there is something which conscience condemns? In the gaities of those hours of folly which you have spent, has your mind ever been led to dwell on the solemn realities of the eternal world? Have you thought at such times that you are a dying creature, and soon would stand at the bar of a God, whom you have slighted; at the judgment seat of a Savior, whom you have rejected and despised? I know that such thoughts are strangers to such scenes. The heart that leaps with gladness at the sound of the viol, seldom feels the solemnity of a truth like this. But you are as liable to die in the ball room as at home! And oh! what a change for you. From the midst of the festive mirth of Pleasure's hall, to be summoned away to the judgment! No time granted you to prepare for that *assembly*. Without a wedding garment you are found, and must be speechless when the Judge calls you to trial. What bitter regrets will then fill your heart, that here you were so madly bent on the follies of this world, that you would not think of a world to come! How awful to dance on the brink of the grave! You would not trifle, if you saw the pit opening wide to engulf you. But you are dancing on the brink of the grave! You are trifling with the interests of your immortal soul, when the bottomless pit is yawning to swallow you in its fiery waves.

“Leave all your sports and glittering toys.  
Come, share with us eternal joys.”

**Worldly Greatness.**

How little real satisfaction is derivable from worldly greatness, is shown in an anecdote which lady Colquhoun mentions in her work on "The World's Religion," and which was communicated to her by her father, Sir John Sinclair. He was invited by a late eminent statesman, Lord Melville, then high in office, to spend New Year's day with him at Wimbledon Common. He arrived there the day before, and in the morning repaired to the chamber of his host, to wish him a happy new year. "It had need be happier than the last," replied Lord M., "for I cannot recollect a single happy day in it." And this was the man who was the envy of many, being considered at the height of worldly prosperity!

**The Code of Honor.**

BUT let us meet the professed duellist on his own chosen ground. He is governed by the law of honor, and common murderers and suicides are not. Here lies the mighty difference! Yes, honor is his decalogue, is the grand arbiter of his destiny, in obedience to whose mandates he kills his enemy, or his friend, or lays down his own life, in single combat. What, then, is this so much vaunted and idolized code of honor? Let it be produced and held up before the eyes of the whole nation, that every child may read and admire it. Yes, there it is—it can be no other code, for it is all written out in blood. Every hand that touches it is stained with blood. Every section, as the parchment is unrolled, demands more blood. And yet it must be paramount to all other codes, for it has the finest title in the world. It is the law of *honor*, and what could human language express more, or express better?

BUT do you see Moloch, himself the supreme legislator, and the keeper of the roll, reclining there in the background? Do you see his ministers, counsellors and executive officers all standing around him, and all dripping with blood, and do you recoil from the picture? Do you ask whether honor or any other word of two syllables can



legalize deliberate and savage murder ? Put your finger upon your lips. Be as silent as the grave, lest you rouse some honorable avenger to write out a copy of the law in your own blood. And is it not possible after all, that there may be some latent virtue in this law of honor, which vulgar minds cannot appreciate ? Some charm in the words, to dry up tears and heal broken hearts ?

Take it, ye who have murdered the only son of his widowed mother, to keep your honor spotless—take your bloody code and read it to her in her distraction. Show her the euphonious title, and tell her how promptly her blooming boy accepted the challenge, and how bravely he met his fate ; and remind her what reason she has to be proud of having given to the world such a noble spirited son. Will it assuage her grief ? Will it restore him to her fond embrace ? Will it re-nerve that manly arm, on which she was to have leaned in the decline of life ?

Go next, and offer your sanguinary code as a solace to hearts which you have just crushed, by murdering a husband, and a father, and sending him unprepared to his last account. Relate the story of the constructive insult, of the challenge, of the acceptance, and of all the preliminary arrangements. Tell the young mother, the confiding wife, in her desolation, what a fine rifle he had ; how cheerfully he went out ; how promptly he took his station ; how not a muscle quivered, when he stood up to give and receive the fire ; how nobly he fell, and how peacefully he sleeps in the bed of honor ! Make out a fair copy of your law on crimson satin, and present it to those children, to be hung up in a gilt frame by the side of their father's portrait, and enjoin their mother to teach it to them every Sabbath day, along with the ten commandments, that their little hearts may be fired with a noble and honorable emulation ! What refined cruelty ! What more than savage mockery ! And yet, such condolence would be in perfect keeping with the tenor and spirit of that law, under which duelists feloniously live and fight and die.

### ***The Grateful Man.***

THE steamboat was just coming to her moorings, at the long and beautiful pier at Oswego. The mate was in an animated conversation with some one, and, as the strong mooring rope was flung over the post, I heard him say, "No, there is no such thing. I never saw a grateful man in my life—not even a Christian." At this moment there was a splash, and a shriek; and then a man, apparently about thirty-five years of age, ran from the door of the ladies' cabin, crying in tones which no one who heard them can forget or imitate, "*It is my boy, it is my only boy!*"

The deep green waters had already covered him; but in a moment the mate was down, hanging on the end of the rope, and just as the boy, a sweet fellow of about ten years, was sinking to rise no more, he thrust down his arm and caught him by the hair, some two or three feet under water. He drew him out and gave him back to the father, who was uttering his entreaties, and to his mother who was still, and uttered not a word. Her countenance was more eloquent than words. Some time after this, when the feeling had subsided, I saw the father take the mate one side. What he said I know not; but he spoke and tears flowed down his cheek. The noble sailor refused any compensation; and after a hard shake of the hand, I once more heard the mate say to his friend; "I was mistaken; I have seen one grateful man and he is a Christian."

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### ***Father, hadn't you better take a Sheep too?***

A VALUED friend, and an able farmer, about the time the temperance reform was beginning to exert a healthful influence, said to his newly hired man, "Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you when I hired you, that I think of trying to do my work this year without rum, how much more must I give you to do without?"

"Oh," said Jonathan, "don't care much about it, you may give me what you please." "Well," said the farmer, "I will give you a sheep in the fall, if you wish to do without." "Agreed," said Jonathan.

The oldest son then said : "Father, will you give me a sheep, if I do without rum?"

"Yes, Marshall, you shall have a sheep, if you will do without."

The youngest son, a stripling, then said : "Father, will you give me a sheep, if I do without?" "Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep also, if you do without rum."

Presently, Chandler speaks again—"Father, hadn't you better take a sheep too?"

The farmer shook his head, he hardly thought that he could give up the "good creature" *yet*. But the appeal was from a source not to be easily disregarded ; the result was, the demon rum, was thenceforth banished from the premises, to the great joy, and ultimate happiness of all concerned.

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### ***Wicked Principle.***

A COUNTRY gentleman not long since, placed a son with a merchant in —— street. And for a season all went on well. But, at length, the young man sold a dress to a lady ; and, as he was folding it up, he observed a flaw in the silk and remarked, "Madam, I deem it my duty to tell you there is a fracture in the silk."

This spoiled the bargain. But the merchant overheard the remark ; and had he reflected a moment, he might have reasoned thus with himself, "Now I am safe, while my affairs are committed to the care of an *honest* clerk." But he was not pleased ; so he wrote immediately to the father to come and take him home ; for said he, "*he will never make a merchant.*"

The father who had brought up his son with the strictest care, was not a little surprised and grieved, and hastened to the city to ascertain wherein his son had been deficient. Said the anxious father, and why will he not make a merchant ?

*Merchant.* Because he has no *tact*. Only a day or two since, he *voluntarily* told a lady, who was buying silk, that the goods were damaged, and so I lost the bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they

cannot discover flaws, it will be foolishness in me to tell them of their existence.

*Father.* And is this all the fault?

*Merchant.* Yes: he is very well in other respects.

*Father.* Then I love my son better than ever; and I thank you for telling me of the matter; I would not have him in YOUR STORE another day for the world."

### *One minute too late.*

A BEAUTIFUL young woman was condemned to die on the scaffold. Her youth, her loveliness and reputed innocence, kindled in the hearts of multitudes the keenest sensibility for her melancholy fate. The throne had been besieged with earnest supplication for her pardon—but still without success; while hope yet whispered that at the last moment, the heart of royalty might melt and grant the boon. The appointed day has come—crowds gather on the fatal spot—the hour when she must die draws near. The last ray of hope expires, when, afar in the distance a messenger comes—he rides like lightning over the plain. He comes—he comes. But the fatal hour has come before him—the fatal blow is struck—her life blood mingles with the sand, when lo! the messenger arrived, the pardon is at hand; but it came *one minute too late.*

Sinner! you are under sentence of death. He that believeth not, is condemned already. The hour of execution is rapidly drawing near. Each day that passes, brings that set time one day nearer. It will soon open on your eyes. The king has pardon in his heart, and in his hand. But he will be inquired of, to grant this boon for you. While you live, perhaps the day of grace lingers. Perhaps it is just closing, and the night of despair setting in. Your suit pressed now, may prevail. The pardon may be granted. Your soul may be saved. But soon the fatal hour, the hour of death must come. You are stretched on a bed of pain. Disease has laid his iron hand upon you, and now is feeling for your heartstrings. A moment more, and you are out of mercy's reach. The voice of friendship shouts in your ear, beseeching you to

pray. You turn a dying eye to heaven. You raise an expiring voice to God. But the eyelid falls—the voice chokes—the life blood stops. *It is one minute too late.*

Oh! sinner, now is the accepted time. To-day is the day of salvation.

Be wise to-day  
'Tis madness to defer.

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### ***A Member of Parliament, a Tract Distributor.***

MR. BUTTERWORTH, a member of the British Parliament, was in the habit of devoting an hour every Sunday morning to the distribution of tracts, in the worst part of London.

He was one day beckoned to by an old woman, who told him there was a young man above stairs, who lay very sick and desirous to see him. On entering the apartment he found a youth bearing the evident impress of education and refinement, but of vice and dissipation, stretched on a pallet, pale, emaciated, and evidently approaching the grave. On conversing with him he confessed himself to be the son of a pious man in the interior of England, who had left his father's house to get rid of the restraints of his presence and example, and to allow full swing to his own corrupt desires. In his affliction he had sought the mercy of his father's God, and apparently not in vain: and now his whole desire was once more to see his injured parent, and to ask his pardon before he died. His visitor, deeply affected by what he saw and heard, inquired his father's name and residence—and though crowded with public business, laid every thing aside, and made a journey of upwards of fifty miles to his abode.

He found the old gentleman and asked him, if he had not a son? "Yes," replied the afflicted man, "but he is the grief and disgrace of my gray hairs." I have lately met your son." "Have you, sir? And where is he?" On learning the mournful account, he stepped into Mr. B's carriage—on their return to London, the scene in the Savior's parable of the prodigal son was acted over in a way to melt the heart. They fell on each other's neck—

"Oh! dear father, will you, can you forgive me?" "Forgive you! yes, fully, freely I forgive you." It was too much for the exhausted frame of the dying penitent—he sank back, closed his eyes, opened them once more, fixed them on his father's face, then raised them to heaven, and without speaking another word, expired. What a spectacle—what a feast for the Tract Distributor!

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*Old Father Morris.*

THE manner in which this aged New-England clergyman illustrated some topics, is shown in the following extract from an article in the *Lady's Book*, written by Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

Sometimes he would give the narration an exceedingly practical turn, as one example will illustrate:

He had noticed a falling off in his little circle, which met for social prayer, and took occasion, the first time he re-collected a tolerable audience, to tell concerning "the conference meeting which the disciples attended," after the resurrection.

"But Thomas was not with them," said the old man, in a sorrowful voice. "Why! what could keep Thomas away?" "Perhaps," said he, glancing at some of the backward auditors, "Thomas had got cold-hearted, and was afraid they would ask him to make the first prayer, or, perhaps," said he, looking at some of the farmers, "Thomas was afraid the roads were bad; or perhaps," he added, after a pause, "Thomas had got proud, and thought he could not come in his old clothes." Thus he went on, significantly summing up with great simplicity and emotion, he added, "but only think what Thomas lost, for in the middle of the meeting, the Lord Jesus came, and stood among them! How sorry Thomas must have been!" This representation served to fill the vacant seats for some time to come.

Father Morris sometimes used his illustrative talent to a very good purpose in the way of rebuke. He had on his farm a fine orchard of peaches, from which some of the ten and twelve year old gentlemen helped themselves more liberally than the old gentlemen thought expedient.

Accordingly he took occasion to introduce into his sermon one Sunday, in his little parish, an account of a journey he took, and how he saw a fine orchard of peaches, that made his mouth water to look at them.

"So," says he, "I came up to the fence, and looked all around, for I would not have touched one of them, without leave for all the world. At last I spied a man, and, says I,

"Mister, won't you give me some of your peaches?"

So the man came, and gave me nigh a handful. And while I stood there eating, I said—

"Mister, how do you manage to keep your peaches?"

"Keep them!" he said, and stared at me. "What do you mean?"

"Yes," said I, "don't the boys steal them?"

"Boys steal them?" said he, "no indeed!"

"Why, sir," said I, "I have a whole lot full of peaches, and I cannot get half of them (here the old man's voice grew tremulous,) because the boys in my parish steal them so."

"Why, sir," said he, "don't their parents teach them not to steal?"

"And I grew all over in a cold sweat, and told him I was afeard they didn't."

"Why how you talk," says the man, "tell me where you live."

"Then," says Father Morris, (the tears running over,) "I was obliged to tell him I lived in the town of G——."

After this, Father Morris kept his peaches.

### ***A good reason for not going to War.***

FREDERIC, Elector of Saxony, intending to war against the Archbishop of Magdeburg, sent a spy to inquire into his preparations; and being informed that he gave himself up to prayer and fasting, committed his cause to God alone. "Let him fight that will," said he; "I am not mad enough to fight with the man, who makes *God* his refuge and defence."



***death bed view of the value of Missions.***

A DYING man not long since thus addressed his ministers:—I have been but little interested in the cause of missions. I gave you a guinea a year, out of respect to you; and I gave a guinea to another friend to please the good people connected with it; but my heart was not in it. I was pleased with the meetings, and gratified to see others pleased, and thought these good things; but that was all.

On being asked, what had been the means of leading him to view things in a different light, he said,

“A night or two since, it might be about midnight, I awoke from a doze, and after having recollected myself where I was, I stretched out my hands and pulled back the bed curtains to see if any one was watching with me. My two sons were sitting one on each side of my bed, and constantly bent forward, with affectionate care, to see if I wanted any thing. The recollection instantly flashed across me of what had been said at the missionary meeting; concerning the Hindoos drowning or forsaking their aged parents, when they become a burthen to them; and suddenly it came across me, to what do I owe the difference? Why am not I taken out by my dear sons, and laid in the river to perish? How is it that I have them leaning over me, and watching every breath and shudder, and my family contending among themselves, who shall have the honor and privilege of sitting up with me? It is to the *gospel of Christ* I owe this! I used to reason that pious men were too much wanted in England to send them abroad, and that we ought to wait till the gospel produced more general fruits among us. But I was wrong; if the first Christians had waited till the Jews had been converted, I should not have had my two sons leaning over me, no affectionate family to cheer me, and should have perished without a hope.”

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***The Shipwreck.***

WE were sailing in the Pacific Ocean, on a busy, pleasant night, said Captain Brayton, while giving an account



of his shipwreck at a sailor's concert, when suddenly the cry was given that breakers were near. But it was too late. In endeavoring to wear, we struck, and in one minute the water was over the cabin floor. We were about one thousand miles from any civilized land. We were not far from inhabited islands. Wallace's Island was near; but we dare not land there. We landed upon an island, and found it a desolate land. After ten days, we put to sea in three open boats for the Sandwich Islands, which were about one thousand miles distant, with a portion of bread and water. There were twenty-two in all, ten of whom remained on the island.

On the tenth day we were within twenty-five miles of the Sandwich Islands; but the wind was a-head, so that we could not land, and we put off for the Hervey Islands, five hundred miles. By the time we arrived there, we were so emaciated, through fatigue and watching, drenched in the night with rain, and scorched by the sun in the day time. Some of us were very sick. There we had an opportunity of testing the reality of the religion of Jesus Christ. I recollect how difficult it was at first to bring my mind to be reconciled to my situation. But I became composed, and cast myself upon my SAVIOR, and I could answer with my whole soul 'There is a reality in the religion of Jesus.' When there was nothing around but the broad ocean—nothing above, but the canopy of heaven—and nothing beneath but a half inch plank, I could say from my heart, 'I am glad I am here. I had rather be in this situation than in any other, because God placed me here.' I felt to rejoice that I was there. We then had ten pious men. We went out with two. There was one young man in my boat, who was converted a few weeks before. I asked him how do you feel? It is very likely we shall never get to land. Our boat is frail and there is the appearance of a storm.' 'Why, sir,' said he, 'if this had taken place three weeks ago, I don't know how I should have felt. But now I feel perfectly satisfied, and even rejoice that God has placed me here.' 'This was also the feeling of some others. A few years before, I was a careless, indifferent, rugged seaman. But our hearts had been melted, not here, but in heathen lands, through influence of those excellent, but much

civilized men, the missionaries. We passed on rejoicing; and while we were on the little desolate island, where we were first cast away, we used to go out, eight or ten of us, and pray, and rejoice; and we found that we could be happy there.

We passed on, and after being out two days more, we came to an island, and tried hard to land, but were disappointed. There was a reef entirely around the island. But, with feelings of resignation, we put up the helm, and sailed on. At length we arrived at one of the Hervey Islands, and were disappointed again. The natives on shore appeared friendly; but we could not land. We went out seventy-five miles further, and effected a landing. It was Sabbath morning. The natives lined the shore by thousands. Our boats grounded a hundred yards from shore. They came out and took us up on their shoulders. We were frightened at first, but a white man who was with them, assured us that we need not fear, as it was only through kindness, and a generous strife among themselves, to secure us as guests. They took us ashore, and went up to the house of the native missionary. They prepared us food, and did every thing in their power to make us comfortable. The next morning they invited us to go to their Sabbath school. We did not know what was their object; but we went, and found all the benches in a long chapel filled. They stood up in a row, and asked us to sing and pray. When we had done this, the teachers and children passed by and shook hands. When we got out, all these little children had something to give us; pine-apples, and the most delicious fruits, enough to last for months. They said they were sorry for our disaster, and bade us welcome to their shores, saying, "We will feed you as long as you remain with us. We are under great obligations, because teachers have come from your country, and made us acquainted with the word of God. As you are destitute of clothes, here are some large rolls of native cloth." This was an island where they had cut off the crew of a ship a little while before. It ever my heart was borne down with gratitude, it was at that moment; if ever I felt the greatness of the missionary enterprise, it was at that time. This whole island is converted to Christianity, and the little children appear to

partake of its spirit. They took us by the hands, followed us, and kissed us. That day and night we were invited to all parts of the island, and treated with the greatest hospitality and kindness. We remained there six days, and then proceeded to the island of Raratonga.

This is but a specimen of the state of things, wherever the missionaries have gone to places which have not been reached by foreign influence of an opposite character. "I wish," said Captain B., "to say a few words to ship-masters and officers present. I remember well what my feelings once were. I had an idea that it was impossible to do any good to seamen in a religious way, and that to attempt to institute on ship-board any thing like a system of Sabbath school instruction, would be to encourage mockery. After I became interested in religion myself, these things weighed heavily on my mind. At the Sandwich Islands, I heard of the *verse-a-day* system, which is followed there, and in some parts of the country. It struck me 'that is just the thing for my ship.' I went on board, and commenced that day to learn my verse, and wrote it on a slip of paper, that I might have it always at hand. When I got to sea, I called the men aft, and with a trembling heart, asked how many would unite with me in committing to memory a verse a day. Out of twenty-two, twelve came forward, and joined in the exercise, and continued it for one year, till we returned to this country. we repeated them together in the cabin; and we found it a delightful employment. The next voyage we had fourteen, and sometimes sixteen. And who were they? Why, not the men I expected, but they were those who were considered the worst of the crew. The influence was astonishing. There was no more quarrelling—no more fighting—no more running away; but harmony and peace. When a sailor is intent on committing to memory a verse in the Bible, his thoughts are occupied, and he has no time, nor inclination to engage in such things.

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### *Teaching Children to Lie.*

My nearest neighbor, when I resided in Connecticut, was a man moving in the ordinary walks of life, a pru-

dent, careful, honest, and industrious husbandman. Being, at a certain time, at the house of his son-in-law, one of the boys of the family wished to go home with his grandfather ; but it not being convenient at that time, the grandfather declined taking him, but added, "Next time grandpapa comes, he'll carry you home with him." The boy was pacified. The old gentleman, not thinking any more, (as, alas ! many careless and faulty parents do,) of what he had said to the boy, was several times at the house without fulfilling his engagement ; and, perhaps, without even thinking of it. But the *boy was not so forgetful*. He recollected well the promise of his grandfather. In process of time, the grandfather took the boy behind him on his horse, and was conveying him to his own home. On the way the boy began to remonstrate with his grandfather on the subject, by saying, "When grandpapa was at our house one time, he said *the next time* he came, he would carry me home—and grandpapa *did not*." "Why," says the old gentleman, "you don't think your grandpapa would *lie*, do you?" "I don't know," says the boy, "*What does grandpapa call it?*" This confounded the old gentleman so much, that he knew not what reply to make.

This anecdote has served to increase my conviction of the importance of regarding, strictly and conscientiously what we say to *children*. Especially, it has shown me the evil of trifling with children, and making them unmeaning promises or declarations. And it is my deliberate opinion, that oftentimes parents, by disregarding, forgetting, and neglecting to fulfil what they declare to children in promises and threatnings, are chargeable with the pernicious evil of teaching their children to lie ; and then, perhaps, they inflict punishment upon them for the crime. This is hard—this is cruel—this is an evil of serious magnitude, prevalent to an alarming degree, and which ought speedily and effectually to be corrected. Watch then, and remember to make good what you say to children. Do not threaten them with what you have no business to execute. By such threatnings you weaken your own hands ; render the truth doubtful, and train up your children for falsehood and crime. Whatever else

you neglect, by no means neglect to teach them by *example* as well as precept, *an inviolable regard for the truth.*

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***Can't we go somewhere?***

A COMPANY of young men was gathered at one of the corners of our streets, on Sabbath afternoon; to spend as was usual with them, that holy time, in idleness and dissipation. How often are the dwellers in great cities doomed to see such sights! And how often are the hearts of the pious and benevolent pained by such exhibitions! And how many a widowed mother would be stricken to the earth, did she know that the son for whom she is praying, in her lonely cottage, and over whom she shed the parting tear, as she sent him to the city, is thus profaning the Lord's Sabbath—thus treading the path to ruin! Nay! how many a hoary head *has been* bowed to the grave by such intelligence.

As I passed these young men, on my way to the sanctuary, I heard the question asked by one of them: "Can't we go somewhere?" For a moment I stopped involuntarily, and felt impelled to say: "Come with me, and I will show you where to go." But alas! it was but a moment; and I went on my way. Had I not been deterred by some foolish unchristian fear of man, how much good might I then, by the grace of God, have done! I know not how the question was answered; but several times since, it has presented itself to my mind, and I have found it a theme for serious thought.

"Can't we go somewhere?" asked the young men, because the time hung heavily upon them. It was the Lord's day; and the ordinance of man, in conformity with that of God, declared that there should be rest from labor. And these young men thought they had nothing to do.

Ah! how many think they have nothing to do on the Sabbath? It is indeed a day of rest; a sweet, a precious day; rest from the cares, the pleasures, the bustle, the distraction of the world. And yet it is a day for work; for pleasing, holy work; for laborious, solemn work. On this day are we more particularly to praise God in his holy temple, in the assemblies of his people; to *work* out our

own salvation with fear and trembling ; to labor in the pulpit, the Sabbath school, the domestic circle—to bring souls to Christ—to examine our hearts, to guard them well. Oh ! who can be idle on such a day ? Who can say he has nothing to do ?

“Can’t we go somewhere ?” Yes, young men, you can go to the sanctuary of God, and listen to the gospel of salvation. You can go where the Holy Spirit delights to come down on the hearts of the children of men, and work in them “to do and to will of his own good pleasure.” You can go where the ambassador of Christ tells men of Him who died for sinners, and reads from the book of life, the offers of pardon to the penitent. You can go where are to be found the bread of life, and the water of life ; where can be procured for mere asking—if the request be made with contrition and humility, joys that shall never pass away. You can go where the faithful of the Lord unite in songs of praise and gratitude to Him, who bought them with his own precious blood, and send up to the mercy-seat, the fervent prayer, that you, and all who, like you, are out of the kingdom, may become of their number, be of the fold of Christ. And will you not go there ? Go, do go. The church may be to you the gate of heaven. Oh, do go. You will not regret going : you may, bless God for it through eternity.

“Can’t we go somewhere ?” Yes ; you can go home to your closets, and on bended knees implore pardon for your sins, and grace to save and help in time to come. Do this and you shall live. Or you may go to ride in the country, or to sail upon the water, or to the tavern or pleasure garden, and quaff the intoxicating draught ; or you may go up and down the streets, or about this or that corner, smoking your segars, and idling your time—nay, worse than idling—spending it in profane and obscene conversation, and making mockery of holy things. You may do either, or all of these ; but know young man, that for all these things God will bring you into judgment. These are the open doors of hell ; the traps which Satan sets for the unwary. Go not therein ; for they who are found walking therein, are in danger of destruction. Turn away ; flee from them as from fiery ruin. Oh ! go now where you may serve the Lord ; then in the day of

his indignation, you shall be secure beneath the shield of redeeming love.

And, are there not many who would be ashamed to be seen standing at the corners of the streets, who pay a degree of respect to the externals of religion, who visit the sanctuary in the forenoon of the holy day, and who often ask : "Can't we go somewhere?" "Where shall we ride, or walk, or visit, to spend the afternoon?" Ah! my friends, say not with the Pharisee, "We are better than yonder sinners:" for, verily, there is danger lest many vile and sinful go in before you to the heavenly feast, and ye be shut out. Examine your hearts; ponder your ways; and henceforth keep holy the Sabbath day.

Professing Christians, do you not sometimes ask, "Can't we go somewhere?" Somewhere to hear a better sermon, a more eloquent preacher, finer singing, &c. Beware, lest ye be of the number who say, "Lord, Lord," but are far from the kingdom. They that have itching ears, often have hard hearts.

Finally, we all *must* go somewhere. We are constantly moving on towards eternity; and heaven or hell must be our abiding place. How important, then, that we make a right choice, that we go along the right road, that we go to Jesus, who is "the way, and the truth, and the life." Reader, if thou hast not yet accepted the offer of salvation; if thou hast not the witness of the Spirit that thou art the Lord's; let me beseech thee to go at once to the mercy-seat—to begin at once the great duty of repentance and faith towards God—to seek the Lord while he may be found, to call upon him while he is near—so that at the great day, you may be found accepted in the beloved, and receive a crown of glory everlasting.

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### ***Apologies for Traveling on the Sabbath.***

SOME of those who do the *work* of journeying on the Sabbath, do not condescend to make any apology for it. 'They care neither for the day, nor for Him who hallowed it. With these we have nothing to do. Our business is with those who, admitting the general obligation of the Sabbath, and knowing or suspecting, Sunday

traveling to be a sin, offer apologies which they hope may justify the act in their case, or else go far towards extenuating the criminality of it. I propose to submit to the judgment of my readers some of the *excuses* for this sin, as I cannot help calling the breach of the fourth commandment, which from time to time I have heard alleged.

I would premise that I know of no sin, which men are so *sorry* for before it is done, and so ready to apologize for afterwards. I cannot tell how many persons, about to travel on the Sabbath, have answered me that they were very *sorry* to do it; and yet they have immediately gone and done it. They have repented and then sinned—just like Herod, who was very sorry to put John the Baptist to death, and then immediately sent an executioner to bring his head. It does not diminish the criminality of an act that it is perpetrated with some degree of regret—and yet the presence of such a regret is considered by many as quite a tolerable excuse.

One gentleman who was sorry to travel on the Sabbath, added, I recollect, that it was *against his principles* to make such a use of the day. I wonder then that he should do it—that he should deliberately practice in opposition to his principles. But I was still more surprised that he should think to excuse his practice by alleging its contrariety to his principles. What are principles for but to regulate practice; and if they have not fixedness and force enough for this, of what use are they? A man's principles may as well be in favor of Sabbath breaking as his practice; and certainly it constitutes a better apology for a practice that is in conformity to one's principles, than that it is at variance with them.

Another gave pretty much the same reason for his conduct in different words: "it is not my *habit*," said he, "to travel on the Sabbath." It was only his *act*. He did not uniformly do it. He only occasionally did it. A man must be at a loss for reasons, who alleges an apology for traveling one Sabbath, that he does not travel other Sabbaths. The habit of obedience form no excuse for the act of disobedience.

An intelligent lady, who was intending to travel on the Sabbath volunteered this exculpation of herself



She said she had traveled one Sabbath already since she left home, and she supposed it was no worse to travel on another. What then? Are not two sins worse than one?

Another (and she was a lady too) said she could read good books by the way; and you know, said she, that we can have as good thoughts in one place as another. I assented, but could not help thinking that the persons employed in conveying her might not find their situation as favorable to devout reading and meditation. This I suppose, did not occur to her.

Another person said that he would never *commence* a journey on the Sabbath; but when once set out, he could see no harm in proceeding. But I, for my part, could not see the mighty difference between setting out on the Sabbath, and going on on the Sabbath. My perceptions were so obtuse that I could not discern the one to be traveling, and the other to be equivalent to rest.

I heard, among other excuses, this: Sunday was the only day of the week on which the stage run to the place to which the person wished to go, and therefore he was compelled to travel on Sunday. Compelled? Why go to the place at all? Why not procure a private conveyance on another day of the week? What if it would be more expensive? Doing right pays so well, that one can afford to be at some expense to do it.

Again, I was frequently met with this apology for journeying on the Sabbath: "The stage was going on, and if I had laid by on the Sabbath, I should have lost my seat, and might have had to wait on the road, perhaps for a whole week, before I could regain it." This apology satisfied many. They thought it quite reasonable that the person should proceed, under those circumstances. But it did not satisfy me. It occurred to me, that if he had honored the Sabbath, and committed his way to the Lord, he might not have been detained on the road beyond the day of rest. But what if he had been? Are we under no obligation to obey a command of God, if we foresee that obedience to it may be attended with some inconvenience? better the detention of many days than the transgression of a precept of the decalogue.

One person told me that he meant to start very early in the morning, for he wished to occupy as little of the

**Sabbath** in traveling as possible. Another proposed to lie by all the middle of the day, and proceed in the evening, and he was sure there could be no harm in that. Ah thought I, and has not the Sabbath a morning and an evening appropriate to itself as well as any other day of the week? Is the morning of the Sabbath all one with Saturday, and the evening no more sacred than Monday? Did God hallow only the middle of the day? And is the day of rest shorter by several hours than any other day? I never could see how one part of the Sabbath should be entitled to more religious respect than another part. It seems to me a man may as properly travel on the noon of the Sabbath, as in the morning or evening.

One person was very particular to tell me what he meant to do after he had traveled a part of the Lord's day. He expected, by about 10 or 11 o'clock, to come across a church, and he intended to go in and worship. That he supposed would set all right again.

Another, a grave looking personage, was traveling on the Sabbath to reach an ecclesiastical meeting in season. Another, in order to fulfill an appointment he had made to preach. These were ministers. They pleaded the necessity of the case; but I could see no necessity in it. I thought the necessity of keeping God's commandments a much clearer and stronger case of necessity. The business of the meeting could go on without that clergyman, or it might have been deferred a day in waiting for him, or he might have left home a day earlier. The appointment to preach should not have been made; or if made should have been broken.

There was an apologist, who had not heard from home for a good while, and he was anxious to learn about his family. Something in their circumstances might require his presence. I could not sustain even that apology, for I thought the Lord could take care of his family without him as well as with him, and I did not believe they would be likely to suffer by his resting on the Sabbath out of respect to God's commandment, and spending the day in imploring the divine blessing on them.

Another apologist chanced to reach on Saturday night an indifferent public house. He pleaded, therefore

that it was necessary for him to proceed on the next day, until he should arrive at better accommodations. But I could not help thinking that his being comfortably accommodated was not, on the whole, so important as obedience to the decalogue.

One person thought he asked an unanswerable question, when he begged to know why it was not as well to be on the road, as to be lying by at a country tavern. It occurred to me, that if his horses had possessed the faculty of Balaam's beast, they could have readily told him the difference, and why the latter part of the alternative was preferable.

There was still another person who was sure his excuse would be sustained. He was one of a party, who were determined to proceed on the Sabbath in spite of his reluctance, and he had no choice but to go on with them. Ah, had he no choice? Would they have forced him to go on? Could he not have separated from such a party? Or might he not, if he had been determined, have prevailed on them to rest on the Lord's day? Suppose he had said, mildly yet firmly: "my conscience forbids me to journey on the Sabbath. You can go, but you must leave me. I am sorry to interfere with your wishes, but I cannot offend God." Is it not ten to one such a remonstrance would have been successful? I cannot help suspecting that the person was willing to be *compelled* in this case.

But many said that this strict keeping of the Sabbath was an old *puritanical* notion, and this seemed to ease their consciences somewhat. I remarked that I thought it older than puritanism. A sinaitical notion I judged it to be, rather than puritanical.

Many Sunday travelers I met with, begged me not to tell their pious relatives, that they had traveled on the Sabbath. They thought, if these knew it, they would not think so well of them, and they would be likely to hear of it again. No one asked me not to tell God. They did not seem to care how it affected them in his estimation. It never occurred to them that they might hear from the Lord of the Sabbath on the subject.

I do not know any purpose which such apologies for Sabbath-breaking serve, since they satisfy neither God

nor his people, but one, and that is not a very valuable one. They serve only, as far as I can see, to delude those who offer them.

I love to be fair. I have been objecting lately against the Catholics, that they reduce the number of the commandments to nine. I here record my acknowledgment that some of us Protestants have really but nine. The Catholics omit the *second*; some of our Protestants the *fourth*.

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### *Beautiful Illustration.*

10. SUPPOSE one man owes another a thousand pounds, but he is unable to pay the debt, and denies that he owes it. His creditor, being a compassionate man, says to him: "I do not wish for your money, and as soon as you will own the debt to be a *just* one, I will release you from your obligation; but I cannot do it before, for that would be, in fact, acknowledging that I am wrong." The poor man refuses to confess that he owes the money, and is in consequence sent to prison. After remaining there for a time, he sends his creditor word, that he will allow that he owes him a *hundred pounds*. But that will not do. After another interval, he says he will allow that he owes *two hundred pounds*; and thus he keeps gradually giving up a little more, until he gets to nine hundred; there he stops a long while. At length, finding there is no other way of escape, he acknowledges the whole debt and is released. Still it would be free, unmerited kindness in the creditor, and the poor man would have no right to say, "I partly deserved it, because I owned the debt;" for he ought to have done that, whether he was liberated or not.

Just in this manner we have treated God. When he comes and charges us with having broken his law, we deny it; we will allow, perhaps, that we deserve a slight punishment, but not all that God has threatened. But if ever we are to be saved, God comes, and as it were, shuts us up in prison; that is, he awakens our consciences and sends his Spirit to convince us of sin. Thus we every day see more and more of the desperate wickedness of our

hearts, until we are ready to allow that we have deserved eternal condemnation. As soon as we acknowledge this, God is ready to pardon us; but it is so evident that we do not deserve pardon, that he is not under the least obligation to bestow it, and that all who are saved, are saved through free, unmerited grace.

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### ***A Solemn Question.***

IF you knew this were your *last day*, would you continue to slight this precious salvation? If you had reason to believe that when at night you close your eyes to sleep, you would wake in eternity, could you then pursue your guilty course of sin and folly? Yet, little as you expect it, this may be the case. Not long ago, the writer knew a tradesman, apparently vigorous, and to be feared, a man of the world, who was on a journey. He spent the evening at an inn. He was fond of company, was cheerful that night, and sat up later than usual. In the morning he did not rise, and some one entered his chamber. There he lay, a corpse. His bed was unruffled, and he appeared to have died without a struggle; probably while asleep. How solemn the change! Such has been the lot of multitudes, and it may soon be yours. And if it should, with what awful surprise, will eternity open on your unpardoned spirit! Multitudes every morning awake, who, before evening, have finished their course, and are gone to meet their God. Every setting sun, many are found inhabitants of this world, who, before that sun rises again, are fixed in an eternal state. More than eighty thousand human beings are supposed to pass into eternity every four and twenty hours. How soon among these crowds, may you be one?

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### ***Death of an Infidel.***

A VISITOR to one who had scorned the Bible, states: "I found him in the full possession of his mental faculties, but much agitated and alarmed, by a sense of his great sinfulness, and approaching misery. About six

months before the time that I saw him, he had been deprived of his wife by death. To suppress the sorrow occasioned by this loss, he went frequently to a public house. There he found companions, whose mirth caused him to forget, for a moment, his troubles. At first, he was surprised, and shocked, at their profaneness, but he soon proved that 'evil communications corrupt good manners.' These men were infidels; and it was not long before they persuaded their new associate to imitate their example, in abandoning the profession and casting off the restraints of religion. On Sunday mornings they met to encourage each other in all manner of wickedness; and on one of these occasions, according to previous agreement, they together committed their *Bibles* to the flames, and vowed never again to enter a place of *religious worship*. 'All this,' said the wretched man, 'did well enough, while I was in health, and could keep off the thoughts of death.' Now, however, he was stretched on a bed of sickness, and conscious of his near approach to eternity; in this state, forced to reflection, his guilt and danger excited the utmost horror and alarm. Despair had taken full possession of his mind. When I spoke to him of the mercy and forgiveness, which the most heinous offenders are encouraged to seek, through the mediation of a Redeemer, he hastily exclaimed, 'What's the use of talking to *me* about *mercy*?' When entreated again and again to 'behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world,' he said, 'I tell you it is of no use; 'tis too late.' In reply to my exhortation to *pray*, he said, 'Oh, I can't pray!' and after a pause, 'I *will* not pray.' These expressions were subsequently several times repeated. '*I cannot pray : I will not pray.*' Two men having entered the room, whom I understood to have been leaders in the guilty company by whom this poor man had been deluded, he hastily turned his face from them, with obvious disgust and terror; and after they had addressed to him some blustering expressions, by which they hoped to rally his spirits, he raised himself on his bed, lifted up his hands, and in the most deliberate and solemn manner called on God Almighty to *blast those wretches to all eternity!* They almost immediately left the apartment uttering a profusion of oaths. Some time afterwards

three others of the wretched men entered, and occasioned a repetition of the imprecations, which it was impossible for any to hear without shuddering.

“After I had been with him about two hours, during which time he frequently repeated such expressions as have been stated, he became quite indifferent to what was said to him, rolling about on his bed, and now and then ejaculating, ‘My *Bible!* oh! the *Bible!*’ His eyes were for several minutes fixed on me, but he seemed not to hear the questions and entreaties, which I continued to address to him. He then concealed his face by turning it to the pillow; and after having remained in this position perhaps a quarter of an hour, his whole frame was violently convulsed; he groaned, and then again was still; and whilst I was speaking to the bystanders, he expired. ‘it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.’”

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### ***Death of a Christian.***

“HITHERTO,” said Payson, while lying on his dying couch, “Hitherto, I have viewed God as a fixed Star, bright indeed, but often intercepted by clouds; but now he is coming nearer and nearer, and spreads into a Sun, so vast and glorious, that the sight is too dazzling for flesh and blood to sustain.” This was not a blind adoration of an imaginary deity; for, added he, “I see plainly that all these same glorious and dazzling perfections, which now only serve to kindle my affections into a flame, and to melt down my soul into the same blessed image, would burn and scorch me like a consuming fire, if I were an impenitent sinner.”

He said he felt no solicitude respecting his family; he could trust them all in the hands of Christ. To feel any undue solicitude on their account, or to be unwilling to leave them with God, would be like “a child who was reluctant to go to school, lest his father should burn up his toys and playthings while he was absent.”

Conversing with a friend on his preparation for his departure, he compared himself to “a person, who had been visiting his friends, and was about to return home. His

## HYSON BLANK.

stunk was pinned, and every thing prepared, and he was looking out of the window, waiting for the stage to take him in."

When speaking of the sufferings he endured, particularly the sensation of burning, in his side and left leg, he said that if he expected to live long enough to make it worth while, he would have his leg taken off." On Mrs. Payson's uttering some expression of surprise, he replied, "I have not a very slight idea of the pain of amputation; yet I have no doubt, that I suffer more, every fifteen minutes, than I should in having my leg taken off."

His youngest child, about a year old, had been under the care of a friend, and was to be removed a few miles out of town; but he expressed so strong a wish to see Charles first, that he was sent for. The look of love, and tenderness, and compassion, with which he regarded the child, made an indellible impression on all present.

At his request some of the choir belonging to the congregation came a few days before his death, for the purpose of singing, for his gratification, some of the songs of Zion. He selected the one commencing.

"Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings;"

Part of the hymn,

"I'll praise my Maker with my breath;"

And the "Dying Christian to his Soul."

Sabbath day, October 21, 1827, his last agony commenced. This holy man, who had habitually said of his racking pains, "These are God's arrows, but they are all sharpened with love"—and who in the extremity of suffering had been accustomed to repeat, as a favorite expression, "I will bless the Lord at *all times*"—had yet the "dying strife to encounter." It commenced with the same difficulty of respiration, though in an aggravated degree, which had caused him great distress at intervals, during his sickness. His daughter, who had gone to the Sabbath School without any apprehensions of so sudden a change, was called home. Though laboring for breath, and with a rattling in his throat, similar to that which immediately precedes dissolution, he smiled upon her.



kissed her affectionately, and said—"God bless you, my daughter!" Several of the church were soon collected at his bedside; he smiled on them all, but said little, as his power of utterance had nearly failed. Once he exclaimed, "Peace! peace! victory! victory!" He looked on his wife and children, and said, almost in the words of dying Joseph to his brethren--words which he had before spoken of, as having a peculiar sweetness, and which he now wished to recall to her mind—"I am going, but God will surely be with you." His friends watched him, expecting every moment to see him expire, till near noon, when his distress partially left him; and he said to the physician, who was feeling his pulse, that he found he was not to be released yet; and though he had suffered the pangs of death, and got almost within the gates of Paradise—yet, if it was God's will that he should come back, and suffer still more, he was resigned. He passed through a similar scene in the afternoon, and, to the surprise of every one was again relieved. The night following he suffered less than he had the two preceding. Friday night had been one of inexpressible suffering. That and the last night of his pilgrimage were the only nights in which he had watchers. The friend who attended him through his last night, read to him, at his request, the twelfth chapter of the second epistle to the Corinthians; parts of which must have been peculiarly applicable to his case.

On Monday morning, his dying agonies returned in all their extremity. For three hours every breath was a groan. On being asked if his sufferings were greater than on the preceding Friday night, he answered, "Incomparably greater." He said that the greatest temporal blessing of which he could conceive would be one breath of air. Mrs. Payson fearing, from the expression of suffering in his countenance, that he was in mental as well as bodily anguish, questioned him on the subject. With extreme difficulty he was enabled to articulate the words, "Faith and patience hold out." About midday, the pain of respiration abated, and a partial stupor succeeded. Still, however, he continued intelligent, and evidently able to recognize all who were present. His eyes spoke after his tongue became motionless. He looked on Mrs.

Payson, and then his eye, glancing over the others who surrounded his bed, rested on Edward, his eldest son, with an expression which said—and which was interpreted by all present to say, as plainly as if he had uttered the words of the beloved disciple—“Behold thy mother!” There was no visible indication of the return of his sufferings. He gradually sunk away, till about the going down of the sun, when his happy spirit was set at liberty.

The “ruling passion was strong in death.” His love for preaching was as invincible as that of the miser for gold, who dies grasping his treasure. Dr. Payson directed a label to be attached to his breast on which should be written—“*Remember the words which I spoke unto you, while I was yet present with you :*” that they might be read by all who came to look at his corpse, and by which he, being dead, still spoke. The same words, at the request of his people, were engraven on the plate of the coffin, and read by thousands on the day of interment.

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### ***Charitable Disposition.***

It is related of John Elliott, “the apostle to the Indians,” that one day, while minister of Roxbury, the parish Treasurer, having paid him his salary, put it into a handkerchief, and tied it in to as many hard knots, as he could make, to prevent him from giving it away before he reached his own house. On his way he called upon a poor family, and told them, that he had brought them some relief. He then began to untie the knots ; but finding it a work of great difficulty, gave the handkerchief to the mistress of the house ; saying, “Here my dear, take it ; I believe the Lord designs it all for you.”

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### ***Rev. Thomas Hooker.***

THIS eminent divine was once suddenly awakened one night by an unusual noise, which appeared to proceed from his cellar. He immediately arose, dressed himself, and went silently to the foot of the cellar stairs. There

he saw a man, with a candle in his hand, taking pork out of the barrel. When he had taken out the last piece, Mr. Hooker, accosting him very pleasantly, said, "Neighbor, you act unfairly; you ought to leave a part for me." Thunderstruck at being detected, especially at being detected by so awful a witness, the culprit fell at his feet, condemned himself for his wickedness, and implored his pardon. Mr. Hooker cheerfully forgave him, and concealed his crime; but forced him to carry half the pork to his own house.

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### ***The Young Convert.***

THE young convert may be compared to a child, whom his father is leading over a rugged and uneven path. After proceeding for some time without much difficulty, he forgets that it has been owing to his father's assistance—begins to think that he may now venture to walk by himself, and consequently falls. Humbled and dejected, he then feels his own weakness, and clings to his father for support. Soon, however, elated with his progress, he again forgets the kind hand which sustains him, fancies he needs no more assistance, and again falls. This process is repeated a thousand times in the course of the christian's experience, till he learns, at length, that his own strength is perfect weakness, and that he must depend solely on his heavenly Father.

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### ***Difference between true and false Religion.***

THE difference between true and false religion may be thus illustrated. Suppose a king visits two families of his subjects. The members of one think it great condescension in him to visit them; they show him every possible mark of affection and respect, and they are filled with regret and unhappiness at his departure. The other family have no real love for him; and though self-interest prompts them to show him every external mark of respect, yet it is constrained, and they are glad when he departs.

Now, if this king could read the heart, and saw that their services were insincere, he could not of course be pleased; and the more assiduous they were in their attentions, if prompted wholly by self-interest, the more would he be disgusted. In the same manner, when God, by his Spirit, visits the true christian, it fills him with joy and gladness; his presence is life; and when he hides his face, nothing can afford pleasure or satisfaction. But when thoughts of God enter the mind of the sinner, he feels uneasy, and tries to get rid of them. He may from selfish motives, affect to seek God; but his heart is not in it, and he longs after the pleasure of the world. This is the way in which all awakened yet impenitent sinners, seek God; and yet they are displeased because he will not accept such heartless services.

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### ***How much shall I contribute?***

It has been frequently wished by christians, that there were some *rule* laid down in the Bible, fixing the proportion of their property, which they ought to contribute to religious uses. This is as if a child should go to his father and say, "Father, how many times in the day must I come to you with some testimonials of my love? How often will it be necessary to show my affection for you?" The father would of course reply, "Just as often as your feelings prompt you, my child, and no oftener." Just so Christ says to his people: "Look at me, and what I have done and suffered for you, and give me just what you think I deserve—I do not wish any thing forced."

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### ***I would, but I cannot.***

ONE excuse which awakened sinners are accustomed to allege in their own defence is, that they *wish* to love God, and to have new hearts, but *cannot*. They do indeed wish to be saved, but they are not willing to be saved in God's way; that is, they are not willing to accept salvation as a free gift. They would do any thing to

*buy* it, but will not take it without money and without price. Suppose that you were very sick, and were told by the physician, that there was but one medicine in the world, that could save your life, and that this was exceedingly precious. You were also told that there was but one person in the world, who had any of this in his possession; and, that, although he was willing to *give* it to those who asked, he would on no account sell any. Suppose this person to be one whom you had treated with great neglect and contempt, injured in every possible way. How exceedingly unwilling would you be to send to him for the medicine as a gift! You would rather purchase it at the expense of your whole fortune. You would defer sending as long as possible, and when you found that you were daily growing worse, and nothing else could save you, you would be obliged, however reluctantly, to send and ask for some. Just so unwilling are sinners to apply to God for salvation as a free gift; and they will not do it until they find themselves perishing, and that there is no other hope for them.

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### ***The Brothers' Quarrel.***

OF the divided affections too often observed among brothers, a most remarkable instance happened a few years ago, in the family of a gentleman of the north of Scotland. George and William Sterling were the only sons of the gentleman alluded to, and they had grown to manhood in the exercise of that mutual friendship, which is so delightful to observe in relations in that degree of consanguinity. I was not aware that there was anything remarkable in their characters: they were simply, two respectable young men, of good education; and while the elder was reared to the enjoyment of a competent fortune, the younger soon attained such a degree of distinction at the bar, as rendered his fate little less enviable.

On the death of their mother, which took place when they were between twenty and thirty years of age, some dispute arose, respecting a legacy, the destination of which had not been expressed in terms sufficiently clear, and which, after a brief suit at law was determined in favor



The Brothers' Quarrel.

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of the elder brother. At first, it was resolved by the two brothers that this plea should be amicably conducted, merely for the purpose of deciding an uncertain matter; but some circumstances unexpectedly occurred, which acting upon the inflammable nature of the elder, and not being met by a proper spirit by the younger brother, speedily produced a decided alienation between them. Each retired suddenly into the fortress of his own pride; nor were their father's entreaties and good offices, or their common recollection of twenty affectionate and happy years, of the least avail, in bringing them once more together.

They did not meet again for ten years: it was at their father's funeral. The old gentleman had died in the presence of his oldest son only, reiterating with his latest breath those injunctions so often before employed in vain, that his two sons might be restored to brotherly friendship, an object, he said, which engrossed his thoughts so much in life, that he felt as if he could not rest in peace in his grave unless it were accomplished. The two brothers met, but without taking the least notice of each other, when respectively mounting their carriages, in order to follow the corpse of their father to the family burying-ground in Aberdeen. Their hearts were still filled with fierce and indignant feelings towards each other, though it is not improbable that the elder had been somewhat touched, almost imperceptibly to himself, by the dying entreaties of his father. The procession, consisting of a hearse and the carriages of the two brothers, set out on its long and dreary journey, which was rendered additionally melancholy by the gloom of a December day.

It was originally designed that there should be no stoppage, except to exchange horses, till they reached their destination; but this arrangement was destined to be strangely disconcerted. A fall of snow which had begun only that morning in the low country, was found, when they reached the hilly region, to have been of two day's continuance; and it was with the greatest difficulty that they reached a lonely inn, about half way to the capitol, beyond which it was declared by the postillions, there was no possibility of proceeding that day. This humble place of entertainment was accustomed to lodge only such



guests as carriers, and as it was partly occupied, on the present occasion, by various wayfarers, the host, with an anxiety to accommodate such distinguished guests as those who had just arrived, found he could not by any means offer them more than two rooms. It was his expectation, that, while one of these was devoted, as decency required, to the reception of the corpse, the other would serve for the two mourners, and he accordingly proposed to make up an additional bed in the room, which he had marked as that which should receive his living guests. What was his astonishment, and what was the astonishment of all the inmates of the house, when he was informed by a servant that one of the gentlemen would sleep in one of the rooms, while the other had no objection to that in which he had placed the corpse ! It was not, however, for him to make any resistance to such an arrangement, and he accordingly caused the rooms to be prepared as befitted the tastes of his guests.

It must communicate a strange feeling to know that two brothers, men of cultivated understandings, and each respected in his sphere for public and private worth—actually carried this dreadful arrangement into effect, in order to avoid what they must have contemplated as a more painful thing—the spending of a single night in each other's company. It was the younger who proposed, as a solution of the dilemma, in which he found they were placed, to take up his quarters in the same chamber with the corpse ; unpardonable as the elder was for his share of the dissension, it was but justice to him to state that he could not, after the dying request of his father, have encountered the sensations which might be expected to arise in so dreadful a situation.

During the evening, as the storm prevented them from going out of doors, each kept his own room, and was severally served with the refreshments, which he required. Night came and each went to rest. Morning returned, and still the storm was unabated. It was therefore necessary to spend another day in the same extraordinary circumstances. Slowly, slowly waned the hours of the twilight day ; and still the snow continued to fall in its broad and lazy flakes, seeming to the two brothers, as each surveyed it listlessly from his window, the very

lication of monotony. As the rooms were close together, and only divided by a thin partition, which there was a door of communication, each unhappy gentleman could over-hear everything his neighbor did, almost to his very breathing. It soon became the amusement of each, unknown to the other, to watch the proceedings of the other—to note every misfortune, to register every sigh. George in particular was interested in spite of himself, in the situation of his brother, which, in consideration of what he had learned from the lips of his dying father, bore to him an interest more repulsive and painful than perhaps to the sufferer.

At length, when after a weary day, the time of rest came, and the house became more than usual quiet, he heard a groan—a groan partly suppressed, but bearing distinctly the impress of unutterable anguish proceed from his brother's room. He listened intently, and in a few minutes he could make out that the living tenant of the death chamber was prostrate on the coffin, weeping—bitterly weeping—but making every effort to bury the expression of his grief in his own bosom. It may easily be imagined that such a scene coming upon a heart which had been insensibly undergoing a softening process during the whole day, would have had the best effect. Still the rancor of ten years was not to be got over by tears shed under such circumstances. He softly stole, however, to the door, and watched with the most intense anxiety every respiration and movement of his afflicted brother. After a few minutes, he distinctly heard William utter forth the words, "Oh, mother!" and that in a moment which referred so pointedly to the source of their quarrel, that he could no longer entertain a doubt as to the nature of his brother's present reflections. His kind and tender associations were awakened by that single word; he reverted to their early days, when there were no contentions, but for her affections, no rival but the kind bounty, which she was always ready to bestow upon each alike. Human nature could hold out no longer, and he gently tapped at the door which had kept them apart; "William," he said, "may I

come in?" The voice of affection could not be mistaken. William opened the door in an instant, and, as if he had guessed intuitively the disposition of his brother, rushed into his arms.

The next day saw the two brothers amicably proceeding in one vehicle to the family burying place, where, in the grave of their father, they inhumed every bitter feeling they had ever entertained against each other; and at present, taught by the sufferings they endured in their period of alienation, there is no pair of friends who take such pains to cherish each other's affections, or to avoid all means of converting them into gall.

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### *A Marriage Festival.*

Reply of Dr. Buckminster to a letter from a Miss Chester to his daughter.

In an accompaniment with one of your letters, I find a picturesque description of a fashionable ball in the neighborhood of Albany, given on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. Sedgwick to Miss Ridley. "The guests were many, the accommodations capacious, rendered splendid and sublime by all that art and taste could enterprise. Fancy and ornament combined their powers to throw a lustre over the appearance of the delighted attendants. Three hundred silver candlesticks, and an infinite number of lamps poured their light on thirty mirrors, which faithfully reflected what they received in softened brightness through the several apartments, and their variegated finery. The desert was delicious--exhibited in a state of elegance and grandeur. The music and amusements were enchanting and transporting." This must have been a scene highly delightful to a man of the world, and to the daughter of worldly taste and pleasure. But, Betsy, I find it lasted but one short night; nay, it blushed to meet the rising sun, as if conscious that the little lamps would tarnish all its glory. "The ladies retired at three, the gentlemen at five;" perhaps both resolved to take their revenge upon this disturber of nightly pleasures, by despising his charms till they begin to be lost in the evening hemisphere.

The reading of this description suggests to me that of attempting a faint sketch of the marriage festival, for which preparation has long been making, and from time to time partial descriptions given me of what is there to be exhibited. To this festival I have the honor to be invited as a guest, and am entrusted with authority to invite others. I have heard a little and imagined more of this transporting scene ; but could I correctly paint both on paper, the half would not be told you. 'This festival is to be celebrated at a seat, or palace, whose length and breadth are twelve thousand furlongs, and its height and stories proportionately elevated. It stands upon a foundation of twelve different kinds of precious stones of variegated hue, arranged with so much art as to throw reciprocal and increasing lustre ; all producing such a flood of splendor, as mocks the attempts of men or angels to describe. In this place there are twelve avenues all paved with gold, leading to the gates, that are of entire pearl ; each gate is one entire pearl, neither fractured nor divided. The flooring of the palace is all pure gold, transparent as glass. The ceiling of the house is all of jasper. The particular apartments, the hangings and the ornaments, I cannot attempt to describe to you. If they bear a customary increased proportion to the splendor, riches, and elegance of the exterior, what, Betsy, must they be ? — Oh ! let us be ambitious to go and see.

Of the *guests* that are invited I can give you no exact account, and a still more imperfect one of those that will accept. Of one particular circle, there were long ago one hundred and forty-four thousand that had accepted the invitation. Among these were kings and queens, princesses and princes, noblemen and their daughters, priests and prophets. Since then, the number of inviting servants has been greatly increased, and they have been running with notes of invitation to more distant towns and families : and though they often meet with the accents, "I pray thee have me excused," through the indisposition, want of taste, and trivial, foolish engagements of those to whom they apply ; yet, upon the safest ground I can assure you, there will be such a numerous collection that no man can number them.

Of the *dress* of the guests I cannot give you a full de-

scription : some few particulars only have come to ~~me~~ knowledge—their raiment is to be “wrought gold,” with the most elegant and delicate “needlework,” and their general splendor will be as if they were “clothed with the sun,” and crowned with a crown of stars. But their principal glory, beauty and excellence, are within ; in the sweetness of their dispositions, the elevation of their minds, the purity of their hearts, and the entire perfections of their souls. They are all glorious : not one worthless spectator will be watching to make unfriendly remarks ; not one to render distance or reserve prudential. The *music* of the occasion is to be of all manner of instruments, softened by an innumerable multitude of harmonious voices so adjusted as to make one perfect whole and pour the full tide of sound upon the enraptured ear : a song is already prepared ; and the performers are practising upon it in their several departments, with reference to this festival. Oh, Betsy ! what will be the effect when they perform in full band ? The entertainments and deserts I shall not even touch upon ; they will, doubtless, be in harmony with the rest of the exhibition.

But the principal object, the glory of the whole, is yet unnamed : this is the *Bridegroom*. Of him I dare not attempt a description : I can only say that he is the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. Such inconceivable light, lustre and glory, continually emanates from his divine person, that the extensive palace needs no other light—its most distant corner is illuminated with his rays : and my dear friend, there is this peculiar circumstance to give an interest to this festival ; every guest has a share in the heart and affections of this glorious bridegroom ; and all combined in one mystical body will constitute the *bride* for whom all this glory has been prepared. This festival once commenced, will never close will never tire ; no rising or setting sun will ever summon a dispersion—pleasure more extatic and refined will be constantly springing up : the celestial Bridegroom will lead them to living fountains of delight, and all occasion of sorrow will forever cease.

My friend shall earthly festivals and scenes of pleasure, which, compared with this, are but a glow-worm in the light of day. so interest our passions or engross our

Hearts, as to banish this from our thoughts, or hinder our assiduous endeavors to be suitably attired and ornamented that we may be hailed welcome guests?—I hope to receive this honor and happiness—there I hope to meet the name of Chester in all its branches. There I hope to meet all the circle you have known, and whom I can never know more. Let us keep this scene habitually in view, and let our devotions and energies be wisely directed to deserve to ourselves a share in its felicities; and while from time to time we may take a share in the innocent festal pleasures and amusements of this world, let the fruit and effect be to learn the vanity of these sickening joys, and increase our desires and endeavors after those unfading pleasures, which flow from God's right hand.

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### *Perseverance and Love of Learning.*

THE meeting of the Utica Lyceum, on the evening of the third instant was favored with an address from W. H. Maynard Esqr., on the importance of such associations. He dwelt particularly on education, as the business of a man's life, and related some interesting facts, which had come within his own observation, illustrating the successful attainments of self made men. One of these we will relate. Mr. M. gave it with diffidence, but (having been requested by a member of the Lyceum to relate it,) it was too good to be withheld from motives of personal delicacy.

In December 1807, Mr. M. was teaching school for a quarter in the town of Plainfield, Mass. One cold, blustering morning, on entering his school room, he observed a lad that he had not seen before, sitting on one of the benches. The lad soon made known his errand to Mr. M. He was fifteen years old; his parents lived seven miles distant; he wanted an education; and had come from home on foot that morning, to see if Mr. M. could help him contrive how to obtain it.

Mr. M. asked him if he was acquainted with any one in that place—"No." "Do your parents know any p

son here?" "No." "Can your parents help you towards obtaining an education?"—"No." "Have you any friends that can give you assistance?"—"No." "Well how do you expect to obtain an education?"—"I do'nt know, but I thought I would come and see you."

Mr. M. told him to stay that day, and he would see what could be done. He discovered that the boy was possessed of good sense, but no uncommon brilliancy, and he was peculiarly struck with the cool and resolute manner in which he undertook to conquer difficulties which would have intimidated common minds. In the course of the day, Mr. M. made provision for having him boarded, through the winter, in the family with himself, the lad to pay for his board by his services out of school. He gave himself diligently to study, in which he made good, but not rapid proficiency, improving every opportunity of reading and conversation for acquiring knowledge, and thus spent the winter.

When Mr. M. left the place in the spring, he engaged a minister, who resided about four miles from his father's, to hear his recitations; and the boy accordingly boarded at home and pursued his studies. It is unnecessary to pursue the narrative further.

Mr. M. had never seen the lad since—but this was the early history of the REV. JONAS KING, whose exertions in the cause of oriental learning, and in alleviating the miseries of Greece, have endeared him alike to the scholar and the philanthropist, and shed a bright ray of glory on his native country.

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### ***Do Not Deceive Children.***

A MOTHER was once trying to persuade her little son to take some medicine. The medicine was very unpalatable, and she, to induce him to take it, declared it did not taste bad. He did not believe her. He knew by sad experience, that her word was not to be trusted. A gentleman and friend who was present, took the spoon and said: "James, this is medicine, and it tastes very badly. I should not like to take it, but I would if necessary."

"You have courage enough to swallow something which does not taste good?" "Yes," said James, looking a little sulky, "but this is very bad indeed." "I know it," said the gentleman. "I presume you never tasted anything much worse." The gentleman then tasted of the medicine himself, and said, it is really very unpleasant. "But now let us see if you have not resolution enough to take it, bad as it is."

"The boy hesitatingly took the spoon.

"It is, really, rather bad," said the gentleman, "but the way to summon all your resolution and down with the medicine, like a man."

James made, in reality, a great effort for a child, and swallowed the dose. And whom will this child most respect, his deceitful mother, or the honest dealing stranger? And whom will he hereafter most readily believe? It ought, however, to be remarked, that had the child been properly governed, he should at once, and without a murmur, have taken what his mother presented. It is certainly, however, a supposable case, that the child might, after all the arguments, refuse to do his duty. What course would then be pursued? Resort to compulsion, but never to deceit. We cannot deceive our children, without seriously injuring them and destroying our own influence. Frank and open dealing is the only safe policy in family government, as well as on the wider theatre of life. The underhand acts and cunning manoeuvres of the intrigue, are sure in the end to promote his own overthrow. Be sincere and honest, and you are safe. The only sure way of securing beneficial results is by virtuous and honorable means.

### *A Successful Retort.*

A CLERGYMAN was once accosted by a doctor, a professed deist, who asked him "if he followed preaching to save souls."

"Yes."

"Did you ever see a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear a soul?"



"No."

"Did you ever taste a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever smell a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever feel a soul?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the doctor, "there are four of the five senses against one upon the question, whether there be a soul."

The clergyman then asked, "if he were a doctor of medicine?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever taste a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever smell a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever feel a pain?"

"Yes."

"Well," then said the clergyman, "there are also four senses against one, upon the question, whether there be a pain? and yet, sir, you know that there is a pain, and I know that there is a soul."

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### *Sabbath Evening.*

A Narrative by Knox.

THERE is no season of the day or year, which gives me such pure and exquisite pleasure as that of a Summer's Sabbath evening, when the heart has been soothed and the spirit elevated by recent acts of devotion; and when over every mountain and valley, forest and river, a holy tranquility reposes, as if inanimate nature were conscious of the sanctity of the day of rest. • To an observer of feeling and imagination, the contemplation of nature is a source of continual enjoyment; the budding Spring in-

spires him with hope ; the full-blown Summer fills him with joy ; the decaying autumn speaks to him of his own decay, like the soothing voice of a parent that invites him to repose after the labors of the day ; and the desolating Winter gives intimation of his death, when, like the faded flowers, his body shall be withering in the dust, and his spirit, like the birds of passage that follow the genial seasons in their journey round the globe, shall have winged its way to a better and happier region. . . But a Summer's Sabbath evening, is the season of the most exalted enjoyment : it is then that there seems to be an intimate communion between earth and heaven, and we feel as if partakers of the pleasures of both worlds ; it is then that these confines seem to meet, and we feel as if by one step we could pass from time into eternity.

On a beautiful Sabbath evening, about the middle of July, I pursued my walk, along a narrow path that stretched through an extensive wood, to enjoy alone and undisturbed, that soothing melancholy, which is to me sweeter than the turbulence of social merriment. The sun had just set,—the twilight star was twinkling like the eye of a beautiful woman, whose lashes are quivering with the effects of departing sorrow that bedewed them with tears, and the thrush was pouring forth his vesper hymn on the topmost twig of the tall larch tree, as if he thought that his song would sound the sweeter, the nearer he could make his perch to heaven. It was to me, a scene of peculiar interest : on the one side stood the home of my father and mother, brothers and sisters, the affectionate beings who appeared to me parts of my own existence, without whom—without one of whom I could not live ; and on the other side lay the church yard where my forefathers slept in “the narrow house,” and where my kindred and myself were in all likelihood destined to sleep—one of us, perhaps in a few days, for my mother was at that time sick, the being who gave me birth ; who nourished me on her bosom in infancy ; who consoled my sorrow in manhood—the thought of her death was dreadful.

But my mind was soon called from its agonizing anticipations, by the tremulous tones of a plaintive voice ; when, on looking around me, I saw a man kneeling be-

neath a branching fir, and praying loud and fervently. It was not, however, the prayer of the Pharisee, in the corner of the street, where every eye might behold him: the person before me was unconscious that any eye beheld him but that of his Creator, whom he was so earnestly supplicating. I never saw a more affecting picture of devotion. I have seen the innocent child lay its head upon its mother's knee, and lisp out its evening prayer; and the father of a family, kneel in the midst of his domestic circle, and ask the blessing of God to be upon them and him: I have seen the beautiful maiden, whose lips to the youthful imagination, seemed only tuned to the song of pleasure, whisper the responses in the public assembly of worship; and the dim eyed matron stroke back her hoary tresses, and endeavor to mingle her quivering voice with the sublime symphony of the pealing organ;—all these have I seen, and felt the beauty of each; but this solitary worshipper affected me more deeply than I had previously experienced. His knees were bent upon the deep-green earth, where his Bibie lay on the one side of him, and his hat on the other; his hands were lifted up, his raven hair waved in the breeze, and his eyes were raised to heaven; yet I saw, or fancied I saw, that he was frequently obliged to close them, and press out the tears that flowed to them from the fountain of sorrow.

I passed him, unperceived, with respect for his devotional feelings, and sympathy with his accumulated afflictions. I knew him well: he was a laborer, of the neighboring hamlet, intelligent and respectable in his sphere of life. Often, on the Sabbath evenings, had I met with him in the same path, walking with his wife and children; two little boys that plucked the wild-flowers as they proceeded, and an infant girl that yet nested in its mother's bosom. He was devotedly attached to his family, and considered him one of the happiest men in existence; for his wife appeared altogether worthy of the respect he paid her, and his children were as beautiful and promising as a parent's heart could have wished. He and I often entered into conversation, and I was not only pleased, but frequently astonished by his remarks; for his lips were unrestrained by the reserve of polished life, and all his most eccentric conceptions, and all his deepest feeling

were in a moment laid open before you in all their singularity and beauty. He had read a good deal, but he had thought more than he had read; and, in consequence, there was a poetical originality about his mind, and a poetical enthusiasm in his heart, which were peculiarly pleasing to a person, who had felt his generous emotions suppressed and chilled by the cold and affected votaries of fashion. He was quite contented with his laborious occupation; for, as he said, his toils seemed light and pleasant, when he considered that they were undergone for the comfort of the wife, who "like a fruitful vine," spread the blossoms of his pleasure around his cottage; and of the children, who "like olive plants, arose to support him when bowed down by the burden of age. The anticipation of an early death did not even appal him; for in that case, as he observed, there was a God in heaven who would prove a "Father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow; and the orphan's stay, and the stranger's shield."

The dictates of philosophy are weak in comparison with the power of this religious trust: it is the rock under whose shadow the weary find repose—the rock whose summit is brightened by a sunshine, while the valley from which it rises is covered with clouds and darkness. My friend, the poor laborer, clung to it with enthusiasm in his severe domestic trials. A malignant fever, like the storm that blasts the blossoms of spring, entered the hamlet, and in the space of two months, swept off more than a third of the children. There was scarcely a cottage that had not numbered one of its little inmates with the dead. It has been said, with what degree of truth I know not, that the loss of children is the heaviest trial by which the human heart can be visited; because as it is averred, the attachment of the parent to the child is stronger than that of the child to the parent. I have no doubt that if a person have a family to divide the stream of affection, the death of a father or mother will be less poignant, than if the solitary mourner have no object, as near and as dear, on which he can fix the lacerated ties of love that have been forced to quit their hold of the bosom that withers in a parent's grave; but as each of these domestic calamities is, for a time, as severe as mortal creature can con-

ceive; and as the man who feels the acuteness of green wounds of affliction cannot properly estimate pain of those that have been healed by the influence of time, there appears to me no use in making, and no taint in the result of the comparison. I might, however, argue against the received opinion, by saying, that the place of a parent, when once empty, can never again be filled; whereas the bosom that has given its nursling to the grave, may yet have the happiness to nourish another, and the parental heart may half forget its withered state until it finds it blooming in heaven; but all I intend to say on the subject is, that my poor friend lost both little boys whose funerals were only divided by two melancholy days; and that on the Sabbath evening when I saw him praying in the lonely wood, his infant girl, his only remaining child—lay on the very brink of dissolution.

Having reached the end of the solitary footpath, I turned homewards, and still found the afflicted man in the attitude of prayer; perhaps unconscious, amidst the strife of his spirit, of the time that had passed over while employed in this act of heartfelt devotion. As I passed as I descried him, a female came running along the path and informed him that the child was dead. He rose with a trembling frame, and a face that bore the fearful look of despair; or rather the look of that reckless frenzy which prompted him to dispute with his Maker the justice of the calamity that had befallen him. This was a moment; he soon became firm and calm, and exclaimed with a subdued spirit, "The Lord's will be done. It was enough—it was a balm for his wounded soul, a cordial to his fainting heart. He then followed the steps of the female who had disappeared to the "house of mourning," to condole with the childless mother, whose heart had mingled its feelings with his from the day of early youth—whose heart to his had been doubly bound by the tendrils that sprung from their mutual love—whose heart demanded the support of his, the support which he would amply receive from hers in return. Happy so happy even under all your calamities! For if there be pleasure—if there be consolation—if there be happiness on earth—they are no where to be so certainly found

in the unbounded confidence, and deeply rooted attachment, of two congenial and conjugal bosoms. Deeply affected by what I had seen and heard, I entered my father's cottage strong in good resolutions, and praying that I might have the power, in all the afflictions that might await me, to say with the poor peasant—"the Lord's will be done."

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***Praying breath never spent in vain.***

A PIOUS aged woman had one son; she used every means in her power to train him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; he was the child of many prayers. The youth grew up, but was of a gay, dissipated turn; she still followed him with her entreaties, faithfully warned him of his awful situation as a sinner before God, and told him what his end would be, dying in that state. One day he went to his mother and said, "Mother, let me have my best clothes, I am going to a ball to-night." She expostulated with him and urged him not to go, by every argument in her power; he answered, "Mother, let me have my clothes, I will go, and it is useless to say any thing about it." She brought his clothes, he put them on and was going out; she stopped him, and said "My child, do not go." He said he would; she then said to him, "My son, while you are dancing with your gay companions in the ball room, I shall be out in that wilderness praying to the Lord to convert your soul."

He went; the ball commenced, but instead of the usual gayety, an unaccountable gloom pervaded the whole assembly. One said, "We never had such a dull meeting in our lives;" another, "I wish we had not come, we have no life, we cannot get along;" a third, "I cannot think what is the matter." The young man instantly burst into tears, and said, "I know what is the matter. My poor old mother is now praying in yonder wilderness for her ungodly son." He took his hat, and said, "I will never be found in such a place as this again," and left the company. To be short, the Lord converted his soul. Mr. Irish, his pastor baptized him. He was soon after

taken ill, and died very happy. "Praying breath is never spent in vain."

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### *Affecting Ordination Scene.*

THE late ingenious Rev. Robert Robinson, of Cambridge, was once engaged to deliver what is called the charge at the ordination of a minister. He exhorted him notwithstanding every possible discouragement to persevere in the work, to which he was called, assuring him, that in the end, God would succeed his labors. With a view to encourage him, he should relate an anecdote, which had been lately told him, and though the names of the parties had been carefully concealed, he had no doubt of its authenticity.

He then stated that a certain minister, being about to travel in the country, was particularly requested by a friend, to call at the house of a farmer, an intimate associate of his early years, and a man whom he often yet visited, and to take up his abode there for the night. The minister pleaded that he was a perfect stranger, that he might be considered a sort of interloper, and several other things, all of which were overruled by his friend, who assured him of the piety, and unbounded liberality of the farmer, and promised him a letter of introduction; he farther stated, that he had often conversed with the farmer respecting him, and, in a word, the good farmer would feel his mind much hurt, if he passed that way, and did not spend a night under his roof. Under these circumstances the minister consented, and one summer's evening rode up to the farmer's gate.

He found the good man standing near; but instead of meeting him with the smile of politeness, he demanded in a surly tone who he was? The minister gave him his name, handed him his letter of introduction, and assigned his reasons for paying him a visit. The farmer eyed him with suspicion, half insinuated that he was an impostor, but at length told him he might put his horse into the stable, and walk into the house. At first the minister hesitated; he almost determined to ride on to the village; but on second thoughts he resolved to stay. He unsad-

led his horse, and walked into the house ; and, not being asked to walk into the parlor, he took his seat with the servants in the kitchen. -- Supper time came on : the servants whispered among themselves, " It is a wonder master doesn't ask the gentleman into the parlor." At his request, he was supplied with a basin of milk. After supper, the family was collected to engage in the devotions of the evening ; the minister followed at the heels of the servants, and took his seat near the door, not a little surprised at the treatment he received. The farmer read a portion of the scriptures ; a pause ensued ; there was evidently a violent agitation in the farmer's breast ; at length he asked the minister to pray. They knelt down and the worthy divine forgot his trials ; and elevated to a high state of holy feeling, his prayer was eminent for correct feeling and spirituality of mind. When he concluded and rose from his knees, the farmer, with tears streaming from his eyes, stepped up to him, and before the whole family, solicited pardon for the treatment he had given him ; assuring him that he had never before so treated a minister ; and from all that he had ever heard of him, he had for him in particular a high personal respect ; and finally, that in reference to his conduct that evening, it was to himself the most mysterious event of his life.

He concluded by begging him to stay with him a few days, that his kindness might make up for his past unkindness. The minister begged he would forget what had passed, assured him that what degree of shyness he had witnessed should on his part be forgotten, and that his engagements would not allow him to stay longer. Nothing, however, would satisfy the farmer, but that the minister should stay one day longer, and preach in his house in the evening ; to this he at length consented, and went off in the morning, attended with the best prayers and wishes of the man, who had received him with so much coldness.

" And what, my brother," asked Robinson, " do you suppose was the result ? No less than three branches of the farmer's family were brought to a knowledge of themselves and of the Savior, under the sermon delivered in consequence of this mysterious unkindness.



The whole congregation were deeply impressed with so interesting a detail, made in Robinson's best manner but the effect on the mind of the newly ordained minister was overpowering : he blushed, then turned pale, faint, and was carried out into the air ; the usual remedies were administered, and he gradually recovered. The scene was then unfolded ; he was the very minister who formed the hero of the story ; he had followed Robinson throughout till he came to the effects produced by the sermon ; this he had never heard till then ; and his feelings were overpowered with joy and gratitude.

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### *Winter Evening in Iceland.*

A WINTER evening in an Iceland family presents a scene in the highest degree interesting and pleasing. Between three and four o'clock the lamp is hung up in the principal apartment, and all the members of the family take their stations with their work in their hand. One of the family advances to a seat near the lamp, and reads aloud. Being but badly supplied with printed books, the Icelanders are under the necessity of copying such as they can borrow. The reader is frequently interrupted either by the head or some intelligent member of the family who makes remarks or proposes questions on what is read to exercise the ingenuity of the children and servants.

In some houses the *Sagas*, or historical poems, are repeated by heart, and instances are not uncommon of itinerants gaining a livelihood during the winter, by staying at the different farms till they have exhausted their stock of knowledge. The custom above described appears to have existed from time immemorial.

Instead of the *Sagas*, some of the more pious substitute the scriptures, particularly the historical books. At the conclusion of the family labors, which are frequently continued till near midnight, the family join in singing a psalm or two ; after which a chapter from some book of devotion is read, if the family are not in possession of a Bible ; but where this sacred book exists, *it is preferred to every other*. The head of the family then prays, and the exercise concludes with a psalm. When an Iceland

awakes, he does not salute any person who may have slept in the room with him, but hastens to the door, and lifting up his hands towards heaven, adores Him who made the heavens and the earth, the author and preserver of his being, and the source of every blessing. He then returns into the house and salutes every one he meets, with "God grant you a good day."

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### ***Archbishop Sharp and the Highwayman***

It was his lordship's custom to have a saddle horse attend his carriage, that, in case of fatigue from sitting, he might refresh himself with a ride. As he was thus going to his Episcopal residence, and had got a mile or two before his carriage, a decent, well looking young man came up to him, and with a trembling hand and faltering tongue, presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. The Archbishop, with great composure, turned about, and looking stedfastly at him, desired him to remove that dangerous weapon, and tell him fairly his condition. "Sir! sir!" with great agitation, cried the youth, "your money instantly!" "Hear me, young man," said the archbishop, "you see I am a very old man, and my life is of very little consequence; yours is far otherwise. I am named Sharp, and am archbishop of York; my carriage and servants are behind; tell me what money you want, and who you are, and I'll not injure you, but prove a friend. Here, take this, and now ingenuously tell me how much you want to make you independent of so destructive a business as you are engaged in?" "O, sir," replied the man, "I detest the business as much as you. I am—but at home, there are creditors who will not stay. Fifty pounds, my lord, indeed would do what no tongue can tell." "Well, sir, I take your word; and upon my honor, if you will, in a day or two, call on me at —, what I have now given shall be made up that sum." The highwayman looked at him, was silent, and went off; and at the time appointed actually waited on the archbishop, and assured his lordship that his words had left impressions, which nothing could ever destroy.

Nothing more transpired for a year and a half, or more.

when one morning a person knocked at his grace's gate, and with peculiar earnestness, desired to see him. He entered the room where his lordship was, but had scarce advanced a few steps before his countenance changed, his knees tottered, and sank almost breathless on the floor. (On recovering, he requested an audience in private. The apartment being cleared, "my lord," said he, "you cannot have forgotten the circumstance at such a time and place: gratitude will never suffer them to be obliterated from my mind. In me, my lord, you now behold that once most wretched of mankind: but now, by your inexpressible humanity, rendered equal, perhaps superior, in happiness, to millions. Oh, my lord, (tears for a while prevented his utterance,) 'tis you, 'tis you that have saved me, body and soul; 'tis you that have saved a dear and much loved wife, and a brood of children whom I hold dearer than my life. Here are fifty pounds; but never shall I find language to testify what I feel. Your God is your witness; your deed itself is your glory; and may heaven and all its blessings be your present and everlasting reward. I was the younger son of a wealthy man; your lordship knows him—my marriage alienated his affections, and my brother withdrew his love, and left me to sorrow and penury. A month since, my brother died a bachelor, and intestate. What was his, became mine; and by your astonishing goodness, I am now at once the most penitent, the most grateful, and happiest of my species.

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### ***Poor Jack.***

THE following account is given by Leigh Richmond, as having been related by a minister, in a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

A drunkard was one day staggering in drink on the brink of the sea. His little son by him, three years of age, being very hungry, solicited him for something to eat. The miserable father, conscious of his poverty, and of the criminal cause of it, in a kind of rage, occasioned by his intemperance and despair, hurled the little innocent into the sea, and made off. The poor little sufferer,

finding a floating plank by his side on the water clung to it. The wind soon wafted him with the plank out to sea. A British man-of-war passing by, discovered the plank and the child ; and a sailor, at the risk of his life, plunged into the sea and brought him on board.

He could inform them but little more than that his name was Jack. They gave him the name of Poor Jack. He grew up on board that man-of-war, behaved well, and gained the love of all the officers and men. He became an officer of the sick and wounded department. During an action of the late war, an aged man came under his care, nearly in a dying state. He was all kindness and attention to the suffering stranger, but could not save his life. The aged patient was dying, and thus addressed this kind young officer : "For the great attention you have shown me I give you this only treasure I am possessed of (presenting him with a Bible, bearing the stamp of the British and Foreign Bible Society). It was given me by a lady ; has been the means of my conversion ; and has been a great comfort to me. Read it, it will lead you in the way you should go." He went on to confess the wickedness and profligacy of his life before the reception of his Bible, and among other enormities, how he once cast a little son, three years of age, into the sea, because he cried to him for needy food ! The young officer inquired of him the time and place, and found here was his own history. Reader, judge if you can, of his feelings, to recognise in this dying old man, his own father, dying a penitent, under his care ! And, judge of the feelings of the dying penitent, to find that the same kind young stranger was his son, the very son whom he had plunged into the sea ; and had no idea but he had immediately perished ! A description of their mutual feelings will not be attempted. The old man soon expired in the arms of his son. The latter left the service, and became a pious preacher of the gospel. On closing this story, the minister in the meeting of the Bible Society, bowed to the chairman and said, "*Sir, I am poor Jack.*"

***The Child may Win the Parent.***

THE following proof of this occurred not long since in the United States: Two daughters of an irreligious father, while away from home, embraced religion. The father alarmed, immediately sent for them home; but before the messenger reached them, they had made their lasting choice, and found the peace the world cannot give. They returned to their father's—not overwhelmed (as he expected) with gloom and despondency, but with countenances beaming with a heavenly serenity and celestial hope.

They told their father what the Lord had done for their souls—that they were pilgrims here—they kept in view the bright fields of promise as they traversed this desert of sin, and were looking for that city which hath foundations.

Soon after their return home, they were anxious to establish family worship. They affectionately requested of their father to commence that duty. He replied that he saw no use in it. He had lived very well more than fifty years without prayer, and he could not be burdened with it now. They then asked permission to pray with the family themselves. Not thinking they would have confidence to do it, he assented to the proposition.

The duties of the day being ended, and the hour for retiring to rest having arrived, the sisters drew forward the stand, placed on it the *Bible*—one read a chapter—they both kneeled—the other engaged in prayer. The father stood, and while the humble fervent prayer of his daughter was ascending on devotion's wings to heaven, his knees began to tremble, his nerves, which had been gathering strength for half a century, could no longer support him—he also kneeled, and then became prostrate on the floor. God heard their prayer, and directed their father's weeping eyes (which had never shed tears of penitence before) to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.

***Estimate of the Bible.***

THE justly celebrated Sir William Jones, one of the brightest geniuses and most distinguished scholars of the eighteenth century, observes, "I have carefully and regularly perused these holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that the volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence, than can be collected from ALL other books, in whatever language they may have been written." It is related that the eminent English poet Collins, in the latter part of his mortal career, withdrew from study, and traveled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to school. When a friend took it in his hand, out of curiosity, to see what companion a man of letters had chosen; "I have only one book," said he, "but it is the best." John Locke, so distinguished as a philosopher, in the latter part of his life studied scarcely any thing but the Word of God; and when asked, which was the surest way for a young man to attain a knowledge of the Christian religion, he replied, "Let him study the *Holy Scriptures*, especially the *New Testament*. Therein are contained the words of eternal life. It hath God for its author—SALVATION for its end—and TRUTH, without any mixture of error, for its matter.

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***The Righteous never Forsaken.***

It was Saturday night, and the widow of the Pine cottage sat by her blazing faggots with her five tattered children at her side, endeavoring by listening to the artlessness of their juvenile prattle, to dissipate the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a year her own feeble hands had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter; she thought of no friend in all the wide, unfriendly world around—But that mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways are above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhausted. It was now, too, mid-winter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through

all the surrounding forests, while storms still seemed gathering in the heavens and the driving wind roared amidst the bending pines, and rocked her puny mansion.

The last herring smoked upon the coals before her ; it was the only article of food she possessed, and no wonder her forlorn desolate state brought up in her bosom, all the anxieties of a mother, when she looked upon her children ; and no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she suffered the heart swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that he whose promise is to the widow and to the orphan, cannot forget his word. Providence had many years before, taken from her her eldest son, who went from his forest home, to try his fortune on the high seas, since which she had heard no note or tidings of him ; and in latter times, had, by the hand of death, deprived her of the companion and staff of her worldly pilgrimage, in the person of her husband. Yet to this hour she had been upborne, she had not only been able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost an opportunity of ministering to the wants of the poor and destitute.

The indolent may well bear with poverty, while the ability to gain sustenance remains. The individual who has but his own wants to supply, may suffer with fortitude the winter of want ; his affections are not wounded, his heart not wrung. The most desolate in populous cities may hope, for charity has not quite closed her hand and heart, and shut her eyes on misery. But the industrious mother of helplessness and depending children—far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her. And such an one was the widow of the Pine cottage ; but as she bent over the fire and took up the last scanty remnant of food to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden and mysterious impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind—

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace,  
Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a smiling face.

THE smoked herring was scarcely laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door, and loud barking of a dog,

attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveler, in tattered garments, and apparently indifferent health, entered and begged a lodging, and a mouthful of food; said he, "it is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread." The widow's heart bled anew as under a fresh complication of distresses; for her sympathies lingered not round her fireside. She hesitated not even now; rest and share of all she had, she proffered to the stranger. "We shall not be forsaken," said she, "or suffer deeper for an act of charity."

The traveler drew near the board—but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes towards heaven with astonishment—"and is this all your store?" Said he—"and a share of this do you offer to one you know not? Then never saw I charity before! but madam" said he, continuing, "do you not wrong your children by giving a part of your last mouthful to a stranger." "Ah," said the poor widow, and the tear drops gushed into her eyes as she said it, "I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of this wide world, unless Heaven has taken him away, and I only act towards you, as I would that others should act towards him. Go who sent manna from Heaven can provide for us as he did for Israel—and how should I this night offend him, if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as you, and he should have provided for him a home even poor as this—were I to turn you unrelieved away."

The widow ended, and the stranger springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms—"God, indeed, has provided just such a home for your wandering son, and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress—my mother! oh my mother!"

It was her long lost son, returned from the Indies to her bosom. He had chosen that disguise, that he might the more completely surprise his family; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy—That humble residence in the forest was exchanged for one comfortable, and indeed beautiful in the valley, and the widow lived long with her dutiful son, in the enjoyment of worldly plenty, and in the delightful employments of virtue, and at this day the passer-by is pointed to the luxuriant willow that spreads its branches broad



and green above her grave, while he listens to the recital of this simple and homely, but not altogether worthless tale.

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### ***The Sabbath.***

"I have ever found," says the great lord chief justice Hale, "that a due observation of the duty of Sunday, has ever had joined to it a blessing upon the rest of my time and the week that has been so begun, has been blessed and prosperous to me; and, on the other side, when I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the rest of the week has been unsuccessful and unhappy to my own secular employments. So that I could easily make an estimate of my success the week following, by the manner of my passing this day. *And I do not write this lightly, but by long and sound experience.*"

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### ***Anecdote of President Davies.***

THIS great divine, originally a poor boy of Hanover Virginia, but for his extraordinary talents and piety, early advanced to the professorship of Princeton College, crossed the Atlantic to solicit means for completing that noble institution. His fame, as a mighty man of God, had arrived long before him. He was, of course, speedily invited up to the pulpit. From a soul at once blazing with gospel light, and burning with divine love, his style of speaking was so strikingly superior to that of the common sermon readers of the British Metropolis, that the town was presently running after him. There was no getting into the churches where he was to preach. The coaches of nobility stood in glittering ranks around the long neglected walls of Zion; and even *George the Third*, with his royal consort, borne away by the holy epidemic, became humble hearers of the American orator. Blest with a clear, glassy voice, sweet as the notes of the Harmonica and loud as the battle kindling trumpet, he poured forth the pious ardor of his soul with such force that the holiest monarch could not repress his emotions; but starting

From his seat with rolling eyes and agitated manner, at every turning period he would exclaim, loud enough to be heard half way over the church: "*Fine! fine! fine preacher! faith, a fine preacher! Why—why—why—Charlotte! This beats our Archbishop!*"

The people stared at the king. The man of God made a full stop, and fixing his eyes upon him, as would a tender parent upon a giddy child, cried aloud, "When the lion roars the beasts of the forest tremble: and when the Almighty speaks let the kings of the earth keep silence." The monarch shrunk back into his seat, and behaved, during the rest of the discourse, with the most respectful attention. The next day he sent for Dr. Davies, and after complimenting him highly as an "*honest preacher*," ordered him a check of a hundred guineas for his college.

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### *The Family Bible.*

THE following lines, which have been for some years great favorites with the public, were originally published in a Charleston, (S. C.,) paper. The author was an English gentleman of the finest talents, who had been in a very heavy mercantile business with his father and brothers, in Liverpool, and had frequently occasion to visit this country. The most romantic vicissitudes overtook him and his nearest relatives, such as the most vivid fancy could scarcely conceive. A free life, in part the cause of his own immediate reverses, so much impaired his health as to compel his departure to a southern climate, where, happily, although late in life, the effects of early religious impressions, and the remembrance of the pious precepts of his long lost father, produced a radical change in his heart, and gave a new impulse to the muse, which years before had often delighted and astonished the lovers of song. The beautiful pathos of the following effusion will be doubly relished after a knowledge of the foregoing circumstances:

"How painfully pleasing the fond recollection  
Of youthful connexions and innocent joy,  
When blest with parental advice and affection,  
Surrounded with mercies—with peace from on high—

I still view the chairs of my sire and my mother,  
The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand ;  
And that richest of books, which excelled every other—  
That Family Bible that lay on the stand :  
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,  
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,  
At morn, and at evening could yield us delight ;  
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,  
For mercy by day, and for safety through night.  
Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling  
All warm from the heart of a family band,  
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling  
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand :  
That richest of books which excelled every other,  
That Family Bible that lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquility, long have we parted ;  
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more ;  
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,  
And wander unknown on a far distant shore.  
Yet how can I doubt a dear Savior's protection,  
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand ;  
Oh ! let me with patience receive his correction  
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand :  
That richest of books which excelled every other,  
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

Blest Bible, the light and the guide of the stranger,  
With thee I seem circled with parents and friends  
Thy kind admonition shall guide me from danger—  
On thee my last lingering hope then depends.  
Hope wakens to vigor, and rises to glory,  
I'll hasten and flee to the promised land ;  
For refuge lay hold on the hope set before me,  
Reveal'd in the Bible that lay on the stand.  
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,  
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

Hail, rising the brightest and blest of the morning,  
The star which has guided my parents safe home,  
A beam of thy glory my pathway adorning,  
Shall scatter the darkness and brighten my gloom  
As the eastern sages, to worship the stranger,  
In ecstacy hastened to Canaan's land—  
I'll bow to adore him, but not in a manger,  
He's seen in the Bible that lay on the stand.  
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,  
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

Though age and misfortune press hard on my feelings  
I'll flee to the Bible and trust in the Lord ;  
Though darkness should cover his merciful dealings,  
My soul is still cheer'd by his heavenly word.  
And now from things earthly my soul is removing ;  
I soon shall shout glory with heaven's bright band.  
In raptures of joy be forever adoring  
The God of the Bible that lay on the stand.  
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,  
The Family Bible, that lay on the stand.

***Filial Affection Rewarded.***

A VETERAN worn out in the service of France was reduced, without a pension, although he had a wife and three children to share his wretchedness. His son was placed at a military school, where he might have enjoyed every comfort, but the strongest entreaties could not induce him to taste anything but bread and water. The Duke de Choisel being informed of the circumstance, ordered the boy before him, and required the reason of his abstemiousness. The boy with a manly fortitude replied, "Sir, when I had the honor of being admitted to the protection of this royal foundation, my father conducted me hither—we came on foot. On our journey the demands of nature were relieved by bread and water. I was received here; my father blessed me and returned to the protection of a helpless wife and family. As long as I can remember, bread, of the commonest kind, with water has been their daily subsistence, and even that is earned by every species of labor that honor does not forbid. To this fare, sir, my father has returned; and while he, and my mother, and my sisters are compelled to endure such food, is it possible that I can selfishly enjoy the bounteous plenty of my gracious sovereign?" The Duke felt this tale of nature, gave the boy three louis d'ors for pocket money, and promised to procure his father a pension. The boy begged that the louis d'ors might be sent to his father, which with the patent of his pension was immediately done. The boy was patronized by the Duke, and became one of the best officers in the French service.

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***Boerhaave.***

It is recorded of this truly great man, "that his knowledge, however uncommon, held in his character but the second place; his virtue was yet more uncommon than his learning. He was an admirable example of temperance, fortitude, humility, and devotion. His piety, and a religious sense of his dependence on God, was the basis of all his virtues, and the principle of his whole conduct. He was too sensible of his weakness to ascribe anything

to himself, or to consider that he could subdue or withstand temptation by his own natural power. He attributed every good thought, and every laudable action to the father of goodness. Being once asked by one who had often admired his patience under great affliction, whether he knew what it was to be angry, he answered that what means he had so entirely suppressed that in him, and ungovernable passion? He answered with the same frankness and sincerity, that he was naturally impatient, but that he had by daily prayer and meditation, at length attained to this mastery over himself.

As soon as he rose in the morning, it was, throughout his whole life, his practice to retire for an hour to prayer and meditation. This, he afterwards told his friends, gave him spirit and vigor in the business day, and this he therefore commended as the best way of life; for nothing, he knew, could support the soul in its distresses, but a confidence in the Supreme Being. He saw a steady and rational magnanimity flow from no other source, than a *consciousness of the Divine*

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### *Religion.*

THE genius of christianity which is from God, like solar fire, moves in a sphere of its own, far above earthly things; while it penetrates our mundane affairs without being contaminated by them, it gives beauty and loveliness to every object and to every scene to which it imparts its life-giving energies, and over which it sheds its celestial radiance. It touches the heart of the proud man, and he becomes humble as a little child; it touches the heart of the sensualist, and he becomes pure and heavenly; it touches the affections of the covetous, and he becomes liberal; it touches the chain of caste, and it melts; it touches the idols of the heathen, and they fall to the ground like Dagon before the ark of the Lord; it touches the heart of savages, and they take the ways of civilization among civilized men; it sends down its fructifying showers on the barren wilderness, and it blossoms like the rose; it smiles upon the desert, and the wilderness

the inhabitants of the rock, the wandering bushmen, sing for joy and shout from the tops of their mountains; it touches the heart of the philanthropist, and the prisons are visited, the depressed are raised, the neglected are remembered, the wounds of the broken-hearted are bound up, the vicious are reclaimed, and the prodigal son is restored. It touches the heart of the missionary, and he goes forth, forsaking country, friends and ease, to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.

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### *Washington at the Communion.*

WHILE the American army, under the command of Washington, lay encamped in the environs of Morristown, N. J., it occurred that the service of the communion (there observed semi-annually only) was to be administered in the Presbyterian Church of that village. On a morning of the previous week, the General after his accustomed inspection of the camp, visited the house of the Rev. Dr. Jones, then pastor of that church, and after the usual preliminaries, thus accosted him: "Doctor, I understand that the Lord's supper is to be celebrated with you next Sunday; I would learn if it accords with the canons of your church to admit communicants of another denomination?" The Doctor rejoined, "Most certainly. ours is not the Presbyterian table, General, but the Lord's table; and we hence give the Lord's invitation to all his followers of whatever name." The General replied, "I am glad of it; that is as it ought to be; but as I was not quite sure of the fact, I thought I would ascertain it from yourself, as I propose to join with you on that occasion. Though a member of the Church of England, I have no exclusive partialities." The Doctor re-assured him of a cordial welcome, and the General was found seated with the communicants the next Sabbath.

*Sabbath Morning.*

Who has not felt the tranquilizing influence of Sabbath morn? Nature seems to sympathize with moral associations of the scene. On other days voice is almost drowned amid the air and bustle of the world; but when the wheels of mammon's car are stilled, and their thunder is not heard, then comes forth soothing language, which falls on the heart like *Æolian* music, to subdue its passions, and to awaken its sensibilities. The voice of nature is the voice of Him who speaks in the sanctuary of redemption by the blood of Jesus, speaks from the hush and fragrance of the morning, of the vast and varied gifts of his providence. To commune with nature and with God, we must wake early, like David, and awake early.

The resurrection of Jesus took place before the dawn. Ere the sun was up, one of his faithful followers repaired to the sepulchre. She went in the morning twilight to look upon the tomb of Jesus. She found it unsealed and empty, and wondered what had become of her Lord. As she wept, a voice addressed her, at first in a strange accent—lest, under the excitement, a too sudden revelation might overpower her mind—then that voice changed, and the well remembered tones told her it was indeed her risen Master. Did Mary find her Redeemer at early dawn; and shall we presume to expect his presence if we doze away in guilty slumbers a portion of sacred time? No; let us rather fly to the sepulchre, and see amid the shadows of the morning, the brightening beams of the sun of righteousness. Let us gather spiritual manna before the sun is up, and feed upon it ere we refresh ourselves on the food that perisheth. We would complain of dull Sabbaths or wandering thoughts, or tedious services, were they to secure, for the purpose of private devotion, the morning of the Sabbath. A sacred impulse would be obtained, which, like a favourable gale, would waft the soul onward to its rest.

Until you value and improve the Sabbath morning you need not expect to experience the full advantage of that blessed day. If on other days, you can awake to serve the world, and on the Lord's day, you take

liberty to indulge the flesh, be assured the Sabbath will not ordinarily prove to you a delight, nor will it close upon you with edification and peace.

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### ***Benefit of observing the Sabbath.***

One day, in the very early stages of my childhood, my father gave me a little ball covered with leather, such as boys usually play with. Saturday morning, while playing with it at school, it was accidentally thrown over the fence and lost. We searched for it a long time in vain. The loss to me was about as severe as it would be for a man to part with half his fortune. I went home and unbosomed my grief to my mother. She endeavored to console me, but with what effect I cannot now remember. The next day was the Sabbath. I passed the day with more than ordinary propriety. My customary Sabbath hymn was perfectly committed. Seated in my little chair by the fire, I passed a quiet and happy day in reading and the various duties appropriate to holy time. My conduct was such as to draw expressions of approbation from my parents, as with a peaceful heart I bade them good night, to retire to rest. The next day, as usual, I went to school. The lost ball occupied my mind as I walked along. Upon climbing over the fence into the field, where I had so long and so fruitlessly searched on the preceding Saturday, almost the first object upon which my eye fell was the ball, partially concealed by a stone. Child as I was, my joy was very great. At noon I ran hastily home to inform my mother, knowing that she would rejoice with me over my recovered treasure. After sympathising with me in my childish happiness, she remarked that Sir Matthew Hale had said that he never passed the Sabbath well, without being prospered the succeeding week. "You remember, my son," she continued, "that you were a good boy yesterday. This shows you, that if you would be happy and prosperous, you must remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." Whether this remark be unexceptionably true, it is not in place now to inquire. That it generally is true, but few will doubt. But the remark, in the



connexion in which it was made, produced an impression upon my mind, that will never be effaced. Other events of that early period have long since passed from my memory ; but this remains fresh and present. Often has it led me to the scrupulous observance of the Sabbath ; even to the present day, I can distinctly perceive its influence.

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### *The first awakened in a Revival*

IN a church with which the writer was acquainted at the time of a revival, but not with many members, who walked with God, the following occurred :—A young lady in making a visit to an acquaintance, took an unfrequented path through a very shaded grove, and as the day was very warm pursuing her walk some distance up a somewhat acclivity, she stopped to rest herself on a beautiful bank. While seated there, the tones of a hymn very unexpectedly broke upon her ear. On turning her eye the way from whence they came, she saw a man—M—— on horseback, making his way up the slope. The thought occurred to her that she would not interrupt the sight of the road, let him pass, and remain uncovered. This she did. As the Deacon approached leisurely on his horse, she was wondering what his object in being so busily engaged in talking to himself, as she could distinctly discover that no fellow-traveller accompanied him. As he drew nearer, and she heard his voice more plainly, she ascertained that he was engaged in *prayer*. The only sentence that made a distinct impression on her mind was, “ O Lord, have mercy on the dear youth in this place.” He passed on till the sounds, which came from his lips, died from her ear. But an impression was made upon her mind as it may be hoped, which will never die away and prepare her to mingle in the symphonies of the redeemed ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb. A discovery respecting christians was at this instant made by her. “ Is this the manner,” she reflected with indignation, “ in which they live, and pass on their way ? ”

town? Do they thus pray for the youth? How unlike to a christian have I lived? I have never prayed in this manner; I have seldom thought of the souls of others, and cared but very little for my own. While others pray for me, I live without prayer for myself."

Her sins, particularly her neglect of prayer to Him who is everywhere, now became a distressing burden to her. Soon, we have reason to hope, there was joy among the angels of God over her as a penitent, and over many others in the town. She was the first awakened in a revival.

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***Cardus and William—or, Religion the best Thing for this World.***

OF late, my friend Lang, a good deal has been said about Miss Wright and the Temple of Reason. I think the plain, simple, but true history of myself and William affords as good a practical comment on the effects of infidel principles, as any thing that I have ever met with. If you think it is worth publishing, it is at your service. In a short time it will be forty winters since I first landed in New York; I was then in my twentieth year, without a face that I knew, or a friend to counsel or direct. On the first Sabbath morning after we landed, three young men of our passengers called and inquired where I was going to-day. I said, to church; they answered, we have been near ten weeks confined to the ship, let us now walk out and see the country; our health requires exercise, and we can go to church another day. I said, as long as I can remember, I had gone to church with my father every Sabbath of my life, and when we parted his last words were "Remember the Sabbath day."

They went to the country; I went to church; they spent a few shillings of their wages; I put two one penny corporation bills in the plate. Some of them were good mechanics, and got from eight to ten dollars per week; my branch was poor, and it was only by close application I earned five dollars per week. They continued going into the country, found loose company, spent most of their week's wages, came home half drunk, sometimes

caught by a thunderstorm, spoiled their fine clothes and hats, rose late on Monday morning, bones and head aching, and could work but little all that day. I went to church, saved my wages, rose early on Monday morning, my bones rested, my head sound, and started on the labors of the week with a light heart and quiet conscience.

At the end of the year, they could show fine clothes, and powdered heads on Sundays ; but I could show one hundred dollars, piled in the corner of my chest. They have all been gone long ago ; having lived fast, they died early : while I, as one consequence of regular living, have not been confined by sickness for one day in all that period. Now, Mr. Deist and Mrs. Deist, you who purpose to reform the world by destroying the Bible, and abolishing the Sabbath, I would ask you who lived the most comfortable life, they or I ? Who were the most useful members in society ? They died and left their wives and children beggars. If I die to night, my family have the tools and hands to make themselves independent of the world.\*

About three months after I landed, there came from England into the shop where I wrought, a man by the name of William ; he had a fine little woman for a wife, and one or two young children. He was an excellent mechanic, and the first I believe who manufactured coach springs in New York ; he was by religious profession a Baptist, and went to the church in Gold Street. Dr. Foster, I believe, was then the pastor. He continued a consistent professor, attending church regularly with his wife and children. But William was a warm politician, as red hot as the iron he hammered. He was soon found out by the radicals of that day. About this time there came to the city a man by the name of Palmer, who was either born blind, or had lost his sight by disease. This blind leader of the blind used to lecture on Deism in what was then called the Assembly Room in William Street. William was led by some of his new associates into this dungeon of despair, and drunk deep

\* One of the young men of whom I speak, was a baker ; in a fit of intemperance, while working dough in the trough alone, he lost his balance, tumbled in with his head buried in dough, and in this situation was found dead. This fact is known to scores of his countrymen now in this city.

in their dark and cheerless doctrine. In a short time he came out a flaming deist, and instead of going with his wife and family to church, he led them to Long Island, or to the fields in Jersey, or he went by himself to a low tavern, and harangued on Tom Paine's Age of Reason, to any set of blockheads who would hear him. His children, as they grew up, being left to wander as they pleased, soon associated with bad company, and turned out worse than good for nothing. He had commenced business for himself, and for some time was in a very thriving way. But now, every thing was forgot in his zeal for propagating his new principles. You might find him in every street and corner, pouring out his new light; and so vulgar and brutish was the language in which he blasphemed every thing which society in general holds sacred, that moderate men of any principle were disgusted, shunned his company and shop, and his worldly circumstances began to fall into decay. As old shopmates, he and I have ever been, and still are on the most friendly terms when we meet; and from the beginning have I expostulated and warned him of the ruin he was bringing on himself and family in this world, laying the next out of view. Though he could not deny the truth of what I said, yet he seemed like one who had gone so far, that he was ashamed to recede.

One morning, about ten o'clock, a few weeks ago, he called on me, and asked for something to buy his breakfast, as he had not tasted any thing that day. I looked on him with sorrow, almost to crying. Says I, William, has it really come to this with you? He said he had not a cent, a friend, or child, to help him in the world. I asked for his sons and daughters, by name—they had all gone to ruin, or were dead. The few old friends of the William Street illuminati, now that he was poor, knew him not. I gave him a small sum, and told him to call on me in his extremity. Says I, William, there are my sons and daughters, they are an honor to their parents, being all useful members of society. Your children and mine were brought up neighbors to one another; what should make them to differ? He was silent. Says I, I told you thirty-four years ago, your mad principles would beggar yourself and ruin your family. While

caught by a thunderstorm, spoiled their fine clothes and hats, rose late on Monday morning, bones and head aching, and could work but little all that day. I went to church, saved my wages, rose early on Monday morning, my bones rested, my head sound, and started on the labors of the week with a light heart and quiet conscience.

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you carried your family to the fields, or left them to wander in the road to destruction, I carried mine to the church, where they were not exposed to bad company ; and now they walk in the ways of wisdom, which are pleasantness and peace. I added, you must now be convinced, that religion is the best thing for this world ; and in the next, they who profess it will be as well off as you. But if the Bible is true, you may say with the miser, I was starved in this, and damned in that which is to come. He confessed I had the best of the argument, and said he might have been a rich man, if he had stuck to the principles he brought with him from England. He said he thought of going into the alms-house—it was a good last-retreat ; and for this says I, William, you have to thank Christianity ; for, where the Bible is not known, they have neither alms-house nor hospital. I have only to add, that this story is no fiction, nor combination of characters that may have existed, but it is literally true. My friend, William, now lives (you know him), he is a man of truth, (though a deist), and will vouch for what I have said, were he asked. If any one doubts, you may give them my name. I will point them to some of the men, still alive, of whom I speak. Yours, CARDUS.

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### ***Profane Swearing.***

THE extinction of the moral sense is usually very gradual, and the progress of its decline is often marked with great accuracy by the conduct. Every one knows that conscience is originally one of the most active and powerful of all the faculties of the human heart, and that she will never yield up her authority, till she has sustained a severe struggle. There is nothing perhaps, in which this conflict is more clearly marked, than in the progress of a young man, who has had a pious education, towards a habit of profaneness. Though he has been accustomed occasionally to hear the language of cursing from others, the impressions of his childhood are too strong to allow him immediately to copy it. At length, in an evil hour, he summons resolution enough to make an awful experiment of uttering an oath ; but his faltering tongue and

blushing cheek proclaim that there is a commotion, and a remonstrance within. Conscience rouses up all her energies, and thunders out a rebuke which almost puts him into the attitude of consternation. Perhaps his early resolutions to reverence the name and authority of God, come thronging upon his remembrance; or perhaps the instructions of other days, enforced by parental affection, rise up before him; or it may be, that the image of a departed parent, who had trained him up in the way that he should go, haunts his busy and agitated mind, and reproaches him with filial ingratitude. He resolves that the dreadful privilege of taking the name of God in vain, has been purchased at too great an expense; and that he will not venture to repeat an experiment that has been so fruitful in remorse and agony. But, presently, he is heard to drop another oath, and another, and in successive instances the conflict with conscience is less severe, till at length, the faithful reprover is silenced, and he blasphemes his Maker's name without remorse, and almost without his own observation.

When I see an ingenious youth, taking the first step in this path of death; when I see his countenance change and hear his voice falter, and the embarrassment and awkwardness of his manner tell me that conscience is uttering her remonstrance, at the very moment when the language of profaneness is upon his lips, I say to myself, "poor young man; little do you know what disgrace and wretchedness you are treasuring up for yourself." I regard him as having set his face like a flint towards perdition; and I read in his character, in dark and ominous letters, "*The glory has departed.*"

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### ***Character of Roger Sherman.***

In estimating the character of Mr. Sherman, we must dwell a moment on his practical wisdom. This, in him was a predominant trait. He possessed more than most men, an intimate acquaintance with human nature. He understood the springs of human action in a remarkable degree, and well knew in what manner to touch them, to produce a designed effect. This practical wisdom, and



ther name for common sense, powerfully contributed to guide him to safe results on all the great political questions in which he was concerned; and assisted him to select the means which were best adapted to accomplish the best ends. With the habits and opinions, with the virtues and the vices, the prejudices and weaknesses of his countrymen, he was also well acquainted. Hence he understood better than many others, who were superior to him in the rapidity of their gains, what laws and principles they would bear, and what they would not bear in government. Of the practical wisdom of Mr. Sherman we might furnish many honorable testimonies and numerous illustrations. We must content ourselves, however, with recording a remark of President Jefferson, to the late Dr. Spring of Newburyport. During the sitting of Congress at Philadelphia, the latter gentleman in company with Mr. Jefferson, visited the National Hall. Mr. Jefferson pointed out to the Doctor several of the members, who were most conspicuous. At length, his eye rested on Roger Sherman. "That," said he, pointing his finger, "is Mr. Sherman of Connecticut, *a man who never said a foolish thing in his life.*" Not less complimentary was the remark of Mr. Macon, the aged and distinguished Senator, who has recently retired from active life: "Roger Sherman had more common sense than any man I ever knew."

Another distinguished trait in the character of Mr. Sherman was his unbending integrity. No man probably ever stood more aloof from the suspicion of selfish bias, or of sinister motives. In both his public and private conduct, he was actuated by principle. The opinion, which appeared correct, he adopted, and the measure which appeared the best, he pursued, apparently uninfluenced by passion, prejudice, or interest. It was probably owing to this trait in his character, that he enjoyed such extraordinary influence in the deliberate bodies of which he was a member. In his speech he was slow and hesitating. He had few of the graces of oratory; yet no man was heard with deeper attention. This attention arose from the solid conviction of his hearers, that he was an honest man. What he said was indeed always applicable to the point, was clear, was weighty; and as the late President Dwight remarked.

was generally new and important. Yet the weight of his observations, obviously sprang from the integrity of the man. It was this trait in his character which elicited the observations of the distinguished Fisher Ames. "If I am absent," said he, "during the discussion of a subject, and know not on what side to vote, I always look at Roger Sherman, for I am sure if I vote with him, I shall vote right."

To the above excellent traits in the character of Mr. Sherman, it may be added, that he was eminently a pious man. He was long a professor of religion, and one of its brightest ornaments. Nor was his religion that which appeared only on occasions. It was with him a principle and a habit. It appeared in the closet, in the family, on the bench, and in the Senate house. Few men had a higher reverence for the Bible; few men studied it with deeper attention; few men were more intimately connected with the doctrines of the gospel, and the metaphysical controversies of the day. On these subjects he maintained an extended correspondence with some of the most distinguished divines of that period, among whom were Dr. Edwards, Dr. Hopkins, Dr. Trumbull, President Dickerson and President Witherspoon; all of whom had a high opinion of him as a theologian, and derived much instruction from their correspondence with him.

If the character of a man's religion is to be tested by the fruits it produces, the religion of Mr. Sherman must be admitted not to have been of this world. He was naturally possessed of strong passions; but over these he at length obtained extraordinary control. He became habitually calm, sedate, and self-possessed. The following instance of his self-possession is worthy of being recorded.

One morning, as he called his family together, as usual, to lead them in prayer to God: the "old Family Bible," was brought out, and laid on the table. Mr. Sherman took his seat, and beside him placed one of his children, a small child, a child of his old age; the rest of his family were seated around the room; several of these were now grown up. Besides these, some of the tutors of the college, and it is believed, some of the students were boarders in the family, and were present at the time alluded to. His aged and now superannuated mother occupied

a corner of the room, opposite to the place where the distinguished Judge of Connecticut sat. At length he opened the Bible and began to read. The child, which was seated beside him made some disturbance, upon which Mr. Sherman paused and told it to be still. Again he proceeded but again he paused, to reprimand the little offender, whose playful disposition would scarcely permit it to be still. At this time he gently tapped its ear. The blow, if it might be called a blow, caught the attention of his aged mother, who soon with some effort arose and tottered across the room. At length she reached the chair of Mr. Sherman, and in a moment, unexpected to him, she gave him a blow on the ear, with all the power she could summon. "*There,*" said she, "*you strike your child, and I will strike mine.*"

For a moment, the blood was seen rushing to the face of Mr. Sherman; but it was only for a moment, when all was mild and calm as usual. He paused—he raised his spectacles—he cast his eye upon his mother—again it fell upon the book. Perhaps he remembered the injunction, "honor thy mother," and he did honor her; not a word escaped him; but again he calmly pursued the service, and soon after sought ability in prayer, to set an example before his household which should be worthy of their imitation. Such self-possession is rare. Such a victory was worth more than the proudest victory achieved in the field of battle.\*

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### ***Dr. Beattie and his Son.***

DR. BEATTIE relates the following method, which he adopted, to impart instruction to his son :

He had reached his fifth or sixth year, knew the alphabet, and could read a little; but had received no particular information with respect to the author of his being. In the corner of a little garden, without informing any person of the circumstance, I wrote in the mould with my

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\*The above anecdote was originally published by the author in his "*Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.*" It was related to him by a lady who enjoyed a long acquaintance with the family of Judge Sherman.

finger three initials of his name, and sowing garden-cresses in the furrows, covered up the furrows and smoothed the ground. Ten days after, he came running to me with astonishment in his countenance, and told me his name was growing in the garden. I laughed at the report, and seemed inclined to disregard it; but he insisted on my going to see what had happened. "Yea," said I carelessly, on coming to the spot, "I see it is so—but what is there in this worth notice? Is it not mere chance?" and as I went away, he followed me, and taking hold of my coat, said with some degree of earnestness, "It could not be mere chance, for somebody must have contrived matters so as to produce it."

"So you think," said I, "that what appears so regular as the letters of your name, could not be by chance?" "Yea," said he, with firmness, "I think so." "Look at yourself," I replied, "consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs; are they not regular in their appearance and useful to you?" He said they were. "Came you then hither by chance?" said I. "No," he answered, "that cannot be; something must have made me." "And who is that something?" I asked. He said "I don't know." I had now gained the point that I aimed at, and saw that his reason taught him (though he could not express it) that what begins to be must have a cause; and that what is formed with regularity, must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the great Being, who made him and all the world; concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information, as I thought he could, in some measure, comprehend. The lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot it, nor the circumstances that introduced it.

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### *Burning of the Richmond Theatre,*

In the year 1811.

THE house was fuller than on any night of the season. The play was over, and the first act of the pantomime had passed. The second and last had begun. All was yet gaiety, all so far had been pleasure, curiosity was yet alive, and further gratification anticipated—the orchestra

sent forth its sounds of harmony and joy—when the audience perceived some confusion on the stage, and presently a shower of sparks falling from above. Some were startled, others thought it was a scenic exhibition. A performer on the stage received a portion of the burning materials from on high, and it was perceived that others were tearing down the scenery. Some one cried out from the stage that there was no danger. Immediately after, Hopkins Robinson came forward and cried out, “the house is on fire!” pointing to the ceiling where the flames were progressing like wildfire. In a moment all was appalling horror and distress. Robinson handed several persons from the boxes to the stage, as a ready way for their escape. The cry of “Fire! Fire!” ran through the house, mingled with the wailings of females and children. The general rush was to gain the lobbies. It appears from the following description of the house, and the scene that ensued, that this was the cause of the great loss of life.

The general entrance to the pit and boxes was through a door not more than large enough to admit three persons abreast. This outer entrance was within a trifling distance of the pit door, and gave an easy escape to those in that part of the house. But to attain the boxes from the street, it was necessary to descend into a long passage, and ascend again by an angular staircase. The gallery had a distinct entrance, and its occupants escaped. The suffering and death fell on the occupants of the boxes, who, panic struck, did not see that the pit was immediately left vacant, but pressed on to the crowded and tortuous way by which they had entered. The pit door was so near the general entrance, that those who occupied that portion of the house gained the street with ease. A gentleman who escaped from the pit among the last, saw it empty, and when in the street, looked back again upon the general entrance, to the pit and boxes, and the door had not yet been reached by those from the lobbies. A gentleman and lady were saved by being thrown accidentally into the pit; and most of those who perished would have escaped if they had leaped from the boxes, and sought that avenue to the street. But all darted to the lobbies. The stairs were blocked up. All was envelop-

ed in hot scorching smoke and flame. The lights were extinguished by the black and smothering vapor, and the shrieks of despair were appalling. Happy for a moment were those who gained a window, and inhaled the air of heaven. Those who had issued to the street cried to the sufferers to the windows to leap down, and stretched out their arms to save them. Some were seen struggling to gain the apertures to inhale the fresh air. Men, women, and children, precipitated themselves from the first and second stories. Some escaped unhurt—others were killed or mangled by the fall. Some with their clothes on fire, shrieking, leaped from the windows to gain a short reprieve and die in agonies.

“Who can picture,” says a correspondent of the Mirror, “the distress of those, who, unable to gain the windows, or afraid to leap from them, were pent up in the long narrow passages.” The cries of those who reached the upper windows are described as heart-sickening. Many who found their way to the street, were so scorched or burnt as to die in consequence, and some were crushed to death under foot after reaching the outer door.

Add to this mass of suffering, the feelings of those who knew that they had relatives or friends who had gone to the house that night. Such rushed half frantic to the spot with the crowds of citizens from all quarters—while the tolling of bells sounded the knell of death to the heart of the father or mother, whose child had been permitted to visit the theatre on that night of horror.

“As my father was leading me home,” said Mr. Henry Placide, “we saw Mr. Greene, exhausted by previous exertion, leaning on the fence, and looking at the scene of ruin. For all was now one black mass of smoking destruction. ‘Thank God,’ ejaculated Greene, ‘Thank God, I prohibited Nancy from coming to the house to-night! She is safe!’”

Nancy was his only daughter, just springing into womanhood, still at the boarding school of Mrs. Gibson; and as beautiful and lovely a girl as imagination can picture.

Mrs. Gibson and the boarders had made up a party for the theatre that evening, and Nancy Greene asked her father's permission to accompany them. He refused—but

unfortunately added his reason—"the house will be crowded, and you will occupy a seat that would otherwise be paid for." On these words hung the fate of youth, innocence, and beauty. "I will pay for your ticket," said the kind instructress, "we will not leave you behind." The teacher and the pupil were buried in the ruins on which the father gazed, and over which he returned thanks for the safety of his child. He went home and learned the truth.

An instance of the escape of a family is given. The husband, with three children, were in the second boxes; his wife, with a female friend, were in another part of the house. The wife gained a window—leaped out and escaped unhurt. Her friend followed and was killed. The father clasped his two helpless little girls to his breast, and left a boy of twelve years of age to follow; the boy was forced from the father, ran to a window, sprang out, and was safe. The parent with his precious charge, followed the stairway, pressed upon by those behind him, and those who mounted on the heads and shoulders of the crowd before them: he became unconscious, but was still borne along; he was taken up, carried to his bed, and opened his eyes to see all his family safe.

On the contrary, Lieutenant Gibbon, of the Navy, as exemplary in private life, as heroic in the service of his country, and on the brink of a union with Miss Conyers, the pride of Richmond for every accomplishment and virtue, was swept into eternity, while exerting himself to do all that man should do in such trying circumstances. He was with his mother at the theatre, and carried her to a place of safety—then rushed back to save her in whose fate his own was bound up; he caught her in his arms had borne her partly down the staircase, when the steps gave way, and a body of flame swept them to eternity.

Friday, the 27th December, 1811, was a day of mourning to Richmond. The banks and stores were closed. A law was passed prohibiting amusements of every kind for four months. A day was set apart for humiliation and prayer. A monument was resolved on, to be erected to the memory of the dead and the event.

A law passed to prohibit amusements of any kind for *four months*! Would it not have better comported with

~~the~~ deep scene of wretchedness which pervaded that city, ~~not to have prohibited all kinds of amusements for four months—but to have banished the theatre forever?~~

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### *Doing Good.*

HAVING tarried a few days in a beautiful village in the west, I embarked in a vessel that was crossing one of the great lakes. Three other individuals had taken passage, and the night coming on found us waiting for a breeze.

About nine o'clock, as the sails were hoisted, another passenger came on board. When we had cleared the harbor, he entered the cabin, and seemed to suppose that he was alone, for we had all retired to our berths. The lamp was burning dimly on the table, but it afforded sufficient light for me to discover that he was young. Seating himself beside it, he drew forth a book from his pocket, and read a few minutes. Suddenly, from on deck, was heard the voice of the captain, uttering oaths terrific beyond description. The youth arose, laid his book on the chair, and kneeling beside it, in a low whisper engaged in prayer. I listened attentively, and thought his soul seemed to burn within him. I could gather only an occasional word, or part of a sentence: such as "mercy," "dying heathen," "sinners," &c. Presently, he seemed in an agony of spirit for these swearers, and could scarcely suppress his voice, while pleading with God to have mercy on them. My soul was stirred within me. There was a sacredness in this place, and I was self-condemned, knowing that I had also professed the name of Jesus, and had retired with my fellow passengers to rest, not having spoken of God, or committed myself to his care.

Early in the morning, I was waked by a loud voice at the door of the companion-way: "Here! whose tracts are these?" Followed by other voices in threats and imprecations against tract distributors, Bethels, Temperance Societies, &c.

I thought of the young stranger, and feared they would execute their threats upon him; but he calmly said, "Those tracts, sir, are mine: I have but a few, as you see, but they are very good, and you may take one if you."



wish. I brought them on board to distribute, but you were all too busy last night." The sailor smiled, and walked away, making no reply.

We were soon called to breakfast with the captain and mate. When we were seated at the table, "Captain," said our young companion, "as the Lord supplies all our wants, if neither you nor the passengers object, I would like to ask his blessing on our repast."

"If you please," replied the captain with apparent good will. In a few minutes the cook was on deck, and informed the sailors, who were instantly in an uproar, and their mouths filled with curses. The captain attempted to apologize for the profanity of his men, saying it was perfectly common among sailors, and they meant no harm by it.

"With your leave, Captain," said the young stranger, "I think we can put an end to it."

Himself a swearer, and having just apologized for his men, the captain was puzzled for an answer, but after a little hesitation he replied, "I might as well sail against a head wind, as to think of such a thing."

"But I meant all I said," added the young man.

"Well, if you think it possible, you may try it," said the Captain.

As soon as breakfast was over, the oldest and most profane of the sailors seated himself on the quarter deck to smoke his pipe. The young man entered into conversation with him, and soon drew from him a history of the adventures of his life. From his boyhood he had followed the ocean. He had been tossed on the billows, in many a tempest, had visited several missionary stations in different parts of the world, and gave his testimony to the good effects of the missionary efforts among the natives of the Sandwich Islands. Proud of his nautical skill, he at length boasted that he could do anything that could be done by a sailor.

"I doubt it," said the young man.

"I can," answered the hardy tar, "and will not be outdone, my word for it."

"Well, when a sailor passes his word he ought to be believed. I know a sailor, who resolved that he would *stop swearing*; and he did so."

"Ah," said the sailor, "you've *anchored* me ; I'm fast—but I can do it."

"I know you can," said the young man, "and I hope you will anchor all your shipmates oaths with yours."

Not a word of profanity was afterwards heard on board the vessel. During the day as opportunity presented itself, he conversed with each sailor singly on the subject of his soul's salvation, and gained the hearts of all.

By this time, I was much interested in the young stranger, and determined to know more of him. There was nothing prepossessing in his appearance ; his dress was plain, his manners unassuming ; but his influence had by the blessing of God, in a few short hours, totally changed the aspect of our crew. The tiger seemed softened to a lamb, and peace and quiet had succeeded confusion and blasphemy.

After supper, he requested of the captain the privilege of attending worship in the cabin. His wishes were complied with, and soon, all on board except the man at the helm, were assembled. The captain brought out a Bible which he said was given him in early life by his father, with a request that he would never part with it. We listened, as our friend read Matthew's account of Christ's crucifixion and resurrection ; and then looking round upon us, he said, "He is risen—yes, Jesus lives—let us worship him."

It was a melting scene. Knees that seldom bowed before, now knelt at the altar of prayer, while the solemnities of eternity seemed hanging over us. After prayer we went on deck and sung a hymn. It was a happy place, a floating Bethel. Instead of confusion and wrath, there was sweet peace and solemnity. We ceased just as the setting sun was flinging upon us his last and cheering rays.

"Look yonder !" he exclaimed. "You who have been nursed in the storm and cradled in the tempest, look at the setting sun, and learn a lesson that will make you happy, when it shall set to rise no more. As rose that sun this morning, to afford us light and comfort, so has the Son of God arisen, to secure salvation to all who will accept and love him ; and as that sun withdraws his beams, and we are veiled in darknes for a season, so will

the Sun of Righteousness withdraw his offers of mercy, from all who continue to neglect them. But remember, that season is one that never ends—one dark, perpetual night.”

The captain, deeply affected, went into the cabin, lit his lamp, took his Bible, and engaged in reading till we had retired to rest.

In the morning, as soon as we were seated at the breakfast table, the captain invited our friend to ask a blessing. “Gentlemen,” said he, “this is the first time that ever I made such a request, and never till this young man came on board, have I been asked for the privilege of holding prayers, though I have a thousand times expected it, both on the ocean and the lake; and have often cursed religion in my heart, and believed that it was all a delusion. Now I see the influence of the Bible, and though I make no claims to religion myself, I respect it, for my parents were Christians, and though I have never followed their counsels, I cannot forget them.”

And thus for three days, we regularly attended family worship, and had much interesting conversation on various subjects; for there was nothing in the religion of the young man to repress the cheerfulness of social intercourse. From his familiarity with the Bible, his readiness in illustrating its truths, and presenting its motives, and from his fearless, but judicious and persevering steps, we concluded that he was a minister of the Gospel. From all he saw, he gathered laurels to throw at his Master’s feet, and in all his movements aimed to show that eternity was not to be trifled with. A few hours before we arrived in port we ascertained that he was a MECHANIC.

Before we reached the wharf, the captain came forward, and with much feeling, bade him farewell; declared that he was resolved to live as he had done no longer—his wife he said was a Christian, and he meant to go and live with her; and added, “I have had ministers, as passengers, on board of my vessel Sabbath days and week days, but never before have I been reminded of the family altar, where my departed parents knelt.” As we left the vessel, every countenance showed that our friend had, by his decided,

yet mild and Christian faithfulness, won the gratitude of many, and the esteem of all.

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### *Half Ready.*

A MOTHER was seated at a table with her little son, a child about eight years old. She had been reading the Bible to him for some time.—He had been very attentive to what she had said, and seemingly a great deal impressed by it.

"It says in the Scripture," said she, "'Therefore, be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh!'" now this may be said in respect to death, as well as to the coming of the Savior, for we cannot tell how suddenly we may be called away from the world. "Are you ready, my love, if it should please God to take you to himself?"

The child remained silent for a little while, and then replied; "I think, mamma, that I am only about *half ready*."

How many thousands are there just in the same situation as this child? Are there not tens of thousands of professing Christians, who kneel at a throne of grace, who attend divine ordinances, who read the word of God, and are edified by its doctrines and reproofs, and encouraged by its consolations who, were the same question put to them, must be constrained to give the same answer, "I am only *half ready*."

We may gain wisdom from the high and the low, the old and the young; we may gather it from the sayings of the wise man, and glean it from the lisplings of the simple child; therefore, whether you are a youthful pilgrim in the road of life, or whether you have nearly reached the end of your journey, let much more of your thoughts be given to the subject of death and eternity, so that, should the question be put to you, "Are you prepared to die?" You may be able to give a satisfactory answer, and not be compelled to reply, "Alas I am only about *half ready*."

## *Cultivation of Conscience.*

CONSCIENCE, as we all know, may be listened to or disregarded ; and in this, habit has great influence. The following story, from the *Juvenile Miscellany*, illustrates this.

“A lady who found it difficult to awake so early as she desired in the morning, purchased an alarm watch. This kind of watch is so contrived as to strike with a very loud whizzing noise at any time the owner pleases. The lady placed the watch at the head of the bed, and at the appointed time, she found herself effectually roused by the loud rattling sound. She immediately obeyed the summons, and felt the better all day for her early rising. This continued for several weeks. The alarm watch faithfully performed its office, and was distinctly heard so long as it was promptly obeyed. But, after a time, the lady grew tired of early rising, and, when awakened by the noisy monitor, merely turned herself and slept again. In a few days, the watch ceased to arouse her from slumber. It spoke as loudly as ever, but she did not hear it because she had acquired the habit of disobeying it. Finding that she might just as well be without an alarm watch, she formed the wise resolution, that, if she ever heard the sound again, she would jump up instantly, and she would never allow herself to disobey the friendly warning.

“Just so it is with conscience. If we obey its dictates, even to the most trifling particulars, we always hear its voice clear and strong. But if we allow ourselves to do what we fear is not quite right, we shall grow more and more sleepy, until the voice of conscience has no longer any power to waken us.”

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## *On Chastising Children.*

ABOVE twenty years ago, being in the habits of intimacy and connexion in civil life with a respectable gentleman, he one day, in conversation on family affairs, related, with tears, a transaction between himself and one of his sons, a fine boy, about ten or eleven years of age. The

son was by no means the lowest in the esteem of his father, but had a full share of his affection.

~~To~~ It happened one day that the boy told an untruth knowingly, which afterwards came to the knowledge of his father, who determined to chastise him severely for it.

He took the boy and an instrument of correction into a chamber, and there reprimanded him, by setting forth the exceeding heinousness of the sin against God, and the danger thereby of his own soul. He then proceeded to the distressing work of correction, (I have no doubt that every stroke was as afflictive to the parent as to the child;) after which, on leaving the room, the father began to fear that he had exceeded a due measure, (which I conceived was an excess of parental affection,) he made as though he was going down the stairs after shutting the door; but pausing a little, he returned softly to the door, where he waited some time, hearing the sobbing and crying of the boy. After a while the Father heard a movement and began to think of retreating, but after descending a step or two, he heard his son speak, on which he softly resumed his former station, and looking through the key-hole of the door, perceived his son on his knees, acknowledging his guilt and shame before God, and praying for forgiveness; thanking God for favoring him with such a father as would not suffer sin upon him: also praying for his brothers and family.

To parents, it is unnecessary to dwell on the feelings of an affectionate father under such circumstances, the language of whom corresponds with that of his heavenly Father:—"As many as I love I rebuke and chasten"—"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."—Psalm ciii. 13.

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### *Regina, the German Girl.*

MANY years ago, several German families left their country and settled in North America. Amongst these was a man from Wurtemburgh, who, with his wife and a large family, established himself in Pennsylvania. There were no churches or schools then in that neighborhood, and he was obliged to be satisfied with keeping the Sab-

bath at home with his family, and instructing them himself to read the Bible and pray to God. He used very often to read the Bible to them, and always used first to say, "Now, my children, be still and listen to what I am going to read, for it is God who speaks to us in this book." In the year 1754, a dreadful war broke out in Canada, between the French and English. The Indians took the side of the French, and made excursions as far as Pennsylvania, where they plundered and burned the houses they came to, and murdered the people. In 1755, they reached the dwelling of the poor family from Wurtemberg, while the wife and one of the sons were gone to a mill, a few miles distant, to get some corn ground. The husband, the eldest son, and two little girls, named Barbara and Regina, were at home. The father and his son were instantly killed by the savages, but they carried the two little girls away into captivity, with a great many other children who were taken in the same manner. They were led many miles through the woods and thorny bushes, that nobody might follow them. In this condition they were brought to the habitation of the Indians, who divided amongst themselves all the children whom they had taken captives.

Barbara was at this time ten years old, and Regina nine. It was never known what became of Barbara: but Regina, with a little girl of two years old, whom she had never seen before, were given to an old widow, who was a very cruel woman. Her only son lived with her and maintained her, but he was sometimes from home for weeks together, and then these poor children were forced to go into forests to gather roots and other provisions for the old woman, and when they did not bring her enough to eat, she would beat them in so cruel a manner, that they were near being killed. The little girl always kept close to Regina, and when she knelt down under a tree, and repeated those prayers to the Lord Jesus, and those hymns which her father had taught her, then the little girl prayed with her, and learned the hymns and prayers by heart. In this melancholy state of slavery, these children remained nine long years, till Regina reached the *age of nineteen*, and her little companion was eleven years old. They were both fine looking girls, particularly

Regina. While captives, their hearts seemed to have always been drawn towards what was good. Regina continually repeated the verses from the Bible, and the hymns which she had learned when at home, and she had taught them to the little girl. They used to cheer each other with one hymn from the hymn book used at Halle in Germany :

" Alone, yet not alone am I,  
Though in this solitude so drear."

She constantly hoped that the Lord Jesus would, sometime, bring them back to their Christian friends. In 1764, their hope was realized. The merciful providence of God brought the English Colonel Boquet to the place where they were in captivity. He conquered the Indians, and forced them to ask for peace. The first condition he made was, that they should restore all the prisoners they had taken. Thus the two poor girls were released. More than four hundred captives were brought to Colonel Boquet. It was a woful sight to see so many young people wretched and distressed. The colonel and his soldiers gave them food and clothes, and Colonel Boquet brought them all to a town called Carlisle, and published in the Pennsylvania newspapers, that all parents who had lost their children might come to this place, and in case of their finding them, they should be restored to them. Poor Regina's sorrowing mother came, among many other bereaved parents, to Carlisle ; but, alas ! her child had become a stranger to her. Regina had acquired the appearance and manner, as well as the language of the natives. the poor mother went up and down amongst the young persons assembled, but by no efforts could she discover her daughters. She wept in bitter grief and disappointment. Colonel Boquet said, " Do you recollect *nothing* by which your children might be discovered ?" She answered that she recollected nothing but a hymn, which she used often to sing with them, and which was as follows :

" Alone, yet not alone am I,  
Though in this solitude so drear ;  
I feel my Savior always nigh,  
He comes the weary hours to cheer.  
I am with him, and he with me,  
Ev'n here alone, I cannot be."



The Colonel desired her to sing this hymn. *Scarcely* had the mother sung two lines of it, when Regina rushed from the crowd, began to sing it also and threw herself into her mother's arms. They both wept for joy, and the colonel restored the daughter to her mother. But there were no parents or friends in search of the other little girl; and it was supposed that they were all murdered; and now the child clung to Regina, and would not let her go; and Regina's mother, though very poor, took her home with her. Regina repeatedly asked after "the book in which God speaks to us." But her mother did not possess a Bible; she had lost every thing when the natives burnt her house. She resolved to go to Philadelphia and buy one there, but the pastor Muhlenburg, of that place, gave her one. It was most extraordinary that Regina still retained her early instructions, and was able to read it immediately.

In how remarkable a manner did the Lord realize his words, "Every one that seeketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened."

And what reward did the mother, who had diligently taught her children while yet in infancy, the word of God, receive in finding her lost daughter, by means of those instructions? Why do so many parents forget to communicate this best of gifts to their children? To dress and adorn them, to leave to them earthly treasures, to advance them in their life to honor and dignities—these they trouble themselves much about: but to teach them to know their Savior, to pray to him, to believe in him, to love and obey him; how many forget *these* things! But what folly! For, "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

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### *A Scottish Legend.*

A MARRIED couple of the Scottish highlanders had three, at first their only child, each dying at an early age. Upon the death of the last, the father became boisterous, and uttered his complaints in the loudest tones.

The death of the child happened late in the spring, when, in the more inhabited straths, sheep were abroad; but from the blasts in that high and stormy region, they were still confined in the cot. In a dismal, stormy evening, the man, unable to stifle his anguish, went out, lamenting aloud, for a lamb to treat his friends with at the wake (or funeral feast.) At the door of the cot he found a stranger standing before the entrance. He was astonished, in such a night, so far from any frequented place! The stranger was plainly attired, but he had a countenance expressive of singular mildness and benevolence; and, addressing the father in a sweet impressive voice, asked what he did there, amidst the tempest.

He was filled with awe, which he could not account for, and said he came for a lamb.

"What kind of a lamb do you mean to take?" said the stranger.

"The very best that I can find," he replied; "as it is to entertain my friends; and I hope you will share of it."

"Do your sheep make any resistance when you take away the lambs?"

"Never," was the answer.

"How differently am I treated," said the traveler, "when I come to visit my sheep-fold, I take, as I am well entitled to do, the best lamb to myself, and my ears are filled with the clamor of discontent by these ungrateful sheep, whom I have fed, watched, and protected."

He looked up in amazement, but ——— the vision had fled.

### *Paine and the Bible.*

"ABOUT twenty years ago," says one, "passing the house where Thomas Paine boarded, the low window was open, and seeing him sitting close by, I stepped in. Seven or eight of his friends were present, whose doubts and his own he was laboring to remove, by a long talk about Joshua commanding the sun and moon to stand still; and concluded by denouncing the Bible as the worst of books, and that it had occasioned more mischief and bloodshed than any book ever printed, and was be-

lieved only by fools and knaves. Here he paused ; and while he was replenishing his tumbler with his favorite brandy and water, a person asked Mr. Paine if he ever was in Scotland ? The answer was, " Yes." " So have I," continued the speaker ; " and the Scotch are the greatest bigots about the Bible I ever met ;—it is their school book ; their houses and churches are furnished with Bibles, and if they travel but a few miles from home, their Bible is always their companion ; yet in no other country where I have traveled, have I seen the people so comfortable and happy. Their poor are not in such abject poverty as I have seen in other countries. By their bigoted custom of going to church on Sundays, they save the wages which they earn through the week, which, in other countries that I have visited, are generally spent by mechanics and other young men, in taverns and frolics, on Sundays ; and of all the foreigners who land on our shores, none are so much sought after for servants, and fill places where trust is reposed, as the Scotch. You rarely find them in taverns, the watch-house, the almshouse, bridewell, or prison. Now, if the Bible is so bad a book, those who use it most would be the worst of people ; but the reverse is the case." This was a sort of argument Paine was not prepared to answer, and an historical fact which could not be denied ; so, without saying a word, he lifted a candle from the table and walked up stairs. His disciples slipped out one by one, and left the speaker and myself to enjoy the scene."

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### *Rum Selling.*

DURING the last month, I called at the shop of a deacon in this city, and the following dialogue ensued between us.

" Pray, deacon," said I, " do you continue to sell rum ?"

" Why, yes, sir ;" he replied, " I sell a little."

" I looked over your bills last evening," I continued. " and I find I paid you more than \$400 for grain last year, and I have paid you nearly that amount annually for several years. I must quit, deacon, unless you give up the sale of spirits."

"Really, Mr. Sargent, I don't sell much. I should be very sorry to lose your custom."

"It is of no importance, deacon, how much or how little you sell. It is a scandal to the cause of religion to have deacons selling rum. I had rather ten common persons should sell it than one deacon. You have confessed to me that your clergyman disapproves of your conduct, and has talked with you on the subject."

"Why, Mr. Sargent, it would be a great loss to me, to give it up, my grain customers would go to other stores, and—"

"Dacon, I am astonished to hear you talk in this manner. I should have quitted you long ago, but for the hope of prevailing upon you to give up this ugly business. We have talked upon this subject frequently.—I at one time supposed you would give it up, when poor Johnson died."

"Well, I don't know as t'was ever proved he had his liquor at my shop."

"No, deacon, it was never *proved* except by his *dying declaration*. Johnson was not a very intemperate man; he had money laid up in the Savings Bank; he was driving a load of manure into the country, and bought a bottle of gin at your shop. He drank till he was drunk, fell over the tongue of his wagon, in attempting to jump upon it, and was crushed beneath the wheels. This happened within a few rods of my own residence, in Roxbury. This poor fellow was removed to the poor-house, and died there a few days after!"

"I really don't want to lose your custom, Mr. Sargent."

"Well, deacon, I will not drive you to a decision in this sudden manner. Think of it seriously, and I believe you will give it up. It is a horrible occupation for a deacon. I will call to learn your determination in a few days."

At the end of three days I called again. The deacon came readily to the side of my chaise, as I drew up before his door.

"Well, deacon," said I, "what is your decision?"

"Why, I've pretty much made up my mind to give that up."

"Really, deacon," said I, "I am rejoiced."

"Oh, sir," cried the deacon, hastily interrupting me, "not the traffic, but *my office in the church!*"

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### ***A Thoughtless Husband.***

ONE of our pious neighbors, says a correspondent of the "Tract Magazine," had a poor woman working at her house, with whom she took occasion to converse respecting the salvation of her soul. The woman appeared much interested in the conversation, but expressed her regret that she was not able to read. In the course of the day some portions of the New Testament were read to her. "Dear!" said the woman, "what a nice book that is! how I should like to have a copy of it for my husband; he can read, and if you will procure me one, I will pay you by a little at a time." "Verry well," said the friend, "take this home with you." In the evening, she returned to her husband, and showed him the prize. "What is this?" said the man. "A New Testament." "Have you bought it?" "Yes."—"Ah! I wish you had not; it is a waste of money. The book is not worth anything." "Quite the contrary," replied the wife; "there are good things in it, I have heard them myself, and if you will search for them you will find them—they are there." The earnest persuasion of his wife prevailed. He opened the book, and providentially, the first passage that caught his eye was, "A certain blind man sat by the way-side begging; and hearing a multitude pass by, he asked what it meant; and they told him that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by; and he cried, saying, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me!" This was irresistible; the attraction fastened him to the book, and he continued reading for hours; and when he finished for the night, he said, "Well there are good things in it indeed; the book is above all price."

What a hint is this to pious women, whose husbands are not religious! And what a rebuke does it furnish to many professors of the gospel, who have poor ignorant people working in their houses, or gardens, or shops, or factories, to whom they have never read a chapter, and to whom they have never spoken a word respecting the sal-

vation of their souls ! O, ye disciples of Christ, awake ! awake from your lethargy. Put on the spirit of your Master, and live not unto yourselves, but to him. He marks the cold-hearted indifference with which many treat his blessed service; and he sees with smiles of approbation the feeblest effort which is made to glorify his name.

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### ***Family Prayer by Men of Business.***

THE following deeply interesting illustration of the blessedness of family prayer, *before entering upon business*, will be read with profit.

Said a pious tradesman (in England) to a clergyman :—When I first began business for myself, I was determined, through grace, to be particularly conscientious with respect to family prayer.

“Accordingly, I persevered for many years in the delightful practice of domestic worship. Morning and evening every member of my family was ordered always to be present ; nor would I allow my apprentices to be absent on any account. In a few years the advantages of these engagements appeared manifestly conspicuous ; the blessings of the upper and nether springs followed me ; health and happiness attended my family, and prosperity my business. At length, such was my rapid increase in trade, and the necessity of devoting every possible moment to my customers, that I began to think whether family prayer did not occupy too much of our time in the morning.

“Pious scruples arose respecting my intentions of relinquishing this part of my duty ; but, at length, worldly interests prevailed so far, as to induce me to excuse the attendance of my apprentices, and not long after, it was deemed advisable, for the more eager prosecution of our business, to make the prayer with my wife, when we arose in the morning, suffice for the day. Notwithstanding the repeated checks of conscience that followed this base omission, the calls of a flourishing concern, and the prospect of an increasing family, appeared so imperious and commanding, that I found an easy excuse for this

fatal evil, especially as I did not omit prayer altogether. My conscience was now almost seared with a hot iron; when it pleased the Lord to awaken me by a singular providence.

“One day I received a letter from a young man who had formerly been my apprentice, previously to my omitting family prayer. Not doubting but I continued domestic worship, his letter was chiefly on this subject; it was couched in the most affectionate and respectful terms; but judge of my surprise and confusion, when I read these words; “O my dear master, never, never shall I be able sufficiently to thank you for the precious privilege with which you indulged me in your family devotions. O, sir, eternity will be too short to praise my God for what I learnt there. It was there I first beheld my lost and wretched state as a sinner, it was there that I first knew the way of salvation, and there that I first experienced the preciousness of “Christ in me the hope of glory.” O, sir! permit me to say, never, never, never neglect those precious engagements; you have yet a family and more apprentices; may your house be the birth-place of their souls!” I could read no further; every line flashed condemnation in my face, I trembled—I shuddered—I was alarmed at the blood of my children and apprentices, that I apprehended was soon to be demanded at my hands!

“Filled with confusion, and bathed in tears, I fled for refuge in secret. I spread the letter before God. I agonized, and—but you can better conceive, than I describe my feelings; suffice it to say, that light broke in upon my disconsolate soul, a sense of blood bought pardon was obtained, &c. I immediately flew to my family, presented them before the Lord, and from that day to the present, I have been faithful, and am determined, through grace, that whenever business becomes too large to interfere with family prayer, *I will give up the superfluous part of my business and retain my devotion*; better to lose a few shillings, than become the deliberate murderer of my family, and the instrument of ruin to my soul.

### ***The Suicide and the Universalist.***

A pastor who would be faithful to his vows and still preserve the friendship of men, is often tried severely. Duty and interest, conscience and inclination frequently come in conflict, and he does well who finds grace to stand by his Master, come what may.

One of the sorest of these trials in my experience was a call to preach the funeral sermon over a man who had committed suicide. The miserable wretch who had thus introduced himself prematurely into the presence of his Judge, had been a man of respectability, and except for his own recklessness and madness might have been a comfort to his family and friends. But he went the way of thousands—the broad road of intemperance was more inviting than the narrow path of virtue, and he rushed into it dragging along with him the prospects of his family, and making wreck of his little property, his character and health; and plunging from one depth of misery to another still deeper, he took at last the fatal leap into the bottomless pit. It was the natural and expected end of his profligate career. He was found hanging in his barn, and his family, though shocked at the discovery, were doubtless relieved of a burden and curse when a husband and father was brought in dead.

A neighbor of his, a noted Universalist and reviler of all gospel ministers, came to me with the request that I would preach a sermon at the funeral of this wretched suicide. It was a novel request—it was usual to bury such persons without public notice—certainly very unusual to have a sermon at the funeral, and it was stranger still that this leading Universalist, whose principles were well known, should come to one whose views were like mine, to find a preacher for the occasion. But his object appeared evident. He knew that ministers are usually tender of the feelings of surviving friends; that they are disinclined to speak of the future state of those who die impenitent, and it was then clear, and I never had reason to question the conclusion, that he wished to put me under the necessity of covering over the doom of the suicide, that he might boast that a preacher of *eternal misery* would not dare to bring his creed to the test of actual



experiment. The Universalist knew that if any man went to hell, that poor wretch who lived a drunkard and died by his own hand had gone there; and he knew that if it was right to speak of impenitent sinners perishing, it was right to speak of this suicide as lost. If, therefore, the preacher should only in general terms present his views of truth, and in tenderness to the feelings of others and impelled by a desire, more or less common to all, not to give offence, should prophecy smooth things to the assembly, the Universalist leader would have whereof to glory, and would be cunning enough to make the most of the opportunity. I readily consented to perform the desired service, and as there was but little time left for preparation, I set about the work without delay. The difficulty of the position embarrassed me, and I began to regret that the task had not been assigned in Providence to some one else. But the path of duty was plain, and seeking grace for the day, I determined to walk in it and leave the consequences to him who knows the end from the beginning.

The passage that first suggested itself was seized upon as the most appropriate theme of remark, and having, by study and prayer, made ready for the work, I went to the house of death, not mourning, to deliver the message. The few seats that could be furnished were soon filled, and the Universalist chose a position a few feet in front, and fixing his attention, stood up straight before the speaker. After prayer I announced the text, "Rev. xxi. 8: But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and MURDERERS, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death." I may not speak of the sermon, but the text was a thunderbolt. It needed no sermon. The *unbeliever* was there and his doom was pronounced with that of the murderer. He seemed confounded at the very annunciation of the subject, and the triumph of the truth over his intended boasting was complete. It was natural from such a text to define the characters mentioned, and to follow them to their own place; to show that even for such sinners, salvation had been provided, but as its offers were always conditional, those only could

that saved who complied with the condition ; that life was the period of probation, and as death leaves us, judgment and eternity will find us ; that he who lived a life of besotted sin, and died in the act of murder, left the strongest of all possible evidence that he had never accepted the terms on which salvation was offered, and therefore it was impossible to believe that he had by the means of a halter, hastened his admission to the kingdom of God in heaven. The very thought was revolting, and common sense as well as religion rejected the belief that such a sinner, unrepenting and unbelieving, with the blood of his own soul on his hands, was now rejoicing with the spirits of the just before the Lamb. To this truth, the assembly assented almost audibly, and following up the impression evidently made, I came to the conclusion that if one sinner is lost, *Universalism is a fable* ; but they had just consciously admitted that the self-murderer could not be received into heaven, and therefore the inference was inevitable that there is a hell for the ungodly. This being settled, it was only necessary to consult the Bible to find who are in danger of this lake of fire which the text declares is the second death. And the word of God includes all thus exposed under one condemnation : "He that believeth not shall be damned." There were many unbelievers before me, "condemned already," and with the evidence almost palpable to the senses, pressing their consciences, I besought them to flee from the wrath to come.

I have always had abundant reason for gratitude that I was thus enabled to declare the whole counsel of God, in an hour when the tempter urged me to conceal the truth from fear of man, and have put these facts on record for the encouragement of others in a similar strait.

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### *The Intemperate.*

How often are we called upon to follow to the silent tomb, the remains of a friend or relative, whose thread of life has been cut short by the fatal indulgence in strong drinks ? As his remains are there deposited, how the thought thrills through the heart and chills the red cur,

rent of life as we look into that dread and cheerless chamber from which a low whisper seems to arise, "I fill a drunkard's grave." Not a ray of hope breaks through the thick darkness which gathers there—all is gloom, despair and anguish. The mind, on such an occasion, involuntarily reverts to the bright visions and rainbow promises which a fond mother saw dancing in his path, when for the first time she clasped its inmate to her bosom in ecstasy of joy, and her tender embrace awoke the first smile that played around its cherub lips, and lit up his blue eye with the fire of natural affection, as the tear of anxious love coursed the maternal cheek, and bedewed the tiny hand upraised to receive the first impress of a mother's love. And then as it advanced in years and increased in loveliness, how she watched its opening charms and marked each new developement of intelligence—how her eye beamed with joy and her heart beat with rapture, when with tottering step it escaped from her embrace, and tried its own unaided powers—we now see her with winning expressions alluring it from one position to another, while she guards its every step, and stands ready with extended arms to break its fall.

Imagination pictures her at the bedside—her darling is parched with a fever or racked with pain—she parts the ringlets that fall in disorder about his face, and places her tear-moistened cheek beside his fevered brow, and lulls him to sleep. The smile of playful happiness is now changed for a countenance of anxious sorrow, and the tear of joy gives place to that of poignant grief. She watches with solicitude its every change. Does it show signs of pain? 'Tis a barbed arrow in her bosom. Does it smile, as its eye rests upon her well-known features? Her countenance is lit up with hope and gladness as suddenly as the sun breaks through an April cloud. It is restored to health, and under her maternal guidance passes from infancy to youth, and from youth to manhood.

Now he launches his frail bark upon the broad and boisterous waters of uncertain life—cut loose, as it were, from parental restraint. Her solicitude increases with each returning day, as she sees dangers and temptations thicken around him. When the morning of the hallow-

on Sabbath returns, she is seen leaning upon his arm as they wend their way to the house of God. There seated, her first prayer is "Father protect my son."

Years pass. Time has ploughed many and deep furrows on her cheek, and the frost of age is scattered thick upon her head. Weighed down by grief and years, we now see her by the light of yon pale taper, with bended knee, clasped hands, and up-turned eyes, beside the bed of her dying child—we hear her prayer—"My Father, save, oh save my son!" But it is too late. Breaking through the restraints, the advices and admonitions of even a mother's love—in an evil hour he listened to the voice of the seducer, neglected his business, forgot the endearments of home and the society of a dotting mother, and became the attendant at the ale-house and tavern, and the companion of those who tarry long at the wine cup. He dies. All that now remains of that once lovely boy, that engaging youth, that affectionate son, is a most unlovely mass—a bloated corpse. We with her stand around his grave, and pay the last tribute to his memory, and the awful reality flashes upon the mind.

Now see that mother as she stands supported by the arm of a stranger beside the open grave of an only son, "and he the child of a widow." Hear her sobs, her sighs, her throbbing heart! See her heaving bosom, her bended form and tottering limbs—and mark her convulsed frame, as the man of God pronounces the solemn words, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust." It falls with leaden weight upon her inmost soul as the sound of the earth upon his coffin reaches her ear. Nature can bear no more—she shrieks—she faints—she falls. The sequel is soon told. That stone marks the grave of a drunkard, and that the resting place of a broken-hearted mother! *It is known by its fruits.*

### ***Christ stilling the Tempest.***

It was the lone hour of the night. The disciples had entered into a ship with their master, and were pleasantly sailing upon the sea of Tiberias. Jesus was asleep in

the vessel. But suddenly the smooth water was changed into a wild waste of foaming surge. Clouds, black and heavy, came upon the sky, borne on the rising wind. Darkness threw a mantle of gloom over the moon and stars. Billows, heaving, beat against the lowering sky. The wild whistle of the blast, the "voice of many waters," and the cries of the pale mariners answered to the rattling thunder. The creaking of the mast, the snapping of the whole ship, sounded like death-knells to the terrified fishermen. The spirit of destruction rode upon the tempest, hurling abroad red bolted terrors. The ship now rose upon the high waves, tossed into the clouds, then plunged into the yawning caverns of the deep. The disciples, tremblingly alive to their danger, ran with haste to Jesus, and, rousing him from his sweet slumbers, said, "Lord save us, we perish?" Then he arose, and stood upon the prow of the sinking bark. Behold him, as the lightning blazes, 'midst the fury and darkness of the storm, wet with the dashing spray, and his raven locks streaming in the fierce wind! With a loud voice he rebuked the raging tempest, and said to the mountain floods which were breaking over him, "Peace, be still!" Then the proud thunder stole into the cave of silence, the lightning buried itself in the bosom of the dark clouds, and both fled on swift pinions. The foaming billows laid themselves down to rest, "and there was a great calm." Was he a mere man, whom the wind and the sea obeyed? No. "Thou, O Lord of Hosts, rulest the raging of the sea, when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them." God was there in the majesty of his power.

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### ***The Clock.***

CLOCKS are of various kinds. Some are of wood, some are brass, some of wood and ivory; others of various substances. They usually beat or tick once in a second: but sometimes twice. In order to have them continue to beat, they must be wound up once in twenty-four or thirty hours. One kind, however, will run eight days without winding up. If a good clock is wound up at

~~suitable~~ times, it will run twenty or thirty years and ~~sometimes~~ longer. This, some of you may say, is wonderful; but I can tell you something which is more wonderful still. There is a kind of machine which will run months and years without winding up at all. A *machine*, did I say? There are several hundred millions of them. They do not *beat* slower than a clock, the smaller ones faster. *Mine* beats just about once in a second, or sixty times in a minute. Some of them run one year; others not so long; others again ten, twenty, fifty, and occasionally more than a hundred years. One in England, a few years ago, run one hundred and sixty-nine years.

Do you think I am jesting? By no means. The *human heart*, in an adult; beats sixty times in a minute, or once in a second; in a child, the motion is much swifter. I know a man who is over ninety-seven years old. His machine, or *heart*, has therefore beat constantly ninety-seven years.

It would be curious to estimate the number of times the heart of that old man has beat in his whole life. But this cannot be done with exactness, because it has beat sometimes faster than at others. But it has always beat at least sixty times in a minute; this is 3,600 times an hour, 86,400 times a-day, 31,547,600 times a-year; and during ninety-seven years, 3,061,087,200. Even now the machine is not quite worn out. It may last to one hundred years, and perhaps longer. The owner can walk a half a mile or a mile at a time, and perform considerable light labor in the course of a day.

### *Seek in the Right Place.*

My grandfather one night had lost his spectacles, and two or three of us undertook to find them; but, after looking for some time to no purpose, we gave up the search, and my grandfather at last found them on the top of his own wig. We all had a hearty laugh, in which he as heartily joined, and he then began to talk to us on the advantage, when any thing was lost, of looking in the proper place; and he thus proceeded:—

“Once I remember losing a crown-piece, and setting a servant to find it. He pulled about the chairs and tables, removed my writing-desk, took up the fender, and rummaged the room thoroughly, making a great bustle, and wondering how it could be that the crown-piece was not to be found. Still he did not find it for me though he said he had looked every where, and so he had, every where but *in the right place*, and that was his own *waistcoat pocket*, for there I understood it was all the time ; so that he need not have wondered so very much at his not being able to find it.

“You may depend upon it, that this looking for things in the wrong place is a very general failing among us all.

“When a poor man finds that poverty has made his own house uncomfortable, where does he look for comfort? Too frequently at the public-house. Away he goes with what little he has got, and sitting himself down in the corner by the fire, he calls for his pint of ale. While he sits drinking, a friend pops in that he has not seen for some time, so they must have another pint between them; and then, as their hearts grow warm, and the remembrance of their troubles passes away, it becomes next to impossible to leave a pleasant companion, and a pint of fresh ale, and a good fire, for an uncomfortable and cheerless home. Another pint is called for; one sings ‘Begone, dull care,’ and the other some foolish song. The poor man, at last rises to go, but his friend reminds him that it may be long before they meet again, and proposes a parting pint. The parting pint is brought in, and at a late hour, the poor fellow reels home to a poor habitation, and a wretched family, that he has made poorer and rendered more wretched by his intemperance. Why, this poor man finds out, to his sorrow, that he has not been looking for comfort *in the right place*.

“Almost all young people indulge in dreams that are in themselves useless. When they hear of the wide world, they think what great things they would do, if they were here, or there, or yonder ; or, if they had this, or that, or the other. But depend upon it, almost all that is worth having ; or at least, all that would be good for us to possess, may be obtained wherever we are, if we seek for it, by diligently and uprightly using the faculties

God has given us, and look to him for his blessing. We may look for a thousand things, in a thousand way, but it will be in vain, if we neglect to look for them in the right place.

"This is a subject on which I ought to manifest much forbearance, for it would not be right in me to be severe upon others, for doing that which I have so frequently done myself. Many years was I looking for peace, and found it not; and the only reason that I did not find it was, that I did not look for it in the right place; if I had, I doubt not that I should have found it.

"First, I thought that money would assuredly give it me, and I set to work, determined that whoever might be poor, I would not; and if working hard, and spending little, is the way to obtain riches, I verily believe I should have been rich, had it not occurred that one day, opening the Bible, I read about the rich man in the parable. This account, and the verse that told me it was easier 'for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven,' so started me, that I was afraid to be rich, lest when I died, my riches might bear testimony against me, that I had not relieved the wants of the distressed, and made a good use of my riches.

"Well, thought I, if riches will not do, I will get reputation. I will be clever at a thousand things, and shall then have enough to occupy and amuse; I shall be at peace. But somehow, the thought of another world followed me, though I might be at peace in this world, I should not on that account, have any certainty of being at peace in another.

"Just at this time too; I picked up Æsop's Fables, and read of the cat and the fox. The cat had but one resort, the fox had a thousand; but when the hounds came in sight, the cat with her one resort, ran up a tree and saved her life, while the poor fox, with his thousand resorts, was overtaken, and torn in a thousand pieces. I then gave up my intention of being clever at so many things.

"My next determination was to make friends, for I thought they would increase my joys, and solace me in my sorrows, as well as give me the best advice in obtaining peace. Alas! I soon found that one friend was called



away ; a second quarreled with me, and became my enemy, and a third died ; so that I plainly saw it would be folly to depend upon my friends for peace ; and that I must certainly have looked in the wrong place to find it.

“ One Sabbath afternoon, I heard a sermon from the text, ‘ There is no peace to the wicked ;’ thus I was instructed, that where wickedness was, peace could never dwell. This brought me back again to my Bible, where I read of that ‘ peace which passes all understanding.’ So seeing that I had all along sought for peace, every where but *in the right place*, I sought it where it is to be found, and that is in the gospel of our Redeemer, which tells us, ‘ that Jesus Christ came into the world to receive sinners.’ I had before been instructed that I was a sinner, but now I was taught to feel it, and the promises of the gospel brought home to my heart, by the influences of the Holy Spirit, gave me that peace which the world giveth not, and cannot take away. Be assured, if with sincerity you seek in the same place, you will also find it, for, ‘ he that seeketh shall find, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.’

“ The Bible asks, ‘ Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?’ And truly we may as reasonably expect them to do this, as to hope that we shall ever find many things, that we want in the places we seek to obtain them. No, no ; we shall never find them till we look *in the right place* for them ; what a long story I have made about seeking things in the right place, and all because I happened to lose, for a minute or two, my poor spectacles. Well ! what I have said will not be in vain, if it teach you to be a little more careful in seeking things aright.

“ If you want money, seek it by diligence in your calling, and habits of frugality ; if you want reputation, seek it by punctuality and integrity, and by the determination to excel in all you undertake ; if you want friends, seek them by endeavoring to deserve them ; but, if you want peace, you may look for it every way, and in every place in vain, unless you seek it from the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for our sins and rose again for our justification.

“ You must remember that I did not look for my spectacles before I found that I had lost them ; and so in like

manner no one will seek for any thing heartily, until he feels the want of it.

I ~~My~~ dear children, you will not seek peace until you have ~~known~~ sorrow; you will not seek a Savior until you know yourselves to be sinners; for until then, you will feel no want of the one or the other.

“The wide world is before you, many are its pleasures and many are its pains; both are necessary, because both of them, through the grace of God, when sanctified to our souls, are made instrumental in doing us good, the former by making our hearts grateful, the latter by showing us our own weakness. But when the pleasures and pains of this world are passed, we shall enter on the pleasures or the pains of a world that is eternal. What an overwhelming subject is this for our reflection, and how is it that it does not, frequently as we are reminded of it, occupy more of our attention? Surely, if it did, we should be diligent in our inquiries after the best information upon it; and be anxious to seek in *the right place*, for that peace and assurance which can alone be obtained through the blood of the cross; which God alone can give, and which he will never withhold from those who seek it in sincerity and truth. Seek it thus in your earliest days, and as sure as your grandfather is talking to you, so surely you shall find it.”

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### *Serious Repartee.*

A LADY traveling in the stage, in company with Mr. James Hervey, (author of Meditations) expatiated largely on the pleasure derived from theatrical amusements: they afford me, says she, three sources of pleasure.—The pleasure of anticipation, before I attend:—the pleasure I enjoy while present:—and the pleasure of reflecting on the subject, the next day. Mr. H. observed, Madam, there is one source of pleasure you have omitted. She asked with surprise what that could be? He replied, the pleasure it will afford you on a *dying bed*. This struck her with force, and was instrumental of making her hopefully pious.

### ***On the re-union of good men in a Future State.***

IF the mere conception of the re-union of good men in a future state infused a momentary rapture in the mind of Tully ; if any speculation, for there is reason to fear it had little hold on his convictions, could inspire him with such delight, what may we be expected to feel who are assured of such an event by *the true sayings of God*. How should we rejoice in the prospect of spending a blissful eternity, with those whom we loved on earth, of seeing them emerge from the ruins of the tomb, and the deeper ruins of the fall, not only uninjured, but refined and perfected, "with every tear wiped from their eyes," standing before the throne of God and the Lamb. What delight will it afford to renew the sweet counsel we have taken together, to recount the toils of combat, and the labor of the way, and to approach the throne of God, in company, in order to join in the symphonies of heavenly voices, and lose ourselves amidst the splendors and fruitions of the beatific vision !

To that state all the pious on earth are tending ; and if there is a law from whose operation none are exempt, which irresistibly conveys their bodies to darkness and to dust, there is another, not less certain or less powerful, which conducts their spirits to the abode of bliss, the bosom of their Father and their God. The wheels of nature are not made to roll backward ; every thing presses on towards eternity ; from the birth of time an impetuous current has set in, which bears all the sons of men towards that interminable ocean. Meanwhile, heaven is attracting to itself whatever is congenial to its nature, is enriching itself by the spoils of earth, and collecting within its capacious bosom whatever is pure, permanent, and divine, leaving nothing for the last fire to consume, but the objects and the slaves of concupiscence.

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### ***The Executioner's Trumpet.***

JEROME used to say, that it seemed to him as if the trumpet of the last day was always sounding in his ears.

saying, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment." The generality, however, think but little of this awful and important period. A christian King of Hungary, being ~~very sad and pensive~~, his brother, who was a gay courtier, was desirous of knowing the cause of his sadness. "Oh, brother," said the King, "I have been a great sinner against God, and know not how to die, or how to appear before God in judgment!" This brother making a jest of it said, "These are but melancholy thoughts." The king made no reply; but it was the custom of the country, that if the executioner came and sounded a trumpet before any man's door, he was presently led to execution. The king, in the dead of the night, sent the executioner to sound the trumpet before his brother's door; who hearing it, and seeing the messenger of death, sprang into the king's presence, beseeching to know in what he had offended. "Alas! brother," said the king, "you have never offended me. And is the sight of my executioner so dreadful, and shall not I, who have greatly offended, fear to be brought before the judgment seat of Christ?"

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### *The Collier Boy.*

By a sudden burst of water into one of the New Castle collieries, thirty-five men and forty-one lads were driven into a distant part of the pit, from which there was no possibility of a return until the water should be drawn off. While this was effecting, though all possible means were used, the whole number gradually died, from starving or from suffocation. When the bodies were drawn up from the pit, seven of the youths were discovered in a cavern separate from the rest. Among these was one of peculiarly moral and religious habits, whose daily reading of the sacred Scriptures to his widowed mother, when he came up from his labor, had formed the solace of her lonely condition. After his funeral, a sympathizing friend of the neglected poor went to visit her; and while the mother showed him, as a relic of her son, his Bible, worn and soiled with constant perusal, he happened to cast his eyes on a candle-box, with which, as a miner, he had been furnished, and which had been brought up from the

pit with him; and there he discovered the following affecting record of the filial affection and steadfast piety of the youth. In the darkness of the suffocating pit, with a bit of pointed iron, he had engraved on the box his last message to his mother, in these words:—"Fret not, my dear mother; for we were singing and praising God while we had time. Mother, follow God more than I did.—Joseph, be a good lad to God and mother."

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### ***Seek to save Souls.***

DURING a recent voyage, sailing on a heavy sea, near a reef of rocks, a minister on board the vessel remarked, in a conversation between the man at the helm and the sailors, an inquiry whether they should be able to clear the rocks without making another tack; when the Captain gave orders that they should put off to avoid all risk. The minister observed, "I am rejoiced that we have so careful a commander." The captain replied, "It is necessary that I should be careful, because I have souls on board. I think of my responsibility; and, should any thing happen through carelessness, I should have a great deal to answer for: I wish never to forget, sir, that souls are very valuable!" The minister, turning to some of his congregation, who were upon deck with him, observed, "The captain has preached me a powerful sermon; I hope I shall never forget, when I am addressing my fellow creatures on the concerns of eternity, that *I have souls on board!*"

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### ***Beautiful Illustration.***

SOME time ago, a few ladies were reading the third chapter of Malachi: "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me," &c. One of the ladies gave it as her opinion, that the fuller's soap, and the refiner of silver, were only the same image, intended to convey the same view of the sanctifying influences of the grace of Christ. "No," said another, "they are not just the same image; there is something remarka-

his in the expression in the third verse: 'He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.' They all said, that possibly it might be so. This lady was going into the town, and she promised to see a silver-smith, and report to them what he said on the subject. She went, without telling him the object of her errand, and begged to know the process of refining silver; which he fully described to her. "But do you sit, sir?" "O, yes, madam, I must sit, with my eye steadily fixed on the furnace; since, if the silver remain too long, it is sure to be injured." She at once saw the beauty, and the comfort, too, of the expression, "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." Christ sees it needful to put his children into the furnace; but he is seated by the side of it. His eye is steadily intent on the work of purifying, and his wisdom and his love are both engaged to do all in the best manner for them. Their trials do not come at random; the very hairs of their head are all numbered. As the lady was returning to tell her friends what she had heard, just as she turned from the shop door, the silversmith called her back, and said that he had forgotten to mention one thing; and that was, that he only knew that the process of purifying was complete by seeing his own image in the silver. When Christ sees his image in his people, his work of purifying is accomplished.

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### *The Blessings of Affliction.*

JULIA D——, was the gayest of a fashionable and dissipated circle. Deprived of the instructions of a parent at an early age, she had been brought up without restraint, and left to rove at liberty in search of pleasure. In person she was lovely; her sparkling eyes betrayed the intelligent countenance, her smiling lips the heart that was unsound by mortification. Though her education had imparted much that was showy and superficial, yet she was by no means deficient in intellectual attainments. Beautiful, rich, and amiable, she could not be destitute of admirers, who would pour into her ear the language of flattery. Yet, with all that seemed necessary to confer earthly felicity, she was not what the world called happy, or

what she herself wished to be, happy. A burst of feeling, an exhilarating flow of spirits, often enlivened her countenance, yet as often would the vacancy of an idle hour, or the silence of solitude, whisper that there was "one thing needful." It was the want of this requisite, that impaired her seeming joy in this moment, and launched her out into all the extravagancies of gaiety in the next.

It was about this period, that she was on the eve of being united to one, in every respect her equal. Whatever might have been her feelings with regard to the gaiety and dissipation in which she lived, this last circumstance engrossed her utmost soul, and formed one of the strongest ties that bound her to this world. Without narrating all the intermediate incidents, it may only be observed, that when the full consummation of her happiness seemed to be not only in prospect, but near at hand, she was visited with affliction and grief. He, on whom her earthly felicity depended, was suddenly cut off and carried to the silent grave.

To those who have been brought up in the school of adversity, calamitous events do not excite that unalleviated sorrow, which rends the hearts of those on whom the vial of misery is poured, when in the midst of their most joyful prosperity. Julia felt the blow keenly. The chastening hand of Providence had torn away the object of her love, that object which had entwined around her heart's inmost joys. She was like some gay flower on the mountain's brow, on which the unfeeling storm had poured its fury, that still retains existence, even when despoiled of beauty. She pined in secret. None could sympathize, for none could conceive the ardor of her affection. The condolence of the world was disgusting; it made her deeply sensible of the want of one, to whom she could pour out the sorrows of her soul.

The skeptic would have arraigned the decrees of Providence. He would have regarded the bereavement, not only as cruel, but unjust, and have plunged headlong into the vortex of dissipation:

One part, one little part, we dimly scan  
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream,  
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,  
If but that little part incongruous seem.

But God seeth not as man seeth. It is a good thing to be afflicted; and so Julia felt. The world had lost its charms. Its pleasure had satiated; its frivolities had lost their enchanting spell. With a heart broken in affliction, where could she turn, but to that neglected Source of all goodness? Well would it be, if all would "consider in the day of adversity," and hail the chastening rod, as that which brings the wandering soul back to its duty. But, more than this, serious reflection had convinced her of the impropriety of the dissipation, in which she had lived, and led her to form those resolutions, which she has never since broken.

Though the expression of her beautiful features is still melancholy, yet it is that of subdued sorrow. Those sparkling eyes that once flashed with the brilliant coruscations of wit and youthful animation, now beam forth with a mild devotional feeling, that indicates the entire change within. She bears in her countenance that humility, seriousness, and sweetness of disposition, which is one of the surest indexes of the Christian's heart. This is not all: her benevolence and charity to the distressed, and her religious consolations to the afflicted, have endeared her virtues to the humble sons of poverty.

Now her heart can adore the mercy of the all-wise Creator, in thus weaning man from his too close affection to the world, by the hand of affliction, so that he may approach to behold the neglected face of Him, who is ever gracious and long suffering. And now that she has tasted of the imperishable joys which spring from religion, she can see that the cares and pleasures of this life are indeed "vanity and vexation of spirit."

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### *The Converted Son.*

A MINISTER, from England, happening to be at Edinburgh, was accosted very civilly by a young man in the street, with an apology for the liberty he was taking;—"I think, sir," said he, "I have heard you at Spa-fields chapel." "You probably may, sir, for I have sometimes ministered there." "Do you remember," said he, "a note put up by an afflicted widow, begging the prayers of the



congregation for the conversion of an ungodly son ?” “I do very well remember such a circumstance.” “Sir,” said he, “I am the very person ; and wonderful to tell, the prayer was effectual.

“Going on a frolic with some other abandoned young men, one Sunday, through the Spa-fields, and passing by the chapel, I was struck with its appearance, and hearing it was a Methodist chapel, we agreed to mingle with the crowd, and stop for a few minutes, to laugh and mock at the preacher and the people. We had only just entered the chapel, when you, sir, read the note, requesting the prayers of the congregation for an afflicted widow’s son. I heard it with a sensation I cannot express. I was struck to the heart ; and though I had no idea that I was the very individual meant, I felt that it expressed the bitterness of a widow’s heart, who had a child, as wicked as I knew myself to be. My mind was instantly solemnized. I could not laugh ; my attention was riveted on the preacher. I heard his prayer and sermon, with an impression very different from that which had carried me into the chapel. From that moment, the truths of the gospel penetrated my heart ; I joined the congregation ; cried to God in Christ for mercy, and found peace in believing ; became my mother’s comfort, as I had long been her heavy cross, and through grace, have ever since continued in the good ways of the Lord. An opening having lately been made for an advantageous settlement in my own country, I came hither with my excellent mother, and for some time past have endeavored to dry up the widow’s tears, which I have so often caused to flow, and to be the comfort and support of her old age, as I had been the torment and affliction of her former days. We live together in the enjoyment of every mercy, happy and thankful ; and every day I acknowledge the kind hand of the Lord, that led me to the Spa-fields Chapel.

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### ***The Contrast—Two death-bed Scenes.***

I SELECT from many similar cases, which came under my observation, in the course of my professional avocations, in various parts of the world, the two following :

These men through life, professed sentiments very different from each other; and at the awful hour of dissolution, their feelings were indeed very opposite. They were both snatched away in the prime of life, one being twenty-four, and the other twenty-seven years old. A long and disinterested friendship with the former, induced him to request my attendance professionally; but all human skill was vain: the cold hand of death had seized him. Never in my life did I see the cheering effects of a religious life, more strongly exemplified than on this occasion. His wife, his mother, and his five sisters, with myself were present. Observing his female relations in tears, he requested them to come near, and, after a little pause, addressed them in nearly the following words:

“Beloved friends, I perceive with regret the anguish of your souls; I say regret, because I had promised myself nothing but tranquility and happiness, while the partition is breaking down that separates me from my God. I am entering on my last journey, which, so far from being terrible, is inviting and delightful.” A paroxysm of pain here interrupted the interesting account, and for a minute he lay apparently insensible; but opening his eyes again, with a placid smile, he said, “I feel the infirmities of nature, but my sense of pain is lost, in my ardent hope of salvation. I have heartily repented of all my sins, and firmly believe, through the mercies of my God, and the redeeming merits of my blessed Savior, that I shall in a few minutes, be numbered with the chosen of God. O my wife! my mother! my beloved sisters! I beseech you not to mourn my departure. I feel happiness unspeakable opening on my soul, as it bursts from this wretched confinement.” Then grasping my hand, he faintly exclaimed, “Ah, my friend! virtue is its own reward. See the effect of a religious life, and the blessed composure of a dying christian!” He continued, “My lamp is nearly out; but blessed be God, I feel that it has not burned in vain. O Lord God! forgive my impatience: I am ready to obey the call, and anxious to receive thy promised rest.” Here his voice failed,—his tongue faltered,—and his spirit took its flight to the bosom of its Father in heaven.

The picture of my other unhappy friend was just the reverse of the above. He had indulged freely in all the

fashionable gayeties of the world ; and if ever a serious or useful thought obtruded on his disordered fancy, it was immediately stifled by some idle debauchery.

In this mad career he quaffed away life to the dregs, and, before he arrived at the meridian of manhood, he was verging just to the brink of eternity. A bacchanalian surfeit in a distant country brought on a fever, which threatened a speedy dissolution of life ; and in this state I saw him for the first time for several years, and I am certain, I shall never forget the painful feelings I endured, throughout this melancholy interview. It is absolutely impossible to give even a faint idea of the horror, the agony, the heart-rending terror, that harrowed up his soul, whenever the thought of death flashed across his mind. He received me with frenzied ardor, in which hope and fear were strongly depicted. "Alas !" he exclaimed, "you have come too late, for I am lost,—every way lost." I immediately perceived that life was ebbing fast ; and being convinced that nothing short of divine interposition could retard his fate, I endeavored to console him, by drawing his attention to the mercies of God, and the saving mediation of a gracious Redeemer ; to which he replied with asperity and violence, "If you have any friendship left for a degraded, self-polluted wretch, torture not his last moments. My life has been spent in iniquity,—foolish! spent,—because it never yielded one hour of solid happiness. I have lived without thinking of God, and will should he now think of me, unless it be to judge me,—damn me? O God ! I shall go distracted !" A faint fit intervened, and fortunately broke this mournful chain of reflections : but alas, sensibility too soon returned, with it fresh trains of gloomy despondency. He started wildly, and roared out, "I have broken from him, but he is coming again,—there—there,—death !—O, save me! save me !" After nearly an hour passed in this dreary state, he again became capable of reflecting ; but a moment added to his dejection. "I have been so," he exclaimed, "that God can never forgive me. I blasphemed and dishonored his holy name a hundred times, when my heart inwardly smote me. I have sinned and denied his existence, that my companions might think well of me : but I never was sin

my wickedness." His mind became so agitated, that all reasoning was lost; he was unable to repent; and the thought of death rent his very soul. In this perturbed state he languished for about four hours, from the time of my first seeing him; till, at length, overwhelmed by despair, a paroxysm of fever closed the tragic scene. The last words he uttered, that I could distinctly hear, were, "God will not, cannot forgive"—the remainder was lost in a murmuring groan.

Friends, could I convey to you any idea of the awful feelings, which the wretched death of this wretched man produced on my mind, it would, I think, deter the most thoughtless of you from those practices, which ruin both soul and body. Would to God that you had been present! My description may not penetrate beyond the ear: but had you witnessed the dreadful original, it would have pierced your very hearts.

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### *Worth of an Hour.*

"HAvING some business," says Mr. Cecil, "to transact with a gentleman in the city, I called one day at his counting-house; he begged I would call again, as I had so much more time to spend than he had, who was a man of business, "an hour is nothing to you!" said he. "You seem little to understand the nature of our profession. One hour of a clergyman's time rightly employed, sir, is worth more to him than all the gains of your merchandise."

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### *Do you say grace, Nanny?*

"I CAME from my last voyage before Christmas," says a sailor, "and hastened home. Being late when I arrived, I had not the opportunity of seeing my eldest girl, until the following day. At dinner time, when we had sat down, I began to eat what was before me, without ever thinking of my heavenly Father, that provided my daily bread; but glancing my eye towards this girl, of whom I was dotingly fond, I observed her looking at me with an

tonishment. After a moment's pause she asked me, in a solemn and serious manner, 'Father do you never ask a blessing before eating?'

"Her mother observed me looking hard at her, and holding my knife and fork motionless—it was not anger,—it was a rush of conviction, which struck me like lightning—and apprehending some reproof from me, and wishing to pass it by in a trifling way, she said—'Do you say grace, Nanny?' My eyes were still riveted upon the child, for I felt conscious I had never instructed her to pray, nor even set an example, by praying with my family at home. The child, seeing me waiting for her to begin, put her hands together, and lifting up her eyes to heaven, breathed the sweetest prayer I ever heard. This was too much for me; the knife and fork dropped from my hands, and I gave vent to my feelings in tears." It appears that through the instrumentality of this child, not more than six years of age, who had attended a Sabbath School, together with his subsequent attendance on the public worship of God, he was led to saving views of divine truth.

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### *The Theatre.*

Is it not too manifest to be denied, that piety as instinctively shrinks from the theatre, as human life does from the point of a sword, or the draught of poison? Have not all those who have professed the more elevated piety and morality, borne an unvarying and uniform testimony against the stage? Even the more virtuous pagans condemned this amusement as injurious to morals and the interest of nations. Plato, Livy, Xenophon, Cicero, Solon, Cato, Seneca, Tacitus, the most venerable men of antiquity; the brightest constellation of virtue and talents, which ever appeared upon the hemisphere of philosophy, have all denounced the theatre, as a most abundant source of moral pollution, and assure us that both Greece and Rome had their ruin accelerated by a fatal passion for these corrupting entertainments. William Prynne, a satirical and pungent writer, who suffered many cruelties for his admirable productions in the time of Charles I.—

has made a catalogue of authorities against the stage, which contains every name of eminence in the heathen and christian worlds: it comprehends the united testimony of the Jewish and christian churches: the deliberate acts of fifty-four ancient and modern, general, national, provincial councils and synods, both of the western and eastern churches; the condemnatory sentence of seventy-one ancient fathers, and one hundred and fifty modern, Popish and Protestant authors; the hostile endeavors of philosophy and even poets; with the legislative enactments of a great number of pagan and christian states, nations, magistrates, emperors and princes.

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***Mr. Whitfield and Mr. Tennent.***

WHEN Mr. Whitfield was last in America, Mr. Tennent made him a visit, as he was passing through New Jersey; and one day dined with other ministers at a gentleman's house. After dinner, Mr. W. adverted to the difficulties attending the gospel ministry; lamented that all their zeal availed but little; said that he was weary with the burdens of the day; declared the great consolation that in a short time his work would be done, when he should depart and be with Christ; he then appealed to the ministers if it was not their great comfort that they should go to rest. They generally assented, except Mr. T. who sat next to Mr. W. in silence, and by his countenance discovered but little pleasure in the conversation—on which Mr. W. tapping him on the knee, said, “Well, brother Tennent, you are the oldest man among us, do you not rejoice to think that your time is so near at hand, when you shall be called home?” Mr. T. bluntly answered, “I have no wish about it.” Mr. W. pressed him again; Mr. T. again answered, “No, sir, it is no pleasure to me at all; and if you knew your duty, it would be none to you. I have nothing to do with death, my business is to live as long as I can—as well as I can—and serve my master as faithfully as I can, until he shall think proper to call me home.” Mr. W. still urged for an explicit answer to his question, in case the time of death were left to his own choice. Mr

T. replied, "I have no choice about it; I am God's servant, and have engaged to do his business as long as he pleases to continue me therein. But now, brother, let me ask you a question. What do you think I would say if I was to send my man into the field to plough; and if at noon I should go to the field and find him lounging under a tree, and complaining, "Master, the sun is very hot, and the ploughing hard, I am weary of the work you have appointed me, and am overdone with the heat and burden of the day. Do, master, let me return home, and be discharged from this hard service? What would I say? Why, that he was a lazy fellow, that it was his business to do the work that I had appointed him, until I should think fit to call him home."

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### ***The Carrier and his Driver.***

A CARRIER in a large town in Yorkshire, heard his carter one day in the yard, swearing dreadfully at his horses. The carrier being a religious man, was shocked to hear the terrible oaths that resounded through the yard, and went up to the lad, who was just setting off for Manchester, and kindly expostulated with him on the enormity of his sin, and then added: "*But if thou wilt swear, stop till thou get through the turnpike gate on S—moor, where none but God and thyself can hear.*" He then put the swearer's prayer into his hand and wished him a good morning. The poor fellow cracked his whip, and pursued his journey; but he could not get over his master's words.

Some time after, his master observed him in the yard and was very much surprised to see him so altered. There was a seriousness and quietness about him which he had never seen before; and he often seemed as if he had something to say, which he could not get out. At length, his master was so struck with his manner, that he asked him if he wanted anything. "Ah, master," said he, "do you remember what you said to me about swearing, and the tract you gave me? I was thunderstruck. I went on to the road, and I got through the turnpike and reached S—moor; and there I thought that though I was alone, yet God was with me; and I tremble to think

how he had been with me, and had known all my sins and follies all my life long. My sins came to my remembrance; I was afraid that he would strike me dead; and I thank God that I have been roused to seek after the salvation of my poor soul." The master, as may be supposed, was greatly rejoiced to hear the young man's confession; and it is gratifying to be able to add, that his diligent attendance on the means of grace, and the reformation in his conduct, gave solid ground for hoping that he not only ceased to be a swearer, but a slave of Satan altogether.

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### *Judgment.*

WHENEVER I enter a court of human judicature, I cannot but be impressed with solemnity by the objects which arrest my attention, and the deep and touching emotions they awake in my mind. I am standing in a place venerable as the abode of justice, a place where many an unhappy fellow creature has listened to the sentence that has doomed him to perpetual exile from all that his heart holds dear—his country, his kindred, and his home; or else, to render satisfaction to the laws which he has violated by an untimely and ignominious death. Yonder sits the judge, whose appearance, whose character, whose office, all conspire to fill me with veneration and awe. On either hand are the officers of justice, whose part it is, with iron grasp, to seize and retain their victim, deaf alike to his threats and his promises, his entreaties and his tears. I now suffer my eyes to wander through the crowded court, and observe the numerous spectators, lured thither, some by curiosity, and others by motives of a more powerful character. Most are deeply attentive to the solemn proceedings—few seem unconcerned; and, as the witnesses on either side give in their evidence, and the advocates produce their arguments and pour forth their eloquence, I catch the general enthusiasm that is kindled in the assembly, and become deeply interested too. How intense, and even agonizing, is that interest, if the life of the prisoner is at stake! I imperceptibly identify myself with him, and my imagination becomes busy in realizing the horrors of his situation.



He may be guilty ; his crime may be heinous ; it may have been connected with circumstances of deep aggravation ; he may not be a criminal to whom the monarch's clemency should be extended ; but he is a man, and no consideration can destroy the feelings of humanity which the sight of a fellow-creature, at such an awful crisis, must inspire. I mark with eagerness every passage in the charge delivered by the judge to the jury, as it seems to bear upon his doom. While those are deliberating on whose verdict his fate now depends, every moment is like an hour of insufferable suspense, and my heart sickens at the voice that pronounces him guilty. The shriek that he utters enters into my soul ; and, long after I have left the court, the countenance of the criminal is before my eyes, and the solemn sentence of the judge is sounding in my ears. I think of the infamy connected with a ruined character ; the misery entailed upon the wretched partner of his bosom and his innocent babes ; the fettered limbs, the condemned cell, the last agonizing interview with a wife, a mother, a sister, a child ; the last rites of religion, the awful preparation, the tolling of the bell, the apparatus of death ; and I shudder at the conviction that, but for the restraining grace of God, all those dreadful images that rise to my imagination might have been realized in the closing scene of my own earthly existence.

But we rise to a far higher and more dreadful tribunal ; a tribunal at which not merely you and I, but all the world must stand, not as idle spectators, to listen to the doom of others, but deeply interested in its great transactions and irrevocable decrees ; a tribunal at which not the actions merely, but the thoughts of men are judged ; a tribunal on which not a fellow-mortal like ourselves, but the searcher of hearts presides ; a tribunal from whose judicial process there is no escape, in whose proceedings there is no partiality, to whose scrutiny there is no deception, from whose decisions there is no appeal, and in whose destinies are involved, not the interests of time, or the life of the body, but the unchanging, unalterable condition of our immortal existence ! Our Redeemer speaks of *a day and an hour in which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall*

~~to the~~ *forth; some to the resurrection of life, and some to the resurrection of damnation.* On that day and that hour your attention should be deeply fixed. The humiliating lesson of your own pollution and depravity; the cheering assurance of pardon, and peace, and eternal life, through the perfect obedience of the Son of God; the absolute necessity of the renewing influences of the holy spirit to make you fit for heaven—may have but little in them to interest you; but the strange scenes and awful transactions of judgment will give a fearful interest to them all. Though you may neglect and despise them now, they will then rise again to the contemplation of your mind. The reflection that the Judge, the pomp and splendor of whose coming are bursting rapidly upon your sight, is the very Savior whom you rejected and despised, will be like an arrow dipped in the deadliest poison, that shall rankle for ever in your veins; and nothing, in all the terrible appearances of nature around you, will appear half so dreadful as your own infatuation and guilt, in neglecting this great salvation!

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### *Waters of Eternal Life.*

“WHEN in the market place,” says the Rev. Jonas King, missionary in Greece, “I saw several women who had water to sell: good water here is scarce, and brought from the monastery, which is a considerable distance from the city. As I passed by them, one of them asked me to drink; I told her that I had plenty of good water at my house; still, however, she asked me again if I would not drink.” I replied, “there is one who can give water, of which if we drink, we shall never thirst. He that drinks of this water, will thirst again: but the other is the water of eternal life; and he who drinks of it, will thirst no more.” This reply, which I supposed would be understood, seemed to excite some wonder and curiosity; and several young men who were near, came around me to hear what I had said. “Sir, where is that water? We wish for it. Where is he who has it?” I said, “Come with me to my house, and I will show you. It is Jesus Christ.” Still they did not seem to under-

stand ; and some said, "He must be a physician ; he will give us something which will prevent us from thirsting." As many began to collect, I thought it best to go away, and returned to my lodgings. Several young men, however, followed me, and expressed a desire to know where that water, of which I had spoken, could be found : so I took the new Testament, and read to them a part of the fourth chapter of St. John's gospel, from the fifth to the fifteenth verse ; and gave them the book to carry with them to the market place to read the whole chapter, and explain what I had said to those who were desirous of knowing. "Ah !" said one of them, after I had read the portion above mentioned, "I perceive that he is speaking in a figure ;" and went explaining to others what he supposed I intended to say.

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### *Italics.*

THE late Mrs. Graham of New York, regarded with particular esteem the works of Dr. Owen, the Rev. William Romaine, and the Rev. John Newton, and read them with pleasure and profit. One day she remarked to Mr. B—— that she preferred the ancient writers on theology to the modern, because they dealt more in italics. "Dear Mother," he replied, "what religion can there be in *italics*?" "You know," said she, "that old writers expected credit for the doctrines they taught, by proving them from the word of God to be correct ; they inserted the *Scripture* passages in italics, and their works have been sometimes one half in italics. Modern writers on theology, on the contrary, give us a long train of reasoning to persuade us to their opinions, but very little in *italics* !"

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### *The Bag of Ducats.*

A CAUSE was tried before a young Cadi of Smyrna, the merits of which were as follows :—A poor man claimed a house, which a rich man usurped. The former held his deeds and documents to prove his right ; but the latter had provided a number of witnesses to invalidate his title.

In order to support their evidence effectually, he presented the Cadi with a long bag containing 500 ducats. When the day arrived for hearing the cause, the poor man told his story, and produced his writings, but could not support his case by witnesses; the other rested his whole case on his witnesses, and his adversary's defect in law, who could produce none: he urged the Cadi therefore to give sentence in his favor. After the most pressing solicitations, the judge calmly drew out from under his sofa the bag of ducats, which the rich man had given him as a bribe, saying to him very gravely, "You have been much mistaken in the suit, for if the poor man can produce no witnesses in confirmation of his right, I myself can produce at least five hundred." He then threw away the bag with reproach and indignation, and decreed the house to the poor plaintiff. Such was the noble decision of a Turkish Judge, whose disinterested conduct was the reverse of that of the unjust time-serving Felix.

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### *Baxter's Industry.*

EVERY one must be struck with the magnitude of Baxter's labors as a writer. The age in which he lived was an age of voluminous authorship, and Baxter was beyond comparison the most voluminous of all his contemporaries. Those who have been acquainted only with what are called his practical or spiritual writings, form no correct estimate of the extent of his works. These form twenty-two volumes octavo, in the present edition; and yet they are but a small portion of what he wrote. The number of his books has been variously estimated; as some of the volumes which he published, contain distinct treatises, they have sometimes been counted as one, and sometimes reckoned four or five. The best method of forming a correct opinion of Baxter's labors from the press, is by comparing them with some of his brethren who wrote a great deal. The works of Bishop Hall, amount to ten volumes octavo; Lightfoot's extend to thirteen, Jeremy Taylor's to fifteen; Dr. Goodwin's, would make about twenty; Dr. Owen's extend to twenty-eight; Richard Baxter's if printed in a uniform edition, could not be

comprised in less than sixty volumes, making more than from thirty to forty thousand closely printed octavo pages!

On this mass of writing he was employed from the year 1649, when his first work appeared, till near the time of his death, in 1691, a period of forty-four years. Had he been chiefly engaged in writing, this space was amply sufficient to have enabled him to produce all his works with ease. But it must be recollected, that writing was but a small portion of his occupation. His labors as a minister, and his engagements in the public business of his times, formed his chief employment for many years, so that he speaks of writing but as a kind of recreation from more severe duties. Nor is this all; his state of health must be taken into consideration in every estimate of his work. A man more diseased, or who had more to contend with in the frame of his body, probably never existed in the same circumstances. He was a constant martyr to sickness and pain, so that how he found it practicable to write with the composure with which he generally did, is one of the greatest mysteries in his history. The energy of his mind was superior to any discouragement; for though it often felt the burden and the clog of the flesh, it never gave way to its desire of ease, or succumbed under the pressure of its infirmities. He furnishes an illustrious instance of what may be done by principle, energy, and perseverance, in the most untoward and discouraging circumstances.

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### ***The Influence of the Bible.***

MORE than twelve months ago, says Dr. Gregory of the Royal Military Academy, in an address before a Bible Society in England, I went, pursuant to the request of a poor but benevolent woman in my neighborhood, to visit an indigent man, greatly afflicted. On entering the cottage I found him alone, his wife having gone to procure him milk from a kind neighbor. I was startled at the sight of a pale emaciated man, a living image of death, fastened upright in his chair by a rude mechanism of cords and belts, hanging from the ceiling. He was total

is unable to move either hand or foot; having ~~for more~~ *for more* than four years, been entirely deprived of the use of his limbs, yet the whole time suffering extreme anguish from swellings at all his joints.

As soon as I had recovered a little from my surprise at seeing so pitiable an object I asked, "are you left alone, my friend, in this deplorable situation?" "No sir," replied he in a touchingly feeble tone of mild resignation, (nothing but his lips and eyes moving while he spoke,) "I am not alone for God is with me." On advancing, I soon found the secret of this striking declaration, for his wife had left on his knees, propped with a cushion for the purpose, a Bible lying open at a favorite portion of the Psalms of David, I sat down by him, and conversed with him. On ascertaining that he had but a small weekly allowance certain, I inquired how the remainder of his wants were supplied. "Why sir," said he, "'tis true, as you say. seven shillings a week would never support us; but when it is gone, I rely upon the promise I find in this book, "Bread shall be given him, and his water shall be sure." I asked him if he ever felt tempted to repine, under the pressure of so long continued and heavy a calamity. "Not for the last three years," said he; "blessed be God for it!" the eye of faith sparkling, and giving life to his pallid countenance, while he made the declaration:—for I have learned in this book in whom to believe; and though I am aware of my weakness and unworthiness, I am persuaded that he will never leave me nor forsake me. And so it is, that often, when my lips are closed with locked-jaw, and I cannot speak to the glory of God, he enables me to sing his praise in my heart."

This and much more, did I hear during my first visit; and in my subsequent visits, (for I am not ashamed to say that often, for my own benefit, have I gone to the cottage of this afflicted man,) I generally found him with his Bible on his knees, and uniformly witnessed the like resignation flowing from the blessing of God upon the constant perusal of the Holy Scriptures. He died with a hope full of immortality, and is now gone to the rest *that remaineth for the people of God*. And gladly would I sink into the obscurity of the cottage, gladly would I languish in the same chair, could I but enjoy the same un-

interrupted communion with God, be always filled with the same strong consolation, and always behold, with equal vivid perception sparkling before me, the same celestial crown.

What I would ask, what but the heartfelt influence of the truths of religion, what but the most decided faith of the Gospel, could enable a man to sustain such a continuity of affliction, not merely with tranquility, but with thankfulness? And what can convince an individual of the utility, nay, the duty, of distributing Bibles among the indigent, who does not become persuaded by such an example as this?

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### ***An Honest Confession.***

THE following remarks of a Christian Negro, may be considered as illustrating the effect of the divine law upon the conscience of the sinner. "Yesterday morning," said he, "when you preach, you show me that the law be our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. You talk about the ten commandments. You begin at the first, and me say to myself, 'Me guilty!' the second; 'Me guilty!' the third; 'Me guilty!' the fourth; 'Me guilty!' the fifth; 'Me guilty;' then you say the sixth, I suppose plenty people live here, who say,—'Me no guilty of that!' Me say again in my heart, 'Ah. me no guilty of that!' Did you never *hate* any person? Did you never wish that such a person, such a man or such a woman, was *dead*? Massa you talk plenty about that; and what I feel that time I cannot tell you. I talk in my heart, and say, me the same person. My heart begin to beat—me want to cry—my heart heave so much, me don't know what to do Massa, me think me kill ten people before breakfast? I never think I so bad. Afternoon, you talk about the Lord Jesus Christ, how he take all our sins. I think I stand the same like a person that have a big stone upon him head, and can't walk—want to fall down. Oh Massa! I have trouble too much—I no sleep all night, and wept much. I hope the Lord Jesus Christ will take my sins from me! suppose he no save me. I shall go to hell for ever."

NEW YORK: **Richard Baxter.**

—**Advances.** Mr. Baxter's residence in Coventry, he, in company with several of the ejected ministers who resided there, commenced preaching in a house, by the side of a common; not many miles from the city. The time of service being rather early in the morning, Mr. Baxter set out for the place the preceding evening. The night being very dark, he missed his way, and after wandering about for a considerable time he espied a light, on a rising ground, at a considerable distance; to which he immediately bent his steps. On his arrival, he found that it emanated from the window of a gentleman's house. He called and begged to be allowed to remain until morning; at the same time stating, that he had lost his way.

The servant informed his master that a person of very respectable appearance was at the door, and wished to be accommodated for the night. The gentleman ordered the servant to invite him in. The invitation was accepted; and Mr. Baxter met with the greatest hospitality. At supper, the gentleman inquired what was the profession or employment of his guest. Mr. Baxter, from several things spoken by his host, saw it necessary to be upon his guard, and replied—"I am a *man-catcher*, sir." "A man-catcher," said the gentleman, "are you? You are the very person I want. I am justice of the peace, and am determined to seize upon one Dick Baxter, who is expected to preach at a neighboring cottage to-morrow morning, and you shall go with me, and I doubt not we shall easily apprehend the rogue." Mr. Baxter no longer remained ignorant of the quality of his host, and consented to accompany him. After breakfast the next morning, they accordingly set out in the magistrate's carriage for the place. When they arrived, the people were beginning to assemble outside of the house; but no Dick Baxter made his appearance to preach. The justice seemed to be considerably disappointed; and said to his companion, he supposed Mr. Baxter had been apprised of his design, and would not fulfil his engagement. After waiting for some time in ardent expectation for the approach of the non-conformist, but without effect, Mr. Baxter told the magistrate that it was a pity for so many people to be



collected together on the Sabbath morning, too, without something being said to them respecting religion ; and hoped he would deliver a short address to them on the subject. He replied, that as all religious services should begin with prayer, he could not perform that duty, not having his prayer-book in his pocket. "However," said the gentleman, "I am persuaded that a gentleman of your appearance and respectability would be able to pray with them, as well as to talk to them. I beg, therefore, that you will be so good as to begin with prayer." After a few modest refusals, Mr. Baxter commenced the service with a prayer at once, solemn and fervid, for which he was so remarkable. The magistrate soon melted into tears. The man of God then delivered a most impressive sermon ; after which, the magistrate stepped up to him and said, that he felt truly thankful that Baxter had not come, for he had never heard anything that so much affected him in the whole course of his life. Baxter turning round to him with a pathos not to be imitated, said : "I am the very Dick Baxter of whom you are in pursuit ; I am at your disposal." But the justice having felt so during the service, entirely laid aside all his enmity ; and ever afterwards became one of the most decided friends of the nonconformist, and died, it is believed, a decided Christian.

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### ***The True Way to Quiet Conscience.***

GENERAL BURN, in recording his experience, says—  
"One Lord's day, when I was to receive the sacrament, before I approached that sacred ordinance, my conscience so keenly accused me on account of this beloved idol (playing at cards) that I hardly knew what to do with myself. I tried to pacify it by a renewal of all my resolutions, with many additions and amendments. I parleyed and reasoned the matter over for hours, trying, if possible, to come to some terms of accommodation ; but still the obstinate monitor cried out, 'There's an Achan in the camp ; approach the table of the Lord, if you dare !' Scared at the threat, and yet unwilling to part with my darling lust, I became like one possessed. Restless and

uneasy; I flew out of the house to vent my misery with more freedom in the fields, under the wide canopy of heaven. Here I was led to meditate on the happiness of the righteous, and the misery of the wicked in a future state. The importance of eternity falling with a ponderous weight upon my soul, raised such a vehement imagination against *this accursed thing* within, that crying to God for help, I kneeled down under a hedge, and taking heaven and earth to witness, wrote on a piece of paper with my pencil a solemn vow, that I never would play at cards, on any pretence whatsoever, so long as I lived. No sooner had I put my name to that solemn vow, than I felt myself another creature. Sorrow took wing and flew away, and a delightful peace succeeded. The intolerable burden being removed from my mind, I approached the sacred table of the Lord with an unusual degree of pleasure and delight. This was not my only idol. I had many others to contend with. But while I was endeavoring to heal my wounded soul in one place, ere I was aware sin broke out in another."

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### *A Thrilling Exordium.*

IN a sea-port town, on the west coast of England, some years ago, there was notice given of a sermon to be preached one Sunday evening, in a dissenting chapel. The preacher was a man of great celebrity in his calling, and that circumstance, together with the pious object of the discourse—to enforce the duty of the strict observance of the Sabbath—attracted an overflowing audience. After the usual prefatory prayer and hymn of praise, the preacher gave out the text, and was about to proceed with his sermon, when he suddenly paused, leaned his head on the pulpit, and remained silent for a few moments. It was imagined that he had become indisposed; but he soon recovered himself, and addressing the congregation, said, that before entering upon his discourse, he begged to narrate to them a short anecdote. "It is now exactly fifteen years," said he, "since I was last in this place of worship; and the occasion was, as many here may probably remember, the very same which has now brought us together,

Among those who came thither that evening were dissolute young men, who came not only with the intent of insulting and mocking the venerable pastor, but with stones in their pockets to throw at him, as he sat in his pulpit. Accordingly they had not listened to the discourse, when one of them said impatiently, ‘need we listen any longer to the blockhead? throw him down!’ the second stopped him, saying, ‘Let us first see what he makes of this point.’ The curiosity of the latter was soon satisfied, than he said, ‘Ay, it is only as I expected, throw, now!’ But here the third interposed, and said, ‘it would be better altogether to give up the design which had brought them there.’ At this remark, his two associates took offence, and left the church, while he himself remained to the end. Now, mark, my brethren, continued the preacher, with much emotion, what were the fates towards the several fates of these young men? The first was hanged many years ago at Tyburn, for the crime of forgery; the second is now lying under sentence of death for murder in the jail of this city. The third, my brethren,”—and the speaker’s agitation here became excessive while he paused, and wiped the large drops from his brow—“the third, my brethren, is *he who is now about to address you.—Listen to him.*”

### ***A Cure for Duelling.***

“It was in one of the Prussian Campaigns,” says History in his life of Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweeden, “that the irrational practice of duelling rose to such a height in the Sweedish army, not only among persons of rank and fashion, but even between the common soldiers, that Gustavus published a severe edict, denouncing death against every delinquent. Soon after there arose a quarrel between two officers very high in command, and as Gustavus knew the king’s firmness in preserving his word inviolable, they agreed to request an audience, and besought permission to decide the affair like men of honor. Gustavus majesty repressed his passion, and under the appearance of pitying brave men who thought their reputation injured, he told them that though he blamed much their

taken notions of fame and glory, yet as this unreasonable determination appeared to be the result of deliberate reflection, he would allow them to decide the affair at a time and place specified: "And, gentlemen," said he, "I myself will be a witness of your extraordinary valor." At the hour appointed, Gustavus arrived, accompanied with a small body of infantry, whom he drew up around the combatants. Having done this, he desired them to fight on till one of them should be killed, and calling the executioner of the army to him, he ordered him the moment one should fall, to be ready instantly to behead the survivor. Astonished at such inflexible firmness, the two generals, after pausing a moment, fell upon their knees, and asked the king's forgiveness, who made them embrace each other, and give their promise to continue faithful friends to their last moments; as they both did with sincerity and thankfulness.

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### *The Christian Wife.*

A MARRIED woman who was called effectually by Divine grace, and became an exemplary Christian, had a husband who was a lover of pleasure and of sin. When spending an evening, as usual, with his companions, at a tavern, the conversation happened to turn on the excellencies and faults of their wives. The husband just mentioned gave the highest encomiums of his wife, saying she was all that was excellent, only she was a Methodist. "Notwithstanding which," said he, "such is her command of her temper, that were I to take you, gentlemen, home with me at midnight, and order her to rise and get you a supper, she would be all submission and cheerfulness." The company looked upon this merely as a boast, and dared him to make the experiment by a considerable wager. The bargain was made, and about midnight the company adjourned, as proposed. Being admitted, "Where is your mistress?" said the husband to the maid servant who sat up for him. "She is gone to bed, sir." "Call her up," said he. "Tell her I have brought some friends home with me, and desire she would get up and prepare them a supper."

The good woman obeyed the unreasonable summons; dressed, came down, and received the company with perfect civility; told them that she happened to have some chickens ready for the spit, and that supper would be got as soon as possible. The supper was accordingly served up, when she performed the honors of the table, with as much cheerfulness as if she had expected company at the proper season. After supper the guests could not refrain from expressing their astonishment. One of them particularly, more sober than the rest, thus addressed himself to the lady: "Madam," said he, "your civility fills us all with surprise. Our unreasonable visit is in consequence of a wager, which we have certainly lost. As you are a very religious person and cannot approve of our conduct, give me leave to ask, what can possibly induce you to behave with so much kindness to us?" "Sir," replied she: "when I married, my husband and myself were both in a carnal state. It has pleased God to call me out of that dangerous condition. My husband continues in it, he must be miserable forever. I think it, therefore, my duty to render his present existence as comfortable as possible." This wise and faithful reply, affected the whole company. It made a deep impression on the husband's mind. "Do you, my dear," said he, "really think I should be eternally miserable? I thank you for the warning; by the grace of God, I will change my conduct." From that time he became another man, a serious Christian and consequently a good husband. Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives.

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### ***The Mother of Baron Cuvier.***

IN Mr. Lee's memoirs of this eminent naturalist, is the subjoined testimony, to the influence and care of his mother.

The cares of his excellent mother, during the extreme delicacy of his health, left an impression on M. Cuvier, which was never effaced, even in his latest years, and amid the absorbing occupations of his active life. He

shed every circumstance connected with her memory; he loved to recall her kindness, and to dwell upon objects however trifling, which reminded him of her. Among other things, he delighted in being surrounded by flowers she had preferred, and whoever placed a bouquet of red stocks in his study or his room, was sure to be rewarded by his most affectionate thanks for bringing what he called "the favorite flower." But this well-aging parent did not confine her cares to his health; she devoted herself equally to the formation of his mind, and was another proof of the influence that a mother's attentions frequently shed over the future career of her son. She guided him in his religious duties, taught him to read fluently at the age of four years, took him every morning to an elementary school, and although herself ignorant of Latin, so scrupulously made him repeat his lessons to her, that he was always better prepared for his tasks than any other boy at the school. She kept him draw under her own inspection; and by constantly furnishing him with the best works on history and general literature, nurtured that passion for reading, and ardent desire for knowledge, which became the principle-spring of his intellectual existence.

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### ***The Complaint of the Dying Year.***

An Allegory—by Jane Taylor.

CLINING on a couch of fallen trees, wrapped in a mantle, with withered limbs, hoarse voice, and grey beard, appears a venerable old man. His pulse beats feebly, his breath becomes shorter; he exhibits every mark of approaching dissolution. This is old Eight-hundred and thirty-three, and as every class of readers remember him as a young man, rosy and blithesome in himself, they will perhaps feel interested in hearing of his dying expressions, with a few particulars of his last life. His existence is still likely to be prolonged a few days by the presence of his daughter December, the last and sole survivor of his twelve fair children. But it is thought the father and daughter will expire together.

The following are some of the expressions which have been taken down as they fell from his dying lips :

"I am," said he, "the son of old father time, and the last of a numerous progeny ; for he has had no less than five thousand eight hundred and thirty-three of us ; but it has ever been his fate to see one child expire before another was born. It is the opinion of some, that his own constitution is beginning to break up, and that when he has produced a hundred or two more of us, his family will be complete, and then he himself will be no more."

Here the old year called for his account book, and turned over the pages with a sorrowful eye. He has kept, it appears, an accurate account of the moments, minutes, hours and seconds, which he has issued ; and subjoined, in some places, memoranda of the uses to which they have been applied, and of the losses he has sustained. These particulars it would be tedious to detail, and perhaps the recollection of the reader may furnish them as well or better. But we must notice one circumstance. Upon turning to a certain page in his accounts, the old man was much affected, and the tears streamed down his furrowed cheek as he examined it. This was the account of the fifty Sundays which he had issued : and which, of all the wealth he had to dispose of, has been, it appears, the most scandalously wasted. "These," said he, "were my most precious gifts. I had but fifty-two of them to bestow. Alas ! how lightly have they been esteemed !" Upon referring to some old memoranda, he found a list of vows and resolutions, which had a particular reference to these fifty-two Sundays. This, with a mingled emotion of grief and anger, he tore into a hundred pieces, and threw them on the embers, by which he was endeavoring to warm his shivering limbs.

"I feel, however," said he, "more pity than indignation towards these offenders, since they were far greater enemies to themselves than to me. But there are a few outrageous ones by whom I have been defrauded of so much of my substance, that it is difficult to think of them with patience ; particularly that notorious thief, Procrastination, of whom every person has heard, and who is well known to have wronged my venerable father of much of my property. There are also three noted ruffians, Sleep,

Sloth, and Pleasure, from whom I have suffered much : besides a certain busy body called Dress, who, under pretence of making the most of me, and taking great care of me, steals away more of my gifts than any two of them.

“As for me, all must acknowledge that I have performed my part towards my friends and foes. I have fulfilled my utmost promises, and been more bountiful than many of my predecessors. My twelve fair children have, each in their turn aided my exertions : and their various tastes and dispositions have all conduced to the general good. Mild February, who sprinkled the naked boughs with delicate buds, and brought her wonted offering of early flowers, was not of more essential use than that rude blustering brag, March, who, though violent in his temper, was well intentioned and useful. April, a gentle, tender hearted girl, wept for her loss, yet cheered me with many a smile.

“May came crowned with roses, and sparkling in sunbeams, and laid up a store of costly ornaments for her luxuriant successors ; but I cannot stop to enumerate the good qualities and graces of all my children. You, my poor December, dark in your complexion, and cold in your temper, greatly resemble my first-born, January ; with this difference, that he was most prone to anticipation, and you to reflection.

“If there should be any who upon hearing my dying lamentation, may feel regret that they have not treated me more kindly, I would beg leave to hint, that it is in their power to make some compensation for their past conduct by rendering me service during my few remaining days. Let them testify the sincerity of their sorrow by an immediate alteration in their behavior. It would give me particular pleasure to see my only surviving child treated with respect ; let no one slight her offerings, she has a considerable part of my property still to dispose of, which, if well employed, will turn to good account. Not to mention the rest, there are two precious Sundays yet in her gift ; it would cheer my last moments to know that these had been better prized than those which are gone. It is very likely that at least after my decease, many may reflect upon themselves for their misconduct towards me ; to such I would leave it as my dying injunction, not to



waste time in unavailing regret; all their wishes and repentance will not recall me to life. I shall never, never return! I would rather earnestly recommend that they regard my youthful successor whose appearance is shortly expected. I cannot hope to survive long enough to introduce him: but I would fain hope that he will meet with a favorable reception, and that, in addition to the flattering honors which greeted my birth, and instead of the fair promises which deceived my hope, more diligent exertions and more persevering efforts may be expected. Let it be remembered that one honest endeavor is worth ten fair promises."

Having thus spoken, the Old Year fell back on his couch, nearly exhausted, trembling so violently, as to shake the last shower of yellow leaves from his canopy. Let us all haste to testify our gratitude for his services, and repentance for the abuse of them, by improving the remaining days of his existence, and by remembering the solemn promises we made him in his youth.

How swiftly pass our years!  
 How soon their night comes on;  
 A train of hopes and fears,  
 And human life is gone!  
 See, the fair summer now is past;  
 The foliage late that clad the trees  
 Stript by their equinoctial blast,  
 Falls, like the dew-drops on the breeze.

Cold winter hastens on,  
 Fair nature feels his grasp:  
 Weeps over all her beauties gone,  
 And sighs their glory past.  
 So life, thy summer soon will end,  
 Thine autumn too will quick decay,  
 And winter come, when thou shalt bend  
 Within the tomb to mould away.  
 But summer will return,  
 In all her beauties dressed!  
 Nature shall yet rejoice again,  
 And be by man caressed.

But, ah! life's summer passed away,  
 Can never, never hope return!  
 Cold winter comes; with cheerless ray  
 To beam upon its dreary urn!  
 Then may we daily seek  
 A mansion in the skies,  
 Where summers never cease,  
 And glory never dies!

There the eternal strains shall bloom,  
With joys as vast as angel's powers !  
And thrice ten thousand harps in tune  
Shall praise the love that made it ours.

### *The poor Irish Girl.*

A poor Irish girl came to this country some time since for the purpose, as she said, of seeking a home for herself and parents in this happy land. Her parents were extremely poor in Ireland, and she was resolved, if possible, to obtain by her labor as a domestic, the means of bringing them here also. She resided in a town in New-England; in a pious family, and became deeply interested in religion and a lover of her Bible. When Mr. Shepard came to that town on his agency, this poor girl went to him and placed in his hands fifty cents to be appropriated to the objects of the Bible Society. On hearing her simple story, he at first declined taking the sum—but she insisted upon it, saying that although she was laying by her earnings for her dear parents, yet she thought she must spare from them this small sum, that she might do something towards giving the Bible to the poor people of Ireland. A gentleman of benevolent feelings, hearing of this personal sacrifice, sent her *fifty dollars*, and she was enabled immediately to send for her parents; and they are now living with her at a happy and comfortable home in New-England, where she was residing.

### *Effect of a Mother's Prayer upon her Children.*

Not long since, a pious mother of my acquaintance, who is in the habit of singing and praying with her children, called her three little sons around the domestic altar. After singing a hymn suited to the occasion, she bowed the knee before the Lord. She felt deeply impressed with a sense of the divine presence, and an unusual degree of solemnity filled her soul; while her fervent desires, mingled with grateful thanksgivings, ascended to a throne of grace. While supplicating the blessing of God to re-

upon herself and friends, *she remembered that she was a mother*—she prayed for her darling sons.

After recounting over the goodness of God towards them, through the past day in sparing their lives, preserving them in health, bestowing upon them food and clothing, and all things necessary for their comfort, she besought the Lord in the most tender and importunate manner to pardon them, if they had sinned by disobedience through the day : adding, in language suited to their years, that if they had, while absent from her, sinned against the Lord by disobeying any of her reasonable commands, *the Lord knew it*, for, although hidden from her view, his eye had been upon them.

The prayer was ended—the mother rose from her knees—at that moment the youngest son, aged about seven years, began to weep immoderately—the children all wept. Their mother having used no language to excite fear in their minds, and not being conscious of any previous effect produced by prayer, was unacquainted with the cause of their weeping. She called the youngest of the three to her side ; and inquired why he wept thus bitterly. She inquired again, “What makes my little son weep so ?” “Mother,” he replied, while he continued to weep, “I have been disobedient to-day ; I went into Mr. L——’s house without asking your permission, and was in company with a boy who used bad words.” And he could not be pacified until frequently assured by his mother, that if he repented of his faults, the Lord would pardon him. The second son then, with tears in his eyes, remarked to his mother, that when absent from her, he remembered her instructions, and he intended to be an obedient good boy. The oldest also weeping, confessed that he had disobeyed and offended his mother, was sorry for it, and wished to be a better boy. There seemed to be a reality in their penitence—their hearts were affected, and their confessions were uncalled for. Now may I be allowed to inquire, what produced this effect ? What caused these children to confess faults which, till then, were entirely unknown to the mother ? Was it the simple language of the mother’s prayer ? or was it not a consciousness in them that they had done wrong, while the eye of the heart-searching Jehovah had been reading the

thoughts and intentions of their hearts? Ye christian mothers! who have precious souls committed to your care, be encouraged by the narration of these simple facts, to go and do likewise.

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### *Anathema Maranatha.*

MR. FLAVEL, on one occasion, preached from the following passage—"If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema maranatha." The discourse was unusually solemn, particularly the explanation of the words *Anathema maranatha*—"cursed with a curse, cursed of God with a bitter and grievous curse." At the conclusion of the service, when Mr. Flavel arose to pronounce the benediction, he paused, and said, "How shall I bless this whole assembly, when every person in it, who loveth not the Lord Jesus Christ, is Anathema maranatha?" The solemnity of this address affected the audience; and one gentleman, a person of rank, was so overcome by his feelings, that he fell senseless to the floor. In the congregation was a lad named Luke Short, then about fifteen years old, and a native of Dartmouth. Soon after he went to America, where he passed the rest of his life, first at Marblehead, and afterwards at Middleborough, Massachusetts. Mr. Short's life was lengthened much beyond the usual time. When *an hundred years old*, he had sufficient strength to work on his farm, and his mental faculties were very little impaired. Hitherto he had lived in carelessness and sin; he was now, "a sinner an hundred years old," and apparently ready to "die accursed." But one day as he sat in the field, he busied himself in reflecting on his past life. Recurring to the events of his youth, his memory fixed upon Mr. Flavel's discourse above alluded to, a considerable part of which he was able to recollect. The affectionate earnestness of the preacher's manner, the important truths he delivered, and the effects produced on the congregation, were brought fresh to his mind. The blessing of God accompanied his meditation; he felt that he had not "loved the Lord Jesus Christ;" he feared the dreadful "anathema;" conviction was followed by repentance, and at length this aged sinner ob-

tained peace through the blood of atonement, and was "found in the way of righteousness." He joined the Congregational Church in Middleborough, and to the day of his death, which took place in his *one hundred and sixteenth year*, gave pleasing evidences of piety.

On reading the foregoing, the author was forcibly reminded of the words of the divine Watts:—

Though seed lie buried long in dust,  
It can't deceive our hope ;  
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,  
For grace ensures the cup.

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### *Affecting Incident.*

THE following affecting incident shows that the religion of the Bible rests its evidence as much upon the testimony of the *heart*, as upon the dictates of the understanding. The wise may reason, the skeptic may doubt, and the infidel may scoff, and each respectively may plume himself upon his fancied superiority of understanding and keenness of mental acumen; yet the pride of reasoning is laid prostrate in the dust before the unsophisticated workings of the feeling heart. The adaptation of the system of truth revealed by the gospel to the otherwise unsatisfied cravings of our fallen humanity, is often *felt* by him, whose mental faculties may be altogether incapable of pursuing the shortest train of reasoning, or of comparing a few very simple ideas. Thus does God choose "the foolish things of this world to confound the things that are wise."

The incident occurred at the farm of Abingdon, in the parish of Crawford-John, Scotland, and must have been well nigh a century from the present day. It was then as it is in a greater or less degree, still the practice among the farmers occasionally to lodge the way-faring poor, and as the farmer's accommodation is frequently but small, and the characters of such random guests sometimes doubtful, they are furnished with blankets and straw in some of the adjacent houses, where, nevertheless they are very comfortably sheltered. It was in the practice of this species of generous hospitality that the

character of the humble subject of it was revealed to view.

Says the narrator to his brother, "I remember an anecdote of my mother's, which Sir Walter Scott would have valued:—A poor wandering simpleton, or idiot, came to her father's house one winter evening, and sat by the kitchen fire. It was soon noticed that he was unwell. On being asked 'what ailed him?' his reply was, 'I'm unco cauld.' After giving him warm gruel, he was put to a comfortable bed in the kiln. At a late hour, one of the maid servants came in, saying, 'the poor thing in the kiln was muttering and speaking to himself.' My mother and others went to listen, when they distinctly overheard him repeating over and over again, the following bit of rhyme :

' Three o' Ane,  
And Ane o' Three :  
And Ane o' Three  
Will save me.'

The next morning dawned, but the soul of the poor wanderer had gone to the bosom of that 'Ane o' Three,' whose mercy he had so affectingly supplicated." "My mother," the relator adds, "could not relate the anecdote with dry eyes."

Is there not in the simple language of this poor wanderer, the distinct recognition of the doctrine of the Trinity, and of the mediatorial work of the Savior, together with his divinity, as that "Ane o' Three" to whom the unsophisticated soul committed itself, in full confidence, that, in its own appropriating language, "he will save me?" Such a testimony—the testimony of the *heart* is worth a thousand arguments put forth in the pride of reasoning, and addressed exclusively to the understanding. It affectingly reminds us of the Savior's striking language, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

***The Blind Boy.***

SEVEN children gathered around the board of William Halleck ; and though poverty lay like a dark mist on his prospects, and sometimes pressed heavily on his heart yet the hardy and pious farmer toiled patiently along the thorny path he found marked out for him. Death had never entered his doors ; but sickness had come often, with fatigue, expense, anxiety, and sorrow in her train ; and beneath his roof dwelt one being, at once a living joy and a living sorrow. His fourth child was a beautiful boy ; but God had shut out from his mind the perception of all visible loveliness. Henry was born blind. The hearts of the parents were troubled when the terrible suspicion first came upon their minds, that the fair infant on whom they gazed, lay in a world of darkness.

Many and various were the experiments they tried to ascertain the truth, and it was long after every friend and neighbor that looked upon the child had expressed his melancholy conviction, ere the father and mother would shut their hearts against all hope. But the boy grew and strengthened ; his little limbs became active ; he stood by his mother's knee ; he grasped her hand, and walked tottering at her side ; language came in due season to his tongue, and his artless prattle and happy laugh were the loudest and the liveliest in the house. Yet vision was still wanting, and the house and all it contained, even the faces of those he best loved, were shut from his gaze. He was born to be a poor, useless, helpless blind boy ; and the hearts of his friends sometimes ached to the core, as they looked on his blooming cheek and sightless eyes, and thought of the future.

But the voice of complaint was a sound unknown beneath the roof of William Halleck, and the hymn of thanksgiving ascended every evening from the lips of his family circle, ere the deep sleep of the weary came on their eyelids.

Three winters in succession had a rheumatic fever laid one of the daughters of William Halleck on the bed of sickness ; yet she, too, like the rest of that humble household, was industrious, contented, and pious. She was two years older than Henry ; and the mutual sense of in-

firmity had knit the bonds of a brother's and a sister's love most closely between them. When the invalid first rose from the weary bed of pain, and went forth, under the blue sky of spring, it was the strengthening of Henry that supported her; and when the blind boy asked of things that were shut up from none but him, it was the soft voice of Mary that answered his questions, and poured into his mind the delight of new ideas. It was Henry who sat by Mary's bedside in her hours of suffering, and ministered to her wants. He knew by her breathing when she slept, and remained still and silent in his darkness 'till she woke. He knew by the very tones of her voice when she was better, and when she was, and though he stole about her room with the bent head and outstretched hand of the blind, he seldom missed finding anything that Mary wanted. And it was Mary who gave Henry that knowledge of the Being who made him, which was a bright light to his mind, and shed over his spirit a hope more gladdening than the sunshine which cheered all outward things.

As soon as pain ceased to rack her joints, and strength was in a measure restored to her limbs, Mary was wont to arise and return thankfully to those employments in which alone she was permitted to assist the toils of her family. The first warm days of spring were to Henry days of rejoicing. As soon as he felt their breath, he used to hasten into the house crying with a glad voice, "Summer is coming, and Mary will get well!" To him the first note of the robin told not of the verdure and blossoms which were soon to cover the face of nature with beauty; but it announced that she whom he loved would be freed from her pain, and come out with him into the pure air, and go into the fields and woods, gathering fragrant wild-flowers, listening to the music of the winds, waters, and birds, and talking to him cheerfully and usefully. Mary was entering upon her seventeenth spring; and before the April snows had melted from the fields, she was already so well, that she sat up as she was accustomed at her little window, plying her needle with a busy and skilful hand. There came a heavy storm of rain with warm south winds, and in one night the snowy mantle of the earth had vanished, and the fields lay bare



and brown the next day, beneath a clear sky and a warm sun. It was a beautiful morning, and unseen influences were busy in the trees that stretched their arms silently to the gentle breeze, and in the very sods that basked in the sunshine. The leaf was preparing to put forth, the green blade to sprout, and the pulses of man beat lightly and happily under the spell of the season. Henry felt the soft west wind on his cheek, and heard the first notes of the spring birds.

As soon as the sun rode high in the heavens, he went to summon Mary from her toils, to walk with him as far as the Great Oak, a spot which she loved, because it commanded a wide and beautiful prospect, and which was dear to him because she loved it, and because it was always the end of their first walk in the spring. Mary hesitated, for she feared the dampness of the ground; but Henry had gone with a younger brother all the way up to the Great Oak on purpose, and assured her the path was dry. She stood at the door, and as she looked at the clear and beautiful sky, around on the landscape, and again on the pleading face of her blind brother, she could not find in her heart to say "No." They went out together, and Mary was glad she had gone. Her own heart seemed to expand with quiet happiness as she walked. What invalid is not happy in breathing the open air for the first time, after tedious months of confinement, and feels not as if the simplest act of existence were in itself a luxury. Henry went leaping by her side with short and joyous bounds, pouring forth the exuberance of his spirits in the songs she had taught him, asking a thousand questions, and sometimes stopping to listen when the sound of a sheep-bell, the note of a bird, or the murmur of a distant voice struck on his quick ear. When the way was rough, he walked closer to her side, holding her hand tightly, and seeming as if made happier by the pensive smile on that pale face he could not see. He asked her sometimes if the walk was making her cheeks red, for then he knew that his father would say she was well; and sometimes he furnished her with food for reflection, as she wondered what ideas were conveyed to his mind by the terms he had learned to use in speaking of visible objects. At last they came to the Great Oak

and as they sat resting together on a rock under its leafless branches, the gaiety of the blind boy subsided, and he caught something of the same sedate happiness which pervaded the spirit of Mary. They talked together for a long time, and at last sunk into silence. Henry sat musing, and Mary involuntarily gazed upon the varying expressions that passed over his sightless, but eloquent face, sometimes sliding into sadness, betraying the changing tenor of his thoughts, which flowed on, guided only by the mysterious laws of association, and unchecked by the movements of outward objects. At last he asked, with a mournful tone: "Mary, do you think it would be a hard thing if I were to die young?"

Mary shrunk from a question, which seemed so natural for one in his situation; because she did not imagine that such thoughts had ever entered the mind of the gay and laughing boy. He was startled, too, at the coincidence between their reflections; it was as if she had looked into his mind, and found it a mirror of her own. But she asked Henry quietly, if he were weary of the life God had given him?

"Oh, no!" returned the blind boy; "but it would not frighten me, or make me unhappy, if I knew that I were going to die. I know I must be a burthen all my life to my parents, and I can be of little use to any one—even to you! I think—I know not why—it was not meant I should stay here long. God will soon see whether I am patient, amiable and pious; he will take me away, when I have been sufficiently tried."

Mary made no answer. She, too, had moments when the conviction that her life was not to be a long one, came upon her most powerfully; and to her, too, it brought that same gentle, melancholy satisfaction, which seemed stealing over the mind of her blind brother. He had once asked her, when a very little boy, if she thought he should see in heaven; and the question had made her shed many tears. She wept now, while she listened to his plaintive voice, and heard him talk with humble piety of his willingness to die in the first blossoming of youth; yet her tears were not tears of bitterness, for she saw that the frame of mind, in which he spoke, was one calculated to make him happy, living or dying.

She told him so at last, and strove to strengthen in his mind that feeling which disarms all vexation and sorrow—a perfect confidence that there is a sacred good in every event that befalls us. Her own spirit was so deeply imbued with this conviction, that it gave the coloring to her whole character; it was the idea which occurred to her habitually and incessantly; it was the secret of that peace of mind which neither trouble, poverty, nor sickness could ruffle. She taught him how to exercise his mind, in trying to discover the good shrouded in seeming evil; and how, when the justice and mercy of any event were past finding out, to give up the search in undoubting confidence that all was right, suffering not his soul to be disquieted.

The youthful pair rose at last to return home, in the holiest and happiest temper. Their hearts were filled with devotion, and with love for all God's creation; and the pure and beautiful instinct of fraternal love had received an impulse from a conversation, which they felt had made them both wiser and better. The influence of communion on holy topics is happy and salutary, and the glory of renewed confidence and esteem which succeeds such intercourse between kindred spirits is delightful.

Mary was still an invalid, and soon felt that she had made more exertion than she ought to have done. She paused a moment at the foot of the hill, because there were two ways that led home. They had come by a circuitous path, leading through pleasant fields and lanes; and the road by which they now proposed to return, would conduct them across to the mill-brook straight to the village. She was weak and faint, and they took the shortest way. Silently they walked on, till they had almost reached a small rising ground which lay between them and the mill stream, when Henry suddenly exclaimed, "Sister Mary, where are we? I hear the water running!" Mary listened a moment, with a surprised and anxious countenance, and quickened her pace as they ascended the hill. As soon as they came in sight of the stream, she stopped, astonished and almost terrified. The heavy rain of the previous day, and the melting of the snow among the hills, had swollen the mill-brook into a deep

rapid stream, and it now rushed by them with the force of many waters, bearing on its turbid bosom marks of devastation it had already wrought in its course. Young birches and alders, that had shaded its green banks the preceding summer, torn up by the roots, were swept along with the current; and amid the white foam Mary descried the wet, black planks and beams, that told the destruction of an old mill of her father's situate up the stream. The bridge, and the new mill below it, were yet standing; but the waters roared furiously against them, and both shook and tottered. As the waves came up every moment amid the tumult, which told that something unseen had given way; and Mary looked around in vain for help or counsel. There was no human being in sight. She did not try to conceal

Henry their situation; and though the hand she clasped did not tremble with the natural fear of one so young and helpless, she saw by his countenance that he was as much alarmed. A short but fervent prayer was in her mind. There was no time to be lost. She grew weaker every moment; and summoning up all her strength for one effort, with a quick, firm step, looking neither to the right nor to the left, she hastened upon the bridge, leading her blind companion. They had already half crossed it, when Henry, startled by the noise and the shaking under his feet, fell back involuntarily. Mary flung one arm around him, and feebly strove to drag him forward, when with a tremendous crash, the main supporters of the bridge gave under them, and in an instant they were precipitated with their wrecks into the raging waters.

There were those who beheld this spectacle, and a wild cry of agony arose amid the din of destruction, but it was not from the lips of the struggling sufferers. William Halleck had come forth to look for his children, to warn them of the freshet. Just as he reached the top of the rising ground opposite the one they had descended, he beheld them with horror, attempting to cross the tottering bridge. It was but for a moment; as he stepped forward at the sight, a fearful sound broke on his ears, and in another moment they were snatched from his

There was a short interval of confusion, shouts, and

cries. Friends and neighbors came running over the hill to the scene of destruction ; and there were pale, dismayed faces, hasty suggestions, and wild efforts to discover and save the drowning victims, but all in vain. Suddenly the frantic father descried his Henry sitting apparently in security upon some logs which had become jammed together, and were arrested in their progress by the mill. At the same moment, the whole group caught sight of Mary, carried alive and struggling over the mill-dam. With one impulse they rushed down the bank and round the mill, to the rescue. The father followed his neighbors with hurried steps and trembling knees, casting a single glance to ascertain that Henry was indeed safe, and calling to him, as he passed, not to stir till his return. Henry seemed not to hear. He sat motionless and crouched down in the extremity of his terror, uttering quick low shrieks. They were lost in the tumult, and he was left alone.

The father came down to the flat rock below the mill, just as the bruised, dripping and lifeless body of his daughter was drawn out of the water. With sad countenances and silent lips, her two elder brothers laid the pale corpse—for such it was—on a board, and carried it hastily up to the village with a vain hope of resuscitation. The father followed it a few moments anxiously ; and then suddenly recollecting his blind boy, he went with one or two of his neighbors to bring him to his desolate home.

Henry was where he had left him, bowed down, silent motionless. The father's look grew fixed and earnest as he drew nigh. He strode hastily over the heaps of timber and ruin, stooped to lift his child, and uttered a cry of horror. The lower limbs of the poor blind boy were wedged fast between two heavy beams of the demolished bridge, and he had fainted with excess of agony. Wild and almost superhuman were the efforts with which the father strove to relieve his child from a situation so horrible ; but it was not till his friends came with an axe and hatchet, with calmer heads and steadier hands, to his assistance, that the sufferer was extricated.

It was a night of grief and agony beneath the roof of William Halleck. The remains of the fair, gentle, and

pious Mary lay stretched on her own little bed in one room, and in the next, father, mother, brothers, and sisters hung weeping round the couch of the suffering Henry. Acute indeed were the pains with which it pleased God to afflict the youthful saint; and saint-like indeed was the resignation with which those pains were borne. But about midnight his agonies were suddenly calmed, and hope fluttered for a moment in the heavy hearts of those who loved him. It was but for a moment. The physician announced that the process of mortification had begun, and death was drawing nigh. All at once the voice of the blind boy was heard, calling his mother, in a faint but calm voice. She came to his bedside, and he took hold of her hand. Then he asked for his father, brothers, and sisters. They all came. He touched each, and said, "Mary is not here."

No one spoke; but he felt his mother's hand quiver in his.

"Mary is drowned," said he; "God has taken her to be an angel. Do not sob, mother, because she and I are to be so much happier than we ever could be on earth. Let me tell you of what Mary and I were talking this very morning, and you will see that God has kindly called us away, at the very time, when we were most willing, perhaps most fit, to die."

Then he told them briefly all that had passed that day; and, after a moment's pause, added—

"Father and mother! I thank God for taking me away so young; and so too did Mary. You will be saved much trouble, much care; and we shall find no temptation, no sin, where we are going. Mary will never suffer pain and sickness again; and I, the poor blind boy, that never saw even your dear face, mother, I shall behold God. My eyes will be opened, and I shall go from a world of darkness into a world of light. Promise me, all of you, that you will not sit down and mourn for me when I am dead; you will observe how wise and good it was that Mary and I should both die young. I have been a happy boy. God gave you a sick child and a blind one to try your patience and virtue, and you have borne the trial well. You have been very kind to us both; you never said a harsh thing to your blind boy

We have lived just long enough to try your submission, but not long enough to be a heavy burden all your long lives to you ; and now God has taken us away, just as we could have wished, together, and at the best of times to die—the best for you, the best for us. Sometimes it is hard to see why things should be just as they are ; but this is an easy matter to understand. I am sure it is right, and I am happy.”

Henry Halleck never spoke again ; but his last words had breathed comfort into the hearts of his parents, which dwelt there enduringly with his memory.

He lingered till morning. The first red beams of that sun he had never seen, fell on his pale features and sightless eyes. He felt his mother drawing open the curtain of his little window at his bedside, that she might behold his face more plainly. With a faint smile on his lips, he turned towards her ; it became fixed, and with a short spasm, his renewed spirit passed suddenly and peacefully into the world he had panted to know.

Death had at last come under the roof William Halleck, and summoned the young, fair, and good ; but he had come in visible kindness.

When the dispensation is dark, dreadful, and mysterious, latent good is still there ; and the true Christian seeks for it : and if he finds it not, still adores without doubting.

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### ***Ch·istian Liberty Rewarded.***

MR. THOMSON, a clergyman in the west of England, had made it his custom for many years, to distribute the overplus of the proceeds of his farm among the poor of his parish, after having supplied the wants of his own household. One year, however, he engaged to subscribe thirty pounds for the building of a chapel in a distant town. Being unable to raise the money by any other means than by breaking in upon the little hoard of his poor parishioners, he was under the necessity of selling so much, as would raise the thirty pounds for his subscription to the chapel. The expedient, though painful to him, was unavoidable.

Having procured the money, he left home to be the bearer of his benefaction. In his journey he overtook a young lady riding on horseback, whom he thus accosted : "Well overtaken, fair lady, will you accept of an old clergyman as your companion over the down ? I am too old indeed, to promise you much protection, but I trust God will protect us both." There was a certain something in the manner with which Mr. T. said this, that was very attractive, so that the young lady felt a strong prepossession in his favor, before he had half finished what he said. She expressed herself much satisfied with his company ; and, by inquiring, found they were both going to the same town. In the course of conversation, he told her his name, and the name of his church ; what a happy village of poor people his was, and how dear they were to him. When they arrived at the town and were about to part, Mr. T. informed the lady of the name of the friend to whose house he was going, expressing a wish that she would call upon him before he left the place. The young lady, the same evening, mentioned to her friends, to whom she was on a visit, the name of the clergyman, and the many precious subjects of conversation with which he had entertained her. "Thomson !" cried the lady, "I wish I knew it was a Mr. Thomson, we have been so many years inquiring after in vain. I have thirty pounds tied up in a bag by my late husband, due to a person of that name, who desired to leave it till called for. But I suppose he is dead : and his executor whoever he be, knows nothing of it." Mr. Thomson was sent for, when it soon appeared, that the Mr. Thomson, to whom this money had been so long due, was his own brother, who had been dead for several years ; and to whose effects he was the executor and residuary legatee. On the bag's being put into his hand by the lady of the house, he fell on his knees, and with eyes lifted up, exclaimed, "Blessed be God ! how wonderful, thus to provide money for my poor people at home ! The money will be theirs again." He hastened to his friend in the town to inform him of what had happened ; and as he entered his house, he cried out, "Praise God : tell it in Gath, publish it in Askelon, that our God is a faithful God."



*A Mighty Weapon*

THE preaching of the late Rev. J. Scott having been made effectual to the production of a great change in a young lady, the daughter of a country gentleman, so that she could no longer join the family in their dissipations and appeared to them as melancholy or approaching to it, —her father, who was a very gay man, looking upon Mr. Scott as the sole cause of what he deemed his daughter's misfortune, became exceedingly enraged at him ; so much so, that he actually lay in wait, in order to shoot him. Mr. S. being providentially apprised of it, was enabled to escape the danger. The diabolical design of the gentleman being thus defeated, he sent Mr. S. a challenge. Mr. S. might have availed himself of the law, and prosecuted him, but he took another method. He waited upon him at his house, was introduced to him in his parlor and with his characteristic boldness and intrepidity thus addressed him : " Sir, I hear you have designed to shoot me, by which you would have been guilty of murder. Failing in this, you sent me a challenge : and what a coward you must be, sir, to wish to engage with a blind man, (alluding to his being short sighted.) As you have given me the challenge, it is now my right to choose the time, the place, and the weapon ; I, therefore, appoint the present moment, sir, the place, where we now are, and the sword for the weapon, to which I have been most accustomed." The gentleman was evidently greatly terrified, when Mr. Scott, having attained his end, produced a pocket Bible, and exclaimed, " This is my sword, sir, the only weapon I wish to engage with." " Never," said Mr. S. to a friend to whom he related this anecdote ; " never was a poor careless sinner so delighted with the sight of a Bible before." Mr. Scott reasoned with the gentleman on the impropriety of his conduct, in treating him as he had done, for no other reason than because he had preached the everlasting Gospel. The result was, the gentleman took him by the hand, begged his pardon, expressed his sorrow for his conduct, and became afterwards very friendly to him.

***Apt Illustration.***

A VALUABLE minister of the gospel recently made use of the following illustration, to impress on the minds of the members of his church, that they ought to exert all the influence they had on the side of Christ, whatever that influence might be. Suppose, said he, that the small fibres of which a cable rope is composed, were each a living creature, and suppose that one of these fibres or threads, when the anchor is cast out, and the ship tossed by winds and waves, should say, "I will not hold; my strength is small, it will not bear an ounce. It cannot be of much consequence that it be exerted in holding the largest ship; I will let go;" and so that fibre or thread lets go. Another reasons in the same way, comes to the same conclusion—that its strength is so small that it can be of no use—and lets go; and so another and another, until two thirds of them have let go, and the rest of the fibres or threads, composing the cable rope are broke in twain, and the ship driven ashore and wrecked.

The application is obvious. Let Christians, when they are disposed to imagine that they can have but little influence—too little to be of any use, and therefore they will not strive to exert themselves—think of the fibres or threads of the cable rope, and beware of letting go, lest for want of these little influences the church is driven from its steadfastness; great detriment received and souls lost.

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***Indian Honesty.***

AN INDIAN, visiting his white neighbors, asked for a little tobacco to smoke, and one of them having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handfull. The day following, the Indian came back, inquiring for the donor, saying, he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told, that as it was given him, he might as well keep it; he answered, pointing to his breast, "I got a good man and a bad man here, and the good man say, that it is not mine, I must return it to the owner; the bad man say, why he gave it you, and it is your own

now ; the good man say, that not right, the tobacco is yours, not the money ; the bad man say never mind, you got it, go buy some dram ; the good man say, no, no, you must not do so ; so I don't know what to do ; and I think to go to sleep ; but the good man and the bad kept talking all night, and trouble me ; and now I bring the money back I feel good.

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### *The Twins.*

A FEW years since, a man and his wife arrived in the town of M—— as permanent residents. They were young, lately married, and their prospects for futurity were bright and cheering. They purchased a farm in M—— which was then a new country,—and happily spent two or three years in this situation, when, by a mysterious providence, the young man was called from this world. With his surviving widow, he left two lovely twin infants to deplore a loss which time could not retrieve. The widow sought comfort in vain from the limited circle of her acquaintance. There was no minister of the gospel in that region to direct her to the great source of comfort, nor was there a pious friend, who could direct her trembling footsteps to the cross of Jesus. But she went to her Bible, and by the assistance of the Spirit of heaven found that consolation, which a selfish world can neither bestow nor take away. She mourned indeed a husband, who was no more, but she was cheered by the hope that that God would protect her and hers. She wept over her innocent babes, and resolved that while she lived, they should never need a mother's care. As they grew up, she endeavored to teach them the first principles of religion, but they received only her instructions. One week after another rolled away—one Sabbath after another dawned upon the wilderness, but they brought none of their privileges. The wilderness had never echoed with the sound of the church going bell. The solitary places had never been gladdened by the sound of the footsteps of him who proclaims “glad tidings of great joy.” The feeling mother clasped her little boys to her aching bosom, and sighed and wept for the opportunity of taking them



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by the hand, and leading them up to the courts of God. In the days of her childhood, she had possessed great advantages, and she mourned that her babes could only receive instruction from *her* lips. Alas! no missionary came to instruct—to cheer—and to gladden the bosom of her, who for years, had never heard the whispers of love from the servants of her Savior. When the little boys were five years old, and before they were sensible of their loss, a consumption had fastened upon their tender parent, and she was soon encircled in the cold arms of death. She steadily watched the certain issue of her disease, and even in her last moments commended her children to him who is a father to the fatherless. A few moments before she expired, she tenderly kissed her little boys, who unconsciously wept on feeling the last grasp of the clay-cold hand of their mother. “It is hard,” said she to a neighbor who was present, “it is hard for a mother to leave two such helpless babes without friends, and without any one to protect them, but I leave them in the hands of God, and I *do* believe he will protect them, and my last prayer shall be for my poor destitute orphans.”

After the death of their mother, they were received into the house of a neighbor. In less than a year one of them was stretched beside his mother beneath the sods. About this time a pious lady arrived in the place, she too was an orphan, but was not comfortless. It was her first inquiry how she could do good to the poor villagers around her. During a solitary walk one afternoon, she met the other little boy straggling about the road. He was a beautiful flaxen headed boy though exceedingly ragged. The young lady was struck with his appearance and entered into conversation with him. “What is your name, my little boy?” Said she, gently.—“James.” “Where do you live?” “With widow ——, just in the edge of the wood, in that little log house, can’t you see it?” —“I see it; but is widow —— your mother?” “No, I had a mother and she loved me. She used to take care of *me* and my brother *John*. She gave us clothes, taught us our little prayers and catechism.—O, she was a good mother.” “But where is your mother?” Said the lady soothingly. “O! madam, she is dead, do you see the grave yard yonder?” “Yes”—“and the great maple

tree, which stands in the corner of it?" "Yes I see it." "Well, my poor mother was buried under that tree, and my brother John lies there too. They were both buried up in the ground, though my mother's grave was the deepest. I shall never see them again, never, never, as long as I live. Will you go with me and see the graves?" continued he, looking at the lady with earnestness and simplicity.

The short account which the little boy gave of himself, awakened the best feelings of the young lady, and she had been devising some plan to do him good. For the present she declined visiting the grave, but continued to converse with him and gain his confidence. She found him very ignorant, having never been to school; and the instructions of a pious mother, having never been repeated or enforced by example, were nearly forgotten. A Sabbath School had never been established in the place, and whether it was practicable to establish one was doubtful—but she was determined to make the experiment.—Accordingly she visited every little cottage in the village, and urged that the children might, the next Lord's day, be assembled and a school formed. A proposal of this kind was new and unpopular. All the old women in the place entered their protest against such innovations. For the first three Sabbaths the young lady had no scholars but her little James. But she knew that however faint may be our prospects of doing good at the commencement, we should not be discouraged. The first blow we strike may produce but little effect. The lady was sorry she had so few scholars, but she bent all her efforts to the instruction of the little boy. But in a few weeks, the prejudices of the people began to wear away, and before the summer closed, this school embraced every child, whose age would allow it to attend. It was the second summer after the establishment of this school, and after little James had been well acquainted with his Testament and his catechism, that his health began to fail. The good young lady beheld his gradual decay with anxiety, visited him often, and always wept at parting with a pupil so dear. She used often to walk out with him, and to cheer him with her conversation. One pleasant afternoon she led him out by the hand, and at his request, visited the

spot where lay his mother and little brother. Their graves were both covered with grass, and on the smaller grave some beautiful flowrets. It was in the cool of a serene summer's day, as they sat by the graves in silence. Neither of them able to speak. The lady gazed at the pale countenance of the lovely, boy, upon whose system a lingering disease was preying, while he looked at her with an eye that seemed to say, "I have not long to enjoy your society." Without saying a word he cut a small stick, and measured the exact length of his little brother's grave, and again seated himself by the lady. She appeared sad, while he calmly addressed her. "You see my dear Miss. S—— that this little grave is shorter than mine will be." She pressed his little white hand within her own and he continued—"You know not how much I love you—how much I am obliged to you. Before you taught me I knew nothing of death—nothing about heaven, or God, or angels. I was a very wicked boy till you met me. I love you much, very much, but I would say something else." "And what would you say," inquired the lady, trying to compose her feelings. "Do you think I shall ever get well?" "Indeed I hope you will—but why ask that question?" "Because I feel that I shall not live long—I believe I shall soon die—I shall then be laid beside my poor mother—She will then have her two twins, one on each side of her—But do not cry Miss S——, I am not afraid to die. You told me and the Testament tells me, that Christ will suffer little children to come unto him, and though I know I am a very sinful little boy, yet I think I shall be happy, for I love this Savior, who can save such a wicked boy as I am. And I sometimes think I shall soon meet mother and little brother in happiness. I know you will come too, won't you? When I am dead I wish you to tell the Sabbath Scholars how much I loved them all—tell them they must all die, and may die young, and tell them to come and measure the grave of little James, and then prepare to die."

The young lady wept, and could not answer him at that time. But she was enabled to converse with him several times afterwards, on the grounds of his hope, and was satisfied that this little lamb was indeed of the fold of Jesus. She was sitting at his bedside, and with her own



trembling hand, closed his lovely eyes as they shut in everlasting slumber. He fell asleep with a smile—without a struggle. The lady was the only sincere mourner who followed the remains of the child to the grave, and while she shed many tears on the sods which covered his lovely form, she could not but rejoice in the belief, that God had permitted her to be the feeble instrument of preparing an immortal spirit, for a mansion in the skies.

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### ***The New Coat and Old Blanket.***

AN Indian and a white man, being at worship together were both brought under conviction by the same sermon. The Indian was shortly after led to rejoice in the pardoning mercy. The white man, for a long time, was under distress of mind, and at times almost ready to despair, but at length he was brought to a comfortable experience through forgiving love. Some time after, meeting his *red* brother he thus addressed him:—How is it, that I should be so long under conviction, when you found comfort so soon? —“Oh brother,” replied the Indian, “me-tell you; the other day a rich prince, he propose to give you a *new coat*; you look at your coat, and say I don’t know; your coat is pretty good; I believe it will do a little longer. He then offer me a new coat; I look on my *old blanket*. I say, this good for nothing; I fling it right away, and accept the new coat. Just so brother, you try to keep your own righteousness for some time; you loth to give it up: but I, poor Indian, had none; therefore I glad to receive the righteousness of Lord Jesus Christ.”

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### ***A Great Change.***

SOME time since a lady whose name has been respectfully announced, and whose time has been much devoted to promote the objects of the British and Foreign Seamen’s Friend Society and Bethel Union, going on board a ship of war, was received by an officer on deck, not without respect, but accompanied with many of those expressions

sions which unfortunately are too frequent in the lips of sailors; the lady expressed her wish that while she was on board, he would have the goodness to desist from language of that description; he professed his readiness to oblige her, and during the period of her being on board, not one oath escaped his lips. She pursued her course, distributing to the sailors her tracts and Bibles, and above all her admonitions: On her return she was accompanied by the same officer, and had an opportunity of thanking him for his kindness in attending to her request; he expressed his readiness to oblige her on any occasion, and said there was nothing she asked him to do he would not do. Then (said she) I'll thank you to read that book, giving him a Bible. He felt himself surprised, (or, if you please, taken in,) but considering that as he had given his promise, he was bound to fulfil it.

The lady afterwards visiting a distant part of the country, went to the church, heard a sermon, and was returning, when the clergyman, running after her, said, "if I mistake not I am addressing such a lady?" Mentioning her name. "That is my name, said she, but I have no recollection of you." "No, Madam," said he, does not your ladyship recollect visiting such a ship, and giving an officer a Bible?" "Yes," said she, "I do." "Then, madam, I am the person, and the good effects of it are what you have seen this morning."

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### ***Extorted Testimony.***

For the purpose of illustrating the secret respect which is entertained by infidels for a pure and consistent christianity, we relate the following incidents, which have never appeared in print. They may serve to show that a testimony, which under ordinary circumstances would be studiously withheld, may by the force of circumstances be extorted.

In one of the flourishing towns of a distant State, resided two gentlemen of high professional standing, but of infidel principles. In habits of the closest intimacy, they encouraged each other, not only in a determined opposition to the spread of religion, but in the most profane mockery of its doctrines, institutions and tendencies. A

third individual in the town, likewise possessing influence, but of truly christian character, was the principal object of their profane jests. They pretended to hold his religion in utter contempt, and often made merry in ridiculing his superstition and fanaticism. How sincere and hearty they were in trusting their own principles may be learned from the sequel. In the course of time one of them was attacked by a fatal disease, and died without any happy change in his religious views. On opening his will, it was ascertained that he had entrusted the settlement of his estate to the *pious* man, and that his infidel friend was not mentioned as an executor! If an action could *speak*, this spoke loudly of his distrust of infidel principles, and of his secret confidence in those of christianity. He could not rely on the honesty of his boon companion, but he had no fear of the integrity of the man whose religion he had been accustomed to ridicule. We much mistake if every other infidel under similar circumstances, would not make a similar choice.

The other incident to which we referred is equally corroborative of the respect which christianity extorts from its opposers. A gentleman of our acquaintance had occasion to travel through a new and thinly settled part of the western country. His traveling companion was a gentleman of intelligence, but of infidel principles, who was fond of discussion, and ready to beguile the way in urging arguments against the truth of the christian religion. The sparse population of the country through which they were passing, was composed of rough and uncouth materials, and it had been rumored that travelers had suffered violence from them when thrown within their power. As regular inns were unknown, our travelers were compelled to trust the hospitality of those of whom they could not but entertain a secret fear. On one occasion, as the evening closed in, they sought a lodging place in a log cabin, far removed from other habitations. They anticipated but little comfort, and various appearances induced them to believe, that it would be a means of safety for each of them to watch alternately through the night. As they were about to retire, however, to their rude bed, their host, whose exterior had excited their distrust, proceeding to a shelf, took down a much worn Bible; and, informing his

visitors that it was his custom to worship God in his family, he read and prayed in so simple and sincere a manner as to secure the esteem of the travelers. They retired to rest, slept soundly, and thought no more of attentive watching. In the morning, our acquaintance, addressing his infidel companion, required him as an honest man to say, whether the religious exercises of the preceding evening had not dispelled every particle of distrust of their host's character, and had not enabled him to close his eyes in the most confident security? He was evidently embarrassed by the question, but at length candidly acknowledged, that the sight of the Bible had secured for him a sound night's rest. Here was a testimony extorted to the excellent moral influence of the religion which he sceptically assailed. He could not for a moment, harbor a fear of violence from one, who was in the habit of daily bending the knee before God—the very erection of the family altar, rendered the house a secure asylum.

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### *The Love of God.*

THE following lines, composed by a lunatic, were found written on the wall in his cell after his death:—

“ Could we with ink the ocean fill,  
And were the skies of parchment made;  
Were every stalk on earth a quill,  
And every man a scribe by trade;

To write the love of God above  
Would drain the ocean dry;  
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,  
If stretched from sky to sky.”

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### *Two strings to our bow.*

“ WELL, HODGE,” said a smart looking Londoner to a plain cottager, who was on his way home from church, “so you are trudging home, after taking the benefit of the fine balmy breezes in the country this morning.” “Sir,” said the man, “I have not been strolling about this sacred morning, wasting my time in idleness and neglect of reli-

gion; but I have been at the house of God, to worship him, and to hear his preached word." "Ah! what then you are one of those simpletons, that, in these country places, are weak enough to believe the Bible? Believe me, my man, that book is a pack of nonsense, and not but weak and ignorant people now think it true." "Well Mr. Stranger, but do you know, weak and ignorant as we are, *we* like to have *two strings to our bow*." "Two strings to your bow! What do you mean by that?" "Why, sir, I mean that to believe the Bible, and act up to it, is like having two strings to one's bow; for if it is *not* true, I shall be the better man for living according to it and so it will be for my good in this life—that is on one string; and if it *should* be true, it will be better for me in the next life—that is another string! and a pretty strong one it is. But, sir, if you disbelieve the Bible, and on that account do not live as it requires, you have not one string to your bow. *And oh! if its tremendous threats prove TRUE, oh, think! what then, sir, will become of you?*" This plain appeal silenced the coxcomb, and made him feel, it is hoped, that he was not quite so wise as he had supposed.

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### ***How the Christian regards Riches.***

I WENT one day, says the pious John Newton, to Mr G——, just after she had lost all her fortune; I could not be surprised to find her in tears: but she said, "I suppose you think I am crying for my loss: but that is not the case. I am now weeping that I should feel so much uneasiness on the account." After that I never heard her speak on the subject as long as she lived. Why now this is just as it should be. Suppose a man was going to York to take possession of a large estate, and his chaise should break down a mile before he got to the city, which obliged him to walk the rest of the way; what a fool we would think him if we saw him wringing his hands and blubbering out all the remaining mile, "My chaise is broken my chaise is broken!"

***Superintending Providence.***

SIR EVAN NEPEAN of the Home Department, relates the following respecting himself. One night during his office as under-secretary, he felt the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined ; he was in perfect health, had dined early, and had nothing whatever on his mind to keep him awake. Still he found all attempts to sleep, impossible, and from eleven till two in the morning, he never closed an eye. At length, weary of this struggle, and as the twilight was breaking, (it was in summer,) he determined to try, what would be the effect of a walk in the park. There he saw nothing but the sleepy sentinels. But in his walk, happening to pass the House office several times, he thought of letting himself in with his key, though without any particular object. The Book of entries of the day before, still lay on the table, and through sheer listlessness he opened it. The first thing he saw appalled him—"A reprieve to be sent to York for the coiners ordered for execution." The execution had been ordered for the next day. It struck him that he had received no return to his order to send the reprieve. He searched the "minutes." He could not find it there. In alarm he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in Downing-street, knocked him up, (it was then past three,) and asked him if he knew anything of the reprieve being sent. In great alarm, the chief clerk could not remember. "You are scarcely awake," said Sir Evan, "recollect yourself ; it must have been sent."

The clerk said that he now recollected he had sent it to the clerk of the crown, whose business it was to forward it to York.

"Good," said Sir Evan, "but have you his receipt and certificate that it is gone ?

"No."

"Then come with me to his house, we must find him at this early ?" It was now four, and the clerk of the crown lived in Chancery-Lane. There was no hackney coach to be seen and they almost ran. They were just in time. The clerk of the crown had a country house, and meaning to have a long holiday, he was at that moment stepping into his gig to go to his villa. Astonished at this

visit of the under secretary of state at such an hour, he was still more so at his business.

"Heavens!" cried he, "the reprieve is locked up in my desk!" It was brought. Sir Evan sent to the post office for the truest and fleetest express. The reprieve reached York next morning just at the moment the unhappy men were ascending the cart.

With Sir Evan Nepean, we fully agree in regarding this little narrative, as one of the most extraordinary that we have ever heard. We shall go further even than he acknowledged, and say, that to us it appears as striking evidence of what we should conceive a superior interposition. It is true that no ghost appears, nor is any prompting voice audible; yet the result depended upon so long a succession of seeming chances, and each of these chances was at once so improbable and so necessary, that we are almost compelled to regard the whole matter of an influence not to be attributed to man. If the link of the chain might pass for a common occurrence—as, undoubtedly, fits of wakefulness will happen without any discoverable ground, in the state of either body or mind—still, what could be less in the common course of things, than, thus waking, he should take it into his head to get up and take a walk in the park, at two in the morning? Yet, if he had, like others, contented himself with taking a walk in his chamber, or enjoying the cool air at his window, not one of the succeeding events could have occurred, and the men must have been sacrificed. Or if when he took his walk, he had been contented with getting rid of the feverishness of the night, and returned to his bed, the chain would have been broken; for what was more out of the natural course of events, than, that at two in the morning, the idea should come into the head of any man to go into his office, and sit down in the lonely rooms of his department, for no purpose of business or pleasure, but simply from not knowing what to do with himself?

Or if, when he had let himself into those solitary rooms, the book of entries had not lain on the table: (and this we presume to have been among the chances, as we can scarcely suppose books of this official importance, to be generally left to their fate among the servants and messengers of the office:) or if the entry, instead of being on the first

page that opened to his eye, had been on any other, even the second, as he never might have taken the trouble of turning the page : or if he and the chief clerk had been five minutes later at the Clerk of the Cown's house, and, instead of finding him at the moment of getting into his carriage, had been compelled to incur the delay of bringing him back from the country, all the preceding events would have been useless. The people would have died at York, for, even as it was, there was not a moment to spare ; they were stopped on the very verge of execution.

The remarkable feature of the whole is, that the chain might have been snapped at every link, and that every link was equally important. In the calculation of the probability of any one of these occurrences, a mathematician would find the chances very hard against it ; but the calculation would be prodigiously raised against the probability of the whole. If it is asked, whether a sufficient ground for this high interposition is to be discovered, in saving the lives of a few wretched culprits, who, as frequently in such cases, probably returned to their wicked trade as soon as they had escaped, and only plunged themselves into deeper iniquity ; the answer is, that it is not for us, in our ignorance, to meet out the value of a human life, however criminal in the eyes of heaven.

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### ***Children must be Led to God, not Driven.***

A MOTHER, sitting at her work in her parlor, overheard her child, whom an older sister was dressing in an adjoining bed-room, say repeatedly, as if in answer to his sister, "No, I don't want to say my prayers ; I dont want to say my prayers."

"How many church members, in good standing," thought the mother to herself, "often say the same thing in heart, though they conceal even from themselves the feeling."

"Mother," said the child, appearing in a minute or two at the parlor door ; the tone and look implied that it was only his morning salutation.

"Good morning, my child."



"I am going out to get my breakfast."

"Stop a minute ; I want you to come here, and see me first."

The mother laid down her work in the next chair, as the boy ran towards her. She took him up. He knelt in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backwards and forwards.

"Are you pretty well this morning?" said she in a kind, gentle tone.

"Yes, mother ; I am very well."

"I am glad you are well. I am very well too ; and when I waked up this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you?" said the boy in a low tone, half a whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at work.

"Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down, and setting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

"No, but I have felt mine."

"Well, don't you feel mine now?—how regular it goes beating."

"Y-e-s!" said the child.

"If it should stop beating I should die."

"Should you?"

"Yes ; and I can't keep it beating."

"Who can?"

"God."

A silent pause.

"You have a pulse too, which beats in your bosom here, and in your arms and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you. Nobody can but God. If he should not take care of you, who could?"

"I don't know," said the child with a look of anxiety ; and another pause ensued.

"So when I waked up this morning I thought I would ask God to take care of me. I hope he will take care of me and all of us."

"Did you ask him to take care of *me*?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I thought you would ask him yourself. God likes to have us all ask for ourselves."

A long pause ensued. The deeply thoughtful, and almost anxious expression of countenance, showed that the heart was reached.

"Don't you think you had better ask him for yourself?"

"Yes," said the boy readily.

He kneeled again in his mother's lap, and uttered in his simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection and blessing of heaven.

Suppose another case. Another mother overhearing the same words, calls her child into the room. The boy comes.

"Did not I hear you say you did not want to say your prayers?"

The boy is silent.

"Yes, he did," says his sister behind him.

"Well, that is very naughty. You ought always to say your prayers. Go right back now, and say them like a good boy, and never let me hear of your refusing again."

The boy goes back pouting, and utters the words of prayer, while his heart is full of mortified pride, vexation, and ill will.

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### *My Sister.*

ONE morning in my early life, I remember to have been playing with a younger sister, not then three years old. It was one of those bright mornings in Spring, that bring joy and life to the heart, and diffuse gladness and animation through all the tribes of living creatures. Our feelings were in perfect harmony with the universal gladness of nature. Even now, I seem to hear the merry laugh of my little sister, as she followed me through the winding alleys of the garden, her cheek suffused with the glow of health and animation, and her waving hair floating in the wind.

She was an only sister, the sole companion of all my childish sports. We were constantly together; and my young heart went out to hers, with all the affection all the

fondness, of which childhood is capable. Nothing afforded me enjoyment in which she did not participate; no amusement was sought, which we could not share together.

That morning we had prolonged our play, till near the hour of breakfast, with undiminished ardor, when at some slight provocation, my impetuous nature broke forth, and in my anger, I *struck* my little sister a blow with my hand. She turned to me with an appealing look, and the large tears came into her eyes. Her heart was too full to allow her to speak, and shame made me silent. At that moment the breakfast bell summoned us away, and we returned to the house without exchanging a word. The excitement of play was over, and as she sat beside my mother at breakfast, I perceived, by occasional stolen glances at her, that she was pale and sad. A tear seemed ready to start in her eye, which all her self possession could scarcely repress. It was only when my mother inquired if she was ill, that she drank her coffee, and endeavored to eat. I was ashamed and grieved, and inwardly resolved to embrace the first opportunity when we were alone, to throw my arms around her neck and entreat her forgiveness.

When breakfast was ended, my mother retired with her into her own room, directing me in the mean time to set down to my lesson. I seated myself by the window, and ran over my lesson, but did not learn it. My thoughts were perpetually recurring to the scene in the garden, and at table. It was long before my mother returned, and when she did, it was with an agitated look, and hurried step, to tell me that my poor Ellen was very ill. I asked eagerly if I might go to her, but was not permitted, lest I should disturb her. A physician was called, and every means used for her recovery, but to no purpose. The disease, which was in her head, constantly increased in violence, and she became delirious. It was not until evening that I was permitted to see her. She was a little recovered from the severity of her pain, and lay with her eyes closed, and her little hand resting on the pillow beneath her head. How I longed to tell her the sorrow I felt for my unkindness to her in the morning, and how much I had suffered for it during the day. But I was

forbidden to speak to her, and was soon taken out of the room. During that night, and the day following, she continued to grow worse. I saw her several times, but she was always insensible of my presence. Once, indeed, she showed some signs of consciousness, and asked for me, but immediately relapsed into her former state.

On the morning of the third day, I arose at an early hour, and repaired to the sick room. My mother was sitting by the bed. As I entered, she drew me to her and for some time was silent, while the tears flowed fast down her face. I first learned that my sweet sister was dead, as my mother drew aside the curtain that concealed her from me. I felt as though my heart would break. The remembrance of her affection for me, and my last unkind deed, revived in my mind; and burying my face in the folds of the curtain, I wept long and bitterly.

\* \* \* \* \*

I saw her laid in the coffin, and laid into the grave. I almost wished to lie down there with her, if so I might see once more her smile, and hear my forgiveness pronounced in her sweet voice.

Years have passed away and I am now a man—but never does the recollection of this incident of my early life fail to awaken bitter feelings of grief and remorse, and never do I see my young friends exchanging looks or words of anger, without thinking of my last pastime with my own loved Ellen.

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### ***Power of the Gospel.***

THE scruple is often heard, and sometimes from good men who have taken but short views on this subject, "What, after all, can you accomplish? Iniquity abounds, and the wicked seem to multiply and wax bolder!" True, sadly true; but they fail to inquire, what would the world become, without restraints? abandoned to its chosen course, and the rein of indulgence thrown on the neck of every passion? The christian religion is healthy and purifying, and wherever it is inculcated, it will be to substantial purpose. It is adopted to the temporal, intellectual, and moral wants of our race; it harmonizes

with the constitution of our physical and moral nature and if its influences ever become disastrous, it is because by perverting it we have made them such. 'There is nothing in all the united universe that can so elevate and refine the soul. Take the most degraded from the haunt of vice, and let the spirit of God seal the gospel in his heart, in the assurance that the Lord waits to be gracious and notwithstanding all his vileness, will be reconciled and remit all, and forgive all his rebellion and ingratitude; and his soul rises at the blessed thought; his bosom will begin to expand with noble impulses, as the love of God in the great scheme of redemption warms his soul. Now he hates his chains, abhors his vileness; his spirit breaks away from his bondage, and he rises to the liberty and purity of the sons of God. There is an energy and power in *crucified love*, that when it beams on the soul melts and humbles, and exalts it. Such sympathies felt and such sacrifices made for this living mysterious faculty within me. Heaven and earth moved in concert for the immortal principle that beats and breathes here! Ah exclaims the conscious sinner, I will revere my being!—I will cherish my hopes! This mighty motive will ye bring a world of rebellion to submission and obedience in filial confidence and love.

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### ***Thoughts of the Dying.***

PHILIP the Third, King of Spain, seriously reflecting upon the life he had led, cried out, when laid upon his death-bed, "Ah, how happy should I have been, had I spent in retirement those twenty-three years during which I have held my kingdom! My concern is not for my body, but my soul!"

Cardinal Wolsey, one of the greatest ministers of state, poured forth his soul in these sad words: "Had I been so diligent in serving my God, as I have to please my king, he would not have forsaken me now in my grey hairs."

Cardinal Richelieu, after he had given law to Europe for many years, confessed to M. Du Moulin, that having been forced upon many irregularities in his lifetime, by

called "*reasons of state*," he could not tell how his conscience upon several accounts; and being one day by a friend why he was so sad, he answered, "The soul is a serious thing. It must be sad a moment, or be sad forever."

Mazarin, having made religion wholly subservient to worldly interest, discoursing one day with a scholar of the Sorbonne, concerning the immortality of the soul and a future state, said, weeping, "Oh, my poor soul, wilt thou go?" Afterwards, seeing the scholar weep, he said to her, "Madam, your favors undid me. If I to live my life over again, I would be a Friar rather than a courtier."

Mason, Privy Councillor to King Henry the fourth, upon his death-bed, addressed himself to the scholar and him to the following effect: "I have seen many remarkable things in foreign parts, and been engaged in most transactions for thirty years together; but I have learned this, after so many years' experience, that *wisdom is the greatest wisdom; temperance the best temperance; and a good conscience the best estate*: and, if I could live again, I would change the court for a hermit's cell, my Privy Councillor's bustles for a hermit's robe, and the whole life I have lived in the palace, for the enjoyment of God in the chapel. All things are vanity, but my God, my duty, and my prayers."

Thomas Smith, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, six months before he died, sent for his friends, the Bishops of Winchester and Worcester, entreating them to say for him, out of the word of God, the plainest and simplest way of making his peace with him; adding, "It is a great pity that men know not to what end they are born into this world, 'till they are nearly to go."

Philip Sydney left this as his farewell to his friends: "I leave your will and affections by the will of the Creator. In me behold the end of the world, and all its vanities."

John Donne, a man of great parts and learning, being upon his death-bed, and taking a solemn leave of his friends, said, "I repent of all my life, but that part of it which I spent in communion with God, and in doing good."

Only a year before his death, to a person who asked, "What is the shortest way to obtain a true knowledge of the christian religion in the full and just extent of it?" John Locke returned this significant answer: "Study the Holy Scripture, especially the New Testament; therein are contained the words of eternal life. It has *God for its author; salvation for its end; and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter.*"

"At my death," says Sir Thomas Browne, "I mean to take a total adieu of the world, not caring for a monument, history, or epitaph: not so much as the memory of my own name to be found anywhere, but in the universal register of God."

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### ***One Minute too Late.***

I WAS standing on the deck to witness the departure of the steamboat. Her time had come. Several hundred passengers had already embarked, and others were crowding hastily through the throng to get on board. All was confusion. The wheels and the piston seemed restless with delay; the boat creaked against the wharf as the paddles dipped themselves in the water; the strong hawsers that bound her fore and aft ground on the spiles. The stern voice of the mate summoned "All aboard"—"All ashore." Just then a hack drove down; an old gentleman, with locks of many bygone years, alighted, and hastened towards the boat. The crowd made way for the venerable stranger, but in vain; the plank had been drawn in, the fastenings loosed, and boat was off. I shall never forget the look of disappointment which was manifested in his countenance, as he turned away and ordered his baggage returned to the hack. My thoughts were beginning to take a solemn turn, when a friend who was with me, pronounced with emphasis, "*One minute too late!*" How many there are who are a little behind the time; just one minute too late in all the affairs of this world! always in a hurry; yet never ready? And how many thousands are a little too late in the great work of repentance? They delay and postpone, until the ark of safety has shoved off for the last time. One moment then is as fatal as an age.

***The Luxury of Doing Good, and how to enjoy it.***

"You know," said an individual in humble life, addressing a circle of christian friends, "that I am a poor man. Fifty acres of land is all I have from which to support myself, wife, and six children. For fifteen years after I professed religion, I thought myself perfectly excused in giving nothing to religious objects, and I believe others thought so too, for they never called on me for any thing. I was in debt, could hardly bring the two ends of the year together, my family was poorly provided for, and we were even in the habit of receiving occasional donations from our neighbors. Being, about five years since, at a neighbor's, a lady called to ask assistance for a poor family, who had been burnt out, and lost two children in the fire.

"I was so much affected by what I heard, that to be able to give something for their relief, seemed to me would be an inexpressible gratification. I had in my pocket a piece of silver, of small value—it was all the money I had in the world, but still, ere I was aware, my fingers were upon it, and I involuntarily handed it to the lady. On my way home, I reflected upon myself, thought my family needed this money at that moment, to buy necessaries with, and if *they* did not, it was the property of my creditors, and I ought not to have given it away. It disturbed my mind so much, that I went and spread the case before God in prayer. While thus engaged, the words of our Savior occurred to my mind—"Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away." My faith found here a support for itself, and I rejoiced that our Savior did not single out the rich from the poor, as under obligation to observe this precept, but addressed it alike to all. Satisfied that I had done no wrong, I was willing to leave the result with God, and bent my thoughts to see how I could repair my loss, and allow myself the gratification of doing good in this way, on future occasions. I soon discovered, that in the manner both of purchasing and using articles of consumption in my family, I might practice greater economy than I had been accustomed to. By buying every thing on credit, I



had subjected myself to the double loss of giving more for articles, and of paying interest on the money they cost. After all, they must be paid for; and hence, by contriving to pay when I got them, I should make a saving. And it was only by exercising great care and self-denial, the first year, that we succeeded to revolutionize these old habits; but when it was done, it cut off no small item of useless expense. I found, also, that there were several articles of previous consumption, such as a number of gallons of ardent spirits, and as many pounds of tobacco, which we could give up altogether, and yet be better off than we had been with them. I contrived also, with the assistance of my wife, who entered into all my plans, to use what I purchased much more economically than before. Many ways both of increasing the comfort of living, and of doing it at less expense, occurred to us, that we had never thought of, which we reduced to practice, greatly to the improvement of our table and fireside enjoyments. By these means, we effected a very considerable retrenchment of our expenses.

“I then looked over my farm and manner of husbanding it, to see if I could not increase my income. By early rising, and being more strict in training my sons to business, I was able to supersede the necessity of hiring a man, in harvest. I kept up my fences, disburdened my barn yard of a quantity of manure, which had long lain useless, and scattered it over my fields, greatly to the improvement of the soil; was punctual to get my crops in at the proper season, and to harvest them before they were injured. By all these plans which I pursued with diligence the first year, I closed the crevices through which the little fountain of my wealth had been wasted, and at the same time, increased the stream of my income; I liquidated my debts, paid my taxes, supported my family better than before, and had something to give away besides. As God had prospered me so far, I felt it my duty to lay myself out still further for his glory, in cultivating my little farm. I therefore set off one tenth of that part, which was productive, about three acres, determined to cultivate it, and devote the proceeds to God. From this, I realized the first year, about one hundred dollars, which I appropriated to various objects of benevolence, and from the

rest of my farm, I obtained more than ever I did from the whole, in any one year before. Since that time, I have enjoyed the luxury of doing good with my money, my family have been better supported than ever, and blessed be God, all my children have become hopefully pious, one of them is studying for the ministry, and my house has been like the house of Obed-edom, where the ark rested."

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### ***Procrastination and Perdition.***

IN one of my walks about my parish, some years ago, I passed the place where one of my parishioners, who was a stone-cutter, was at work upon a large block of granite. He was about forty-five years of age, a hard working, prosperous man, a warm personal friend, a constant attendant on the means of grace; but utterly indifferent, so far as I could judge, about the concerns of his soul. Having so good an opportunity, I determined to speak to him plainly and earnestly upon the subject of religion.

"My friend," said I, "you have a hard subject for your chisel there." "Yes," he replied, "very hard, indeed; I don't know that I ever saw a more difficult stone to cut than this." "But," said I, "there are harder things than blocks of granite." "I suppose so; and granite grows harder by exposure to the air; I can work a stone much easier, when it is first taken from the quarry." "I refer to the heart," said I. "It is harder than stone; and as you say of granite, it is growing harder every day. Hard as this stone is, you can make it assume any form you please; you can mould it like clay. But God has been many years at work upon you by his word, and spirit, and providences, not a feature of the image of Christ yet appears upon your heart of adamant."

"I know it, I know it," he replied, "but it was not always so. Ten years ago, the Holy Spirit visited my soul, and melted it like wax. You never saw me weep, but I wept then, and I thought the time of my conversion had come. But the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lust of other things entered in, and

grieved away the Spirit, and hardened my heart against the truth. The Spirit left me; but I believe and am sure, that it was only for a season. I am confident that he will return, and then I shall become a christian."

"Ah, my friend," said I, laying my hand upon his shoulder, "you are cherishing a most dangerous confidence. You are not grieving, but insulting the Spirit of God; and your heart may be withered by his wrath, instead of being melted by his love. But God is merciful, only be sure you live until the Spirit returns. Be careful of your life, for you stake its salvation on its continuance."

I never saw him again. A few months after this interview, during my absence from the place, he was found in his barn suspended by the neck, and quite dead. No reason could be assigned for this act of self-destruction. He met with no heavy affliction. He had an affectionate wife and several small children. His business was prosperous. His earthly condition was in all respects happy. But he could not wait for the return of the Spirit. Abandoned of God, and tempted by the great adversary of souls, without strength to resist, he madly cut short his own probation, and quenched his presumptuous hope in the blackness of darkness.

Reader! have you grieved away the Spirit, and still expect his enlightening and converting influences? Make a covenant with death and hell, that will stand and be sure *not to die* until your hope is realized.

### ***Importunate Widows.***

THE parable of "the unjust judge and the importunate widow," has stimulated the faith of many a daughter in Israel. Many years ago, in the western part of New-York, were several pious widows, having large families of children, for the most part without hope in Christ. There was no stated ministry from whose salutary influence upon their offspring they might hope for good. Religion was low, the church existed but in name. When they looked around them on their families and their neighbors, and saw the rapid growth of wickedness, and the daily lessening influence of piety, their hearts well nigh

died within them. Hope almost departed, and would have taken a final flight, had it not been for the work of God. Looking into the oracles of truth, they read of exigencies as great as their own, and of relief guarantied by a prayer hearing God. "There was in a city, a judge, who feared not God, neither regarded man. And there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him, saying, Avenge me of mine adversary, and he would not for a while; but afterward he said within himself, though I fear not God, neither regard man, yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me. And the Lord said, hear what the unjust judge saith. And shall not God avenge his own elect which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them?"

Sustained by such simple but vivid exhibitions of the duty and efficacy of prayer, these pious women resolved to cast all their care upon the Lord. They associated with them as many other females as they could, and established meetings for prayer in behalf of the desolations around them, and particularly their own households. They persevered through many discouragements. Illness, bad weather, distance from place of meeting, and other circumstances commonly fatal to faithfulness in such associations, scarcely interposed any obstacle to these women. And their prayer was not unheard. Four or five persons connected with the families of these importunate wives and mothers, were hopefully converted during the first year. But the blessings did not stop here. Their desires for the salvation of sinners had now been strengthened by indulgence at the throne of grace, and it began to show itself in action. "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another." Other professors were awakened to duty, means were taken to procure a pastor, and as a result, religion was revived, the church greatly increased, and many of the members of families represented in that praying association, hopefully changed from death unto life. In some instances, almost whole families, with extensive connections, seem to have been brought under the influence of religious principle. The stream of blessing has so obviously flowed over the heritage of these good women, that the connection between their perseve-

ring prayers, and the happy result, is a matter of common remark among the pious of that place, and is regarded as a monument of the divine faithfulness to the promises implied in the parable of the importunate widow.

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***One Sinner destroyeth much good.***

A—— was an infidel, open and rancorous in his treatment of all revealed religion. To the poison of his principles was added the corruption of a vicious life, and yet, though he commanded no *respect* in the village of his residence, he had a great deal of *influence*. He had a vast fund of low wit, and could sing bacchanalian songs with such an effect, that sober and sedate men in passing the open window of the bar-room, would often pause to listen, and he must be grave indeed, who could pass on without smiling even at the ribaldry which his heart detested.

A—— had several children, whom he brought up in ignorance, maintaining that learning only made people knaves and hypocrites. His only son grew up in person, mind and life, like his father. His daughters—but what could be expected under such parental training? The eye of virtue followed them not long, for they walked in other and devious paths. In the same street with A—— lived three men in humble life with growing families; and though they were all at first above adopting his habits, or approving his principles, yet he was such a good hand at fishing, and so well knew the resorts of the watery game, that he was always with them in the skiff; and he could so beguile the long evenings in the winter, that they would often send for a “quart,” to tempt his stay in their shops, that they might listen to his witticisms, or join in the chorus of his songs. As the result, all three became infidels without knowing why, intemperate without knowing how; and the poison spread through their families, and corrupted their whole influence. Thus these four households, comprising between thirty and forty souls, to all appearance, were ruined for this world and the next. Not one of them, so far as the writer knows, ever did well in a worldly point of view, or gave the faintest evidence of grace. And where the deadly influence is to

stop, is known only to Him who knows all things. Verily, "one sinner destroyeth much good."

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### *The Servant Maid.*

"JANE," said a pious traveler in the north of England, while the girl was serving his table, "Do you ever pray?"

"No, sir, I never did such a thing in my life," said the girl lightly and rather in contempt.

"Well, I want you to engage, that you will go by yourself, on your knees, once a day, and offer to God a short prayer, which I will dictate to you, and which you can easily remember, till I come this way again in a few months, and I will then give you a sovereign," (one pound sterling.) "The petition is this: O, Lord, convert my soul for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

"I will do it," said Jane, with her characteristic levity.

"Remember," said the gentleman, "I shall depend upon your honesty."

"Remember," said Jane, "I shall depend upon the sovereign."

The gentleman returned after some months, and took lodgings at the inn, expecting to see Jane. But as Jane did not appear, upon inquiry, he was informed that she had left the house.

"For what reason?" said the gentleman.

"Why, sir," said the servant that filled her place, "Jane got a new religion after you were here, and her mistress dismissed her."

"Call your mistress, will you?"

The mistress appeared, and the gentleman asked:—"Madam, what has become of Jane?"

"Why, sir, Jane got a notion to read her Bible and pray, which was all well enough, as she was a good girl, and a more faithful servant for all that. But she was not content to pray, and keep her religion to herself; she commenced *preaching*, and was troublesome. If any body did what she thought was wrong, she would contrive some way to rebuke them; and the worst of it was, our guests did not always escape her notice, if they drank a little too much, or behaved improperly. And such im-

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that one can fear. When Socrates takes the poisoned cup he blesses him who presents it, and who at the same time weeps. Jesus, in the midst of a horrid punishment, prays for his enraged executioners. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates are those of a philosopher, the life and death of Jesus Christ are those of a God! Shall we say that the history of the gospel is invented at pleasure? My friend, it is not thus that men invent; and the actions of Socrates, concerning which there are no doubts, are less attested than those of Jesus Christ. After all, this is shifting the difficulty instead of solving it; for it would be more conceivable that a number of men should forge this book in concert, than that one should furnish the subject of it. Jewish authors would never have devised such a manner and such morality, and the gospel characters of truth; so great, so striking, so perfectly inimitable, that its inventor would be still more astonished than its hero.

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### ***I have done Giving.***

A GENTLEMAN of high respectability, and a member of the Presbyterian church, made this remark the other day, when informed that an application was about to be made to him in behalf of some charitable object: "I have done giving," said he. When I heard of this remark, it awakened in my mind a train of reflection which I have thought it might not be amiss to communicate through some religious paper.

Done giving! Has he indeed? Why? Has he given all? Has he nothing left to give? Has this disciple done what his master did? Was he rich, and has he become poor for others, that they through his poverty, might be rich? Oh, no! he is rich still. He has the greatest abundance—more than enough to support him in elegance, and to enable him to leave an ample inheritance to his children. What if he has given a great deal? He has not only not impoverished himself, but is probably richer now, through the favor of Providence, than he would have been had he never given anything. Now if by honoring the Lord with his substance, his barns, instead of being emptied, have been filled with plenty, he

had better continue this mode of honoring him. He should rather increase than arrest his liberality.

Done giving? Why? Is there no more need of giving? Is every want abundantly supplied? Is the whole population of our country furnished with the means of grace? Is the world evangelized? Have missionaries visited every shore? Is the Bible translated into every language and distributed in every land—a copy in every family—and every member of every family taught to read it? Are the accommodations for widows and orphans as ample as they should be? Is there a house of refuge for every class of the human family that needs? or have the poor ceased from the land? Oh, no! There are no such good reasons as these for ceasing to give. Why, then has he done giving? Is it because others do not give as they ought? But what is that to him? Will he make the practice of others his rule of conduct, rather than the precept of Jesus Christ? If others do not give, so much the more should he. Will he add another name to the list of niggards?

Does he feel worse for having given away so much? Has it made him unhappy? Is his experience different from that of the Lord Jesus, who said “it is more *blessed* to give than to receive?”

Has he, who thinks he will give no more, been led to that conclusion by having found that what has been given hitherto has done no good? And is it so, that no good has been done by all the Bibles published, and all the tracts distributed, and all the missionaries sent abroad into the land and into the world; and all the schools established, and all the children taught to read, all the civilization introduced, and all the asylums opened, and all the poverty relieved? Has no good been done?—Good, great good has been done by what has been given, but still more will be done by what will be given hereafter. Bibles can now be printed at a much cheaper rate than heretofore, and the conductors of our charitable operations have learned by experience that economy which can be learned in no other way. And yet at this time, when a dollar goes so far in doing good, here is a man who says, “I have done giving!” If I had his ear for a moment I would ask him if he has done

*receiving*? If God has done giving to him? I would ask him, moreover, if he has done *spending*, or done *boarding*, or done *wasting*? How, if he has not, he surely should not stop giving. When he ceases to waste, to board, and to spend, except for the merest necessities, then he may stop giving, but never till then.

Done giving! i. e. done lending to the Lord! Done sowing and watering! Done offering the sacrifices, with which God is well pleased! Done making the widow's heart to leap for joy, and bringing on himself the blessing of them that were ready to perish! Well, I am sorry—sorry for the sake of the poor, and the sick, and the orphan, and the ignorant, and the heathen. But no less sorry am I for the man's own sake. Poor man! poor with all his affluence; for there is really no one more poor than he, who, with all the ability to give, has not the inclination. He has it in his power to give, but not in his heart. He is enriched with abundance, but not with liberality.

Done giving! Well, then, if he will not give his money, he must *keep* it. And yet how short the time he can keep it! Had he not better freely give away some of it, than to wait for it all to be torn from him? The thought that he has *given*, will be at last as agreeable a meditation in his dying moments, as the reflection that he *spent*, or that he *laid up*.

I hope that gentleman, who said, "I have done giving," will recall his resolution, and take revenge on himself for having made it, by giving more liberally than ever.

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### ***The Sea Captain.***

THE stage was crowded with passengers, as it passed from New York to Boston. It was late in the evening, when one of the passengers, a sea captain, endeavored to excite the attention of the drowsy company, by giving a relation of his own situation. He had been to sea in a fine ship; in a dreadful storm, his ship had been wrecked, every cent of his money, and all his property destroyed, and every soul on board had been lost, except the captain, who had saved his life by being on a plank, at the mercy of the waves, for several days together. The com-

pany were interested in this narrative; they pitied the poor unfortunate captain, who was returning home to his family entirely destitute; but they wondered that a man relating such a tale, and telling of an escape almost miraculous, should confirm almost every sentence with an oath. Nothing, however, was said to him. In the morning, when the stage stopped, a Mr. B., one of the passengers, invited the captain to walk on before with him, and they would step into the stage when it should come up. The proposal was agreed to. They walked on alone. Says Mr. B., "did I understand you last night—the stage made such a noise: did you say that you had lost your ship?" "Yes." "That all the crew were drowned except yourself?" "Yes." "That you saved your life on a plank?" "Yes." Let me ask you one more question. "When on that plank, did not you vow to God, that if he would spare your life, *you would devote that life to his service?*" "None of your business," said the captain, angrily. The stage by this time came up, and they entered it. Towards evening, as the stage was entering Providence, the captain informed the company that he could not sup with them, as he was so unfortunate as not to have any money. Mr. B. takes from his pocket, and offers him a handsome bill. "No," says the captain, "I am poor, yet I am no beggar." "But," replied Mr. B., "I do not give it to you as a beggar, but as an unfortunate brother. You must learn that I profess to be a Christian, and I am taught by my religion to do good unto all men. The gospel prescribes no limit to benevolence; it teaches us to do good to all."

The company applauded, and pressed the captain to take the money. He silently put it into his pocket, without even thanking the donor; though his countenance betrayed uneasiness. The company supped together, and the captain bid each adieu, after having asked Mr. B. when he left town. He was informed, on the morrow at sunrise. They then parted, as was supposed, for ever. The captain went home with a heavy heart; while Mr. B. retired to rest, satisfied that he had honored his Father, who seeth in secret. He was surprised the next morning at day-light, to hear some one rap at the door. He opened it, and beheld the captain standing before him in

tears. The captain took his hand, pressed it, and said, "Sir, I have not slept a wink since I saw you; I abused you yesterday; I am now come to ask your pardon. I *did*, while on that plank, vow to God, that I would live differently from what I ever had done; and, by God's help, from this time forward, I am determined to do so." The captain could not proceed; they pressed each other's hands, and parted, probably to meet no more in this world.

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### ***Thomas Paine.***

AN elder of a Presbyterian church in the city of New York, visited Paine a few days before his death. He was then a loathsome and pitiable object. His face, and particularly his nose, was greatly swollen and changed, by liquor, unto a dark color. The visitor said to him—*"Mr. Paine, he that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."* "What is that you say?" said the dying man. The visitor repeated the gospel declaration. Paine immediately seized a large black stick, that was lying at his side, nearly the thickness of a man's wrist, and raising it over the head of the visitor, said, with great anger and vehemence, *"Away with your popish nonsense."* The very name of Jesus Christ convulsed him with anger. The woman attending him, informed the visitor that he was occasionally visited by persons of like principles and habits with himself, and that his orders were to keep out of his room all who professed any respect for religion. She said that he was a wretched man. That when alone, he kept groaning day and night, as if in great distress of mind. She once told him, that his groans so disturbed her, that she could not rest; when he replied,—*"I have no rest myself, nor shall you have."*

Thus Paine died an object of the most inconceivable filthiness and wretchedness. His expressions thus authenticated, and here recorded, breathe the spirit of pure infidelity. They are worthy the degraded being who uttered them. He, then, esteemed the gospel "popish nonsense;" but does he thus esteem it now? He might have had an

enviable fame. But he warred against the Bible and its God, and has fallen in the unequal contest. *His memory now must rot.* A thick cloud of shame is gathering around it, which can never be dissipated. He is now thought of *with horror* by all the good ; and he will soon be thus esteemed by all the world.

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### ***The Fountain Head.***

THE ancestors of a certain noble Scottish Duke, were of the Roman Catholic persuasion ; and the family continued so until a comparatively recent period. The following curious anecdote is related of the last surviving head of the family ; and the circumstance is believed by many, to have been chiefly instrumental in bringing about a change in his religious opinions. The nobleman in question possessed very extensive estates in the northern part of Scotland ; the management of which was intrusted chiefly to the race of various stewards, or, as they are called, *factors* ; notwithstanding which, he resided upon them personally, the greater part of his time, and was considered, on all hands, as a liberal gentleman and a kind landlord. A tenant of his, who indeed might be called a sort of relative, as his forefathers had lived during several generations on the land—unfortunately through inadvertence and ignorance, broke one of the covenants of his tack or lease, of no importance in itself, yet sufficient to entitle the landlord to eject the occupant. Upon being informed of the mischief he had committed, and of the fatal consequences that might ensue to himself and family, he repaired to one of the “*factors*,” and without attempting to palliate the offence, save that it was unconsciously done, he begged the steward’s good office at the castle, that he might have the lease renewed at a small fine. The steward being either rigorous in his duty, or having another to serve, declined to interfere, and bade the poor man prepare to abide the issue of his indiscretion.

Sorely dismayed, but not in utter despair, he tried another and another factor, but still received the same kind of answer. Half frantic at his ill success, but de-

terminated not to yield to his fate, while there was the least glimmering of hope, he resolved, at length, to apply personally to the noble peer. He repaired to the castle, humbly requested an audience, which was kindly granted. The poor man told his honest tale, without a gloss or an attempt to excuse; he merely urged that he was poor, and with a large family; that the broken clause was one of which he did not even know the existence; that he had besought in vain, the favor from the factors, of its being represented to their principal; and that to be turned out from the place where he was born, with all his family, would be utter ruin to them, and heart-breaking to himself. The benevolent gentleman rejoiced the desponding farmer's heart, by informing him that he should remain; and being struck with some of his remarks, he directed that he should receive refreshment, after which, he wished to have some further conversation with him.

With renovated spirits, he joined his landlord again, who, being curious to draw out the sentiments of this poor, but shrewd man, showed him all parts of the castle, within and without. Among other places, they went into his chapel, which was beautifully enriched with windows of stained glass, and other ornaments used in the popish churches. Upon the farmer's asking what were the figures in the painting, and on the windows, he was informed that they represented the blessed saints and martyrs of the Church. "A weel," said the farmer, "and what for, an't please your lordship, are sae mony o' them put i' ae place." The peer replied, "that they were intended to quicken the spirit of devotion in religious breasts, and that they were intercessors at the throne of Divine grace, for sinners on earth, who appealed through them." The honest Scotchman sighed and shook his head; which the nobleman perceiving, demanded what moved him. "Ah, my gude lord," replied he, "it does na belang to the likes o' me to meddle or mak in sic like matters." Being, however, urged, at length, the man replied, "A weel, my lord, I can na but think that a' the saunts i' your lordship's chapel, are, sae to speak, a wee like your ain factors. I got nae gude frae nane o' them; but a blessed help when I came to the *fountain-head*;

an' if it please your lordship, I canna but think that there's a muckle chance o' a gracious reply frae the Lord above himself, as ye'll get thro' a' the saunts i' the calendar." The noble peer, it is said, was so struck with the apposite remark, that he immediately turned his thoughts seriously to the examination of the faith he was professing, which ended in the renunciation of its tenets, and adopting the principles of the reformed Church.

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### *Temperance Anecdote.*

It is related of a clergyman, distinguished alike for his eloquence and exemplary piety, that having an appointment to preach in a certain village, he stopped on Saturday evening at the house of one of his early acquaintances, who was a resident of the village. To his surprise, he found his old friend, a distiller and vender of ardent spirits, and exceedingly bitter against the temperance cause. He could not refrain all the evening, from giving vent to his feelings, against all the temperance men, and every temperance movement. The next day the preacher took his text from Jonah, "Dost thou well to be angry?" He showed what good was doing in the days in which we live, and especially in the temperance cause; how that cause was drying up the founts of pauperism, and crime, and brutality; saving thousands on thousands from the drunkards path, and restoring many a lost man to society and his family; transforming the most degraded and abject beings in the community, into useful, respectable and wealthy citizens. And as he enumerated one blessing after another, he would cast his eye down upon his friend, and ask, "Dost thou well to be angry?" It was more than the poor man could bear; shame and confusion were his. He hid his face from the congregation, and as soon as possible made his way from the church, and from that day no man has been a stronger advocate for the temperance reform, or made greater pecuniary sacrifices in its behalf. He will be rewarded a thousand fold, we doubt not, by an approving conscience, through life and in death, and the blessing of Providence.



will smile upon his children to the third and fourth generation.

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### ***Neglect of Family Prayer.***

IF family prayer is *neglected*, how dreadful must be the influence upon the minds of your children. This neglect is to them a constant and powerful declaration, that you deem religion emptiness, and a life of prayer unnecessary. The exhortation of their minister or Sabbath school teacher has perhaps arrested their attention and softened their feelings. They go to their prayerless homes, and meet their prayerless father. The evening comes and there is no prayer to fix and deepen the impression received. Your child goes to bed, saying to himself, "Father does not pray, why should I?" He awakes in the morning, but no morning prayer greets him. His worldly father hastens to the business of the day, and leaves his poor child in weakness and temptation, unsupported by parental precept or example. Nay more, he is lured by a father's example to banish serious thoughts, to grieve away the Spirit, and to plunge more recklessly into all the sins of a thoughtless and irreligious life. Oh, when that great day comes in which the secrets of all hearts will be revealed, how many parents will be found to be the spiritual murderers of their children! Professing Christians! how can you bear the thought of the reproaches of your lost child at the bar of God. Shall he be permitted to say "it was your neglect of duty which induced me to neglect religion and ruin my soul. And now in consequence, I must take up my abode in the eternal dungeon with eternal despair." Oh, if there be a prayerless father among my readers, let him look forward to the judgment, and think of the scenes he must then witness.

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### ***The Happy Miner.***

"There's danger in the mines, old man," I said to an aged miner, with his arms bent, leaning against the side

of the immense vault, absorbed in meditation,—“it must be a fearful life.” The old man looked at me with a steadfast but somewhat vacant stare, and then in half-broken sentences he uttered, “Danger, where is there not on earth, or beneath it, in the mountain, or in the valley, on the ocean or in the quiet of nature’s most hidden spot—where is there not danger? Where has death not left some token of his presence?” “True,” I replied, “but the vicissitudes of life are various; the sailor seeks his living on the waters, and he knows each moment that they may engulf him; the hunter seeks death in the wild-woods; and the soldier in the battle field; and the miner knows not but the spot where he now stands, to-morrow may be his tomb.” “It is so, indeed,” replied the old man, “we find death in the means we seek to perpetuate life; ’tis a strange riddle; who shall solve it?”—“Have you long followed this occupation?”—I asked, somewhat struck with the old man’s manner. “From a boy. I drew my first breath in the mines. I shall yield it up in their gloom.” “You have seen some of the vicissitudes,” said I, “to which you have just now alluded.” “Yes,” he replied, with a faltering voice, “I have. There was a time that three tall boys looked up to me and called me father. They were sturdy striplings! Now it seems but yesterday, they stood before me, so proud in their strength, and, I, filled too with a father’s vanity. But the Lord chasteneth the proud heart. Where are they now? I saw the youngest—he was the dearest of the flock, his mother’s spirit seemed to have settled on him—crushed at my feet a bleeding mass. We were together; so near that his hot blood sprung up into my face. Molten lead would have been less lasting than those fearful drops. One moment, and his light laugh was in my ears; the next, and the large mass came—there was no cry; no look of terror; but the transition to eternity was as the lightning’s flash; and my poor boy lay crushed beneath the fearful load. It was an awful moment; but time that changeth all things brought relief; and I had still two sons. But my cup of affliction was not yet full. They two were taken from me; side by side they died, not like their brother; but the fire-damp caught their breath, and left them scorched and

lifeless. They brought them home to the old man, the fair jewels; than whom earth's richest treasures in his sight had no price; and told him he was childless and alone. It is a strange decree, that the old plant should thus survive the stripling things it shaded, and for whom it would have died a thousand times. Is it surprising that I should wish to die in the mine?" "You have indeed," I replied, "drank of affliction.—Whence did you derive consolation?" The old man looked up; "from Heaven; God gave and he hath taken away, blessed be his name." I bowed my head to the miner's pious prayer, and the old man passed.

### *An Interesting Narrative.*

Two young men, the children of pious and wealthy parents, felt themselves exceedingly displeased at being constantly refused the family carriage on the Lord's day. It was in vain they urged their confinement during the week, as a sufficient reason, why they should be thus indulged on the Sabbath. It was the father's settled rule, that the authority which commanded him to rest, included also his servants and cattle; he therefore turned a deaf ear to their entreaties and remonstrances. In their madness or in their folly, they determined to resent this refusal, by leaving their situations and going to sea. Intelligence of this step was transmitted to the Rev. John Griffin, of Portsea, and he was requested to make diligent inquiry, and on finding them to use every possible means to induce them to return home. After some search he found them in a rendezvous house, and introducing himself, he stated his business and urged their return. He however, urged them in vain: for, bent upon the fulfilment of their design, they thanked him for his advice, but determined to reject it. Among other reasons for their return, he urged the feelings of their parents, and especially those of their mother. "Think," said the good man, "what must your mother's situation be, after years of anxious watching and fervent prayer after looking forward to this time, when in your society and in your welfare, she hoped to meet a rich reward for all that she had

suffered on your account ; yet in one moment, and by one imprudent step, she finds you plunged into misery, the depths of which you cannot conceive of, and herself the subject of a wretchedness she has never deserved at your hands."

In the heart of the youngest there was a sense of gratitude, which answered to this appeal ; and bursting into tears, he expressed his sorrow for his conduct, and his willingness to return. Still, the eldest remained obdurate. Neither arguments persuaded him, nor warnings alarmed him. The carriage had been repeatedly refused ; he had made up his mind to go to sea, and to sea he would go. "Then," said Mr. Griffin, "come with me to my house ; I will get you a ship, and you shall go out, as a man and a gentleman." This he declined, assigning as a reason, that it would make his parents feel, to have it said that their son was gone as a common sailor, therefore he would go. "Is that your disposition?" Was the reply. "Then young man, go," said Mr. Griffin, "and while I say, God go with you, be sure your sin will find you out, and for it God will bring you into judgment." With reluctance, they left him ; the younger son was restored to his parents, while all traces of the elder one were lost, and he was mourned for, as one dead.

After the lapse of a considerable time, a loud knocking was heard at Mr. Griffin's door. This was early in the morning. On the servant's going down to open the door, she found a waterman, who wished immediately to see her master. Mr Griffin soon appeared and was informed that a young man under sentence of death, and about to be executed on board of one of the ships in the harbor, had expressed an earnest desire to see him, urging among other reasons, that he could not die happy unless he did. A short time found the minister of religion on board the ship, when the prisoner manacled and guarded, was introduced to him, to whom he said, "my poor friend, I feel for your condition, but as I am a stranger to you may I ask why you have sent for me ? It may be that you heard me preach at Portsea." "Never, sir. Do you not know me ?" "I do not." "Do you not remember the two young men, whom you some years since, urged to return to their parents, and to their duty ?" "I do ! I do

remember it; and remember that you were one of those  
 "I have sent then for you to take my last farewell of you  
 in this world, and to bless you for your efforts to restore  
 me to a sense of my duty. Would God, that I had taken  
 your advice; but it is now too late. *My sin has yielded  
 me out, and for it God has brought me into Judgment*  
 One, and but one consolation remains; I refused the  
 offer of going to your house until I could be provided for,  
 assigning as a reason, that it would make my parents  
 feel to have it said their son was a common sailor. A  
 little reflection showed me the cruelty of this determina-  
 tion; I assumed another name, under which I entered  
 myself; and my chief consolation is, that I shall die un-  
 pitied and unknown."

What the feelings of Mr. Griffin were at this sad dis-  
 covery may be more easily conceived than described. He  
 spent some time with him in prayer, and offered him that  
 advice, which was best suited to his unhappy case. The  
 prisoner was again placed in confinement, and Mr. Griffin  
 remained with the officer, who was then on duty. "Can  
 nothing be done for this poor young man?" was one of  
 the first inquiries made after the prisoner was withdrawn.  
 "I fear not," replied the officer, "the lords of the admiralty  
 have determined to make an example of the first offender  
 in this particular crime. He unfortunately is that  
 offender; and we hourly expect the warrant for his exe-  
 cution." Mr. Griffin determined to go immediately up to  
 London, and, in humble dependence upon the Lord, to  
 make every effort to save the criminal's life. It was his  
 lot, on the day of his arrival in the metropolis, to obtain  
 an interview with one of the lords of the admiralty, to  
 whom he stated the respectability of the young man's  
 connections, his bitter and unfeigned regret for the crime  
 which had forfeited his life; and, with that earnestness,  
 which the value of life is calculated to excite, ventured to  
 ask, if it was possible to spare him.

To his regret, he was informed that the warrant for his  
 execution had been that morning signed, and was on its  
 way to the officer, whose melancholy duty it was to see it  
 executed. With compassion the nobleman said "Go back,  
 sir, and prepare him for the worst. I cannot tell what is  
 to be done; but we are shortly to meet his majesty in

council, and all that you have urged shall be then stated; may it prove successful." Mr. Griffin returned, but discovered that the morning of his reaching home was the time appointed for the young man's execution. Joy and fear, and anxiety, by turns, possessed his mind, as, within a few minutes after his arrival, came a pardon, accompanied with the most earnest request to go immediately on board, lest the sentence of the law should be executed before he could reach the ship.

Upon the issue of a moment now rested the life of a fellow creature, and perhaps the salvation of an immortal soul. The minister reached the harbor, and saw the yellow flag, the signal of death flying, the rigging manned, and, for aught he knew to the contrary, the object of his solicitude at the last moment of his mortal existence. He reached the ship's side, and saw an aged man leaving it, whose sighs, and groans, and tears, proclaimed a heart bursting with grief, and a soul deeper in misery than the depths of the waters he was upon. *It was the prisoner's father!*

Under the assumed name he had discovered his wretched son, and had been to take his last farewell of him. Yes, it was the father who had brought him up in the fear of the Lord; who in his earliest days had led him to the house of God; and who, when lost, had often inquired in prayer, "Lord, where is my child?" Fearfully was he answered; he had found him, but it was to part, never in this world to meet again. Such, at least, must have been his conclusions in that moment, when, having torn himself from the embrace of his son, he was in the act of leaving the ship. The rest is told in a few words: with Mr. Griffin he re-entered the vessel at the moment when the prisoner, pinioned for execution, was advancing towards the fatal spot, when he was to be summoned into the presence of God. A moment found him in the embrace not of death, but of his father; his immediate liberation followed the knowledge of his pardon; and a few days restored the wanderer to the bosom of his family.

How forcibly are we reminded by the foregoing narrative of the sinner, who wanders from God. Desirous of cultivating his own depraved appetites, and selfish incli-

nations, he abandons the service of his Heavenly Father, because the law of the latter does not admit of such indulgence. If he may not have his own way, he will enter the service of one who allows of every indulgence, and the greater the demands for indulgence the more he is pleased. Into the service of the adversary of God and of his own soul he enters, and spends his strength and his days in the practice of vice and crime.

Often does his Heavenly Father send after him, admonish him, and invite him back. Some christian, or some christian minister, who knows his earthly parents, and with what sorrow he is embittering their lives, says to him "*Why will you die?*" In some instances the sinner is melted to repentance—returns to his Heavenly Father and mourns sincerely that he ever departed from him. But how often is he found, refusing the counsels of the pious—how often, deaf to the voice of entreaty, and hardened against the word and the Spirit of God, does he wander still farther and farther;—miserable, yet proud self-condemned, but obstinate;—afraid of the wrath to come, yet persisting in filling up the measure of his iniquity.

At length death approaches. Disease seizes upon his frame, or he forfeits his life by some heinous infraction of law. Horror stricken, he casts his eyes around for relief. Is there no help? Must he die and be miserable to all eternity? In this state of fearful apprehension, he sends for some minister of the gospel, or for some christian friend to whom he unfolds his case, and whom he urges to plead his cause.

His wants are carried to the throne of the eternal, by the breath of prayer—mercy is sought—pardon is supplicated—reformation is promised. In this hour of alternate hope and despair, God in pity listens to the voice of supplication—the humble, broken-hearted sinner is pointed unto the Lamb of God, as one, and the only one, who can take away sin. Into the hands of the Father, through the blood of the Son, he casts all his interests, and finds peace to his troubled conscience. He died; but through the rich grace of God he is welcomed to a Father's house on high—a monument of mercy—truly a brand plucked out of the fire.

There are instances of the salvation of abandoned sinners like the one whom we have here supposed; the instances, however, are probably few. And because here there one is thus rescued, and is accepted at the elevation, is it wise to procrastinate?—is it wise to procrastinate? Shall we sin, because grace abounds; and continue to sin, in the anticipation that grace has no limits? There is one instance on record in the Bible, of a sinner's acceptance in his dying moments—the penitent thief. The old divine has somewhere said, that “this one instance is recorded, that no sinner might absolutely despair—but one instance was given, that none should perish.”

### *Pray without Ceasing.*

A NUMBER of ministers were assembled for the discussion of difficult questions, and among others it was asked, how the command to *pray without ceasing* could be complied with? Various suppositions were started; and

at length, one of the number was appointed to write an essay upon it, and read it at the next meeting; which being overheard by a plain sensible girl, she exclaimed, “What! a whole month wanted to tell the meaning of that? It is one of the easiest, and best texts in the Bible.” “Tell,” said an old minister, “Mary, what can you say about it? Let us know how you understand it. Can you pray all the time?” “O yes sir.” “What! when you have so many things to do?” “Why sir, the more I have to do, the more I can pray.” “Indeed! well Mary, do let us know how it is, for most people think otherwise.”

“Well, sir,” said the girl, “when I first open my eyes in the morning, I pray, ‘Lord open the eyes of my understanding;’ and while I am dressing, I pray that I may be clothed with the robe of righteousness; and when I wash myself, I ask for the washing of regeneration; and as I begin my work, I pray that I may have strength to my day. When I begin to kindle up the fire, I pray that God’s work may revive in my soul; and as I sweep out the house, I pray that my heart may be cleansed from all its impurities; and while preparing about



partaking of breakfast, I desire to be fed with the hidden manna and the sincere milk of the word; and as I am busy with the little children, I look up to God as my Father, and pray for the spirit of adoption, that I may be his child, and so on all day. Every thing I do furnishes me with a thought for prayer." "Enough, enough," cried the old divine, "these things are revealed to babes, and often hidden from the wise and prudent. Go on Mary, *pray without ceasing*. And as for us, my brethren, let us bless the Lord for this exposition, and remember that he has said the meek will he guide in judgment.

The essay, as a matter of course, was not considered necessary, after this little event occurred.

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### ***Religion no Enemy to Pleasure.***

ONE cause which impedes the reception of religion, even among the well disposed, is the garment of sadness, in which people delight to suppose her dressed, that life of rigid austerity and pining abstinence, which they pretend she enjoins on her disciples. And it were well if this were only the misrepresentation of her declared enemies; but unhappily, it is the too frequent misconception of her injudicious friends. But such an overcharged picture is not more unamiable than it is unlike; for, I will venture to affirm, that religion, with all her beautiful and becoming sanctity, imposes fewer sacrifices, not only of rational but pleasurable enjoyment, than the uncontrolled dominion of any one vice. Her service is not only perfect safety but perfect freedom! She is not so tyranizing as passion, so exacting as the world, nor so despotic as fashion. Let us try the case by a parallel, and examine it not as affecting our virtue, but our pleasure. Does religion forbid the cheerful enjoyments of life as vigorously as avarice forbids them? Does she require such sacrifices of our care as ambition, or such renunciations of our quiet as pride? Does devotion murder sleep like dissipation? Does she destroy health like intemperance? Does she embitter life like discord, or abridge it like duelling? Does religion impose more vigilance than suspicion, or half as many mortifications as vanity? Vice has her

martyrs ; and the most austere and self denying ascetic, (who mistakes the genius of christianity almost as much as her enemies) never tormented himself with such cruel and causeless severity, as that with which envy lacerates her unhappy votaries. Wordly honor obliges us to be at the trouble of resenting injuries ; but religion spares us that inconvenience, by commanding us to forgive them, and by this injunction consults our happiness no less than our virtue ; for the torment of constantly hating any one, must be at least equal to the sin of it. If this estimate be fairly made, then is the balance clearly on the side of religion, even in the article of *pleasure*.

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### ***Rowland Hill.***

A PIOUS woman, a member in Surrey Chapel, was married to a husband who, though very kind to her, and, in many respects, a moral man, had no sense whatever of religion, but delighted in spending the hours in drinking beer, which she spent in attendance on the preaching of the gospel. It so happened that the parties, through some disappointment in business, had been unable to pay their rent on a particular quarter day. The consequence was, that a distraint on their furniture was put into their house, and a party was employed, as the technical phrase has it, "to take possession." After turning over every scheme in their minds which could suggest itself for extricating themselves from the difficulties in which they were involved, they were just about to resign themselves to despair, when the idea occurred to the wife, of submitting the whole circumstances of the case to Mr. Hill. She accordingly proceeded to his house, at once got access to him, and with no small degree of terror, made a short and simple representation of the state of matters.

"How much would you require to save your furniture, and to get rid of the person in possession ?" inquired Mr. Hill.

"Eighteen pounds, sir, would be quite sufficient for the purpose," answered the poor woman with a palpitating heart.

"I'll let you have the loan of twenty, and you can repay me at your convenience."

The heart of the other was too full to give utterance to distinct expressions of gratitude for so great a mark of kindness, on the part of her minister. He was too shrewd an observer of human nature not to perceive that the broken accents, and sometimes entire absence of words, which characterized her attempt to express her gratitude, afforded a far better proof of that feeling being at once deep and sincere, than if she had been the most affluent in words and most fluent in using them.

"Send your husband to me on your return home," said Mr. Hill, after the other had returned thanks in the best way her feelings would allow her; "send him to me presently, and I will have two ten pound notes, waiting him by the time he arrives. I wish to give the notes to him rather than to you."

Mrs. D. quitted Mr. Hill's house, and hurried home with light foot, but a still lighter heart. Having communicated to her husband what had passed between herself and her minister, it is unnecessary to say that he lost no time in proceeding to the house of Mr. Hill. The latter received him with much kindness of manner.

"And so," said he, "you are so unfortunate as to have a person in possession."

"We unfortunately have, sir."

"And twenty pounds will be sufficient to get rid of him and restore your furniture to you?"

"It will, sir."

"Well then," said Mr. Hill, pointing to the table, "there are two ten pound notes for you, which you can repay me when you are able. Take them."

The other hesitatingly advanced to the table, took up the notes and was in the act of folding them up, at the same time warmly thanking Mr. Hill for the act of friendship he had done him, and expressing a hope that he would soon be able to pay the amount back again; when the reverend gentleman suddenly exclaimed, "Stop a little! just lay down the notes again, until I ask a blessing on them."

The other did as he was desired, on which, the reverend gentleman, extending both his arms, addressed a short

prayer to the Divine Being, to this effect : " O, Lord, who art the author of all mērcy, and the giver of every good and perfect gift, do thou be graciously pleased to bless the small sum of money to be given to him who is now before thee, that it may conduce to his present and eternal welfare. For Jesus Christ's sake."

" Now, sir," said Rowland Hill, as he finished his brief supplication to the Throne of Grace, " Now sir you may take the money."

The party a second time took up the two ten pound notes, and was in the act, as before, of folding them up, when Mr Hill interposed by requesting him to wait a moment, adding that he had forgotten one thing.

It may easily be supposed that by this time the individual was a good deal confused. His confusion was increased a hundred fold when Mr. Hill remarked, " But, my friend, you have not yourself asked for a blessing on the money. You had better do so now."

" Sir," faltered out the other, scarcely able to support himself, " Sir, I cannot pray. I never prayed in all my life."

" You have the more need to begin now," observed the reverend gentleman, in his own cool, yet rebuking manner.

" I cannot, sir ; I do not know what to say."

" Make the effort. however short your prayer may be."

" I cannot, sir. I am unable to utter a single sentence."

" Then you cannot have the money. I will not lend twenty pounds to a prayerless person."

The other hesitated for a moment, and then closed his eyes, and with uplifted hands, he said with great earnestness. " Oh Lord, what shall I say to Thee and Mr. Hill on this occasion ?" He was about to begin another sentence, when the reverend gentleman interrupted him, by observing, " That will do for a beginning. It is a very excellent first prayer. It is from the heart. I have not uttered a more sincere or fervent petition to God for the last fifty years. Take the money, and may God's blessing be given along with it." As he spoke Mr. Hill took up the two ten pound notes, and transferring them to the half bewildered man, cordially shook him by the hand, and wished him a good morning.

### *Mothers.*

MR. ROSCOE, that eminent philanthropist, has remarked that to the instructions of his kind and affectionate mother, he might safely attribute any good principle, which appeared in his conduct, during life—that to her he owed the inculcation of those sentiments of humanity, which became a ruling principle in his mind—and that she did not neglect to supply him with books, as she thought would contribute to his improvement. His character of beneficence was eminently the fruit of maternal virtue.

The mother of Christian Frederick Swartz, on her dying bed, informed her husband and pastor, that she had dedicated her son to the Lord, and obtained a promise from them, that the infant should be trained in the remembrance of this sacred destination, and if he should in due time express a desire to be educated for the ministry, they would cherish and promote it to the utmost of their power. Swartz became the missionary apostle to India, and died when about seventy-four years old, having been instrumental, it is supposed, in the conversion of thousands of souls.

The early, though ripe piety of John Urquhart seems to have been the result, through the divine blessing, of early consecration to God, and corresponding means employed by his parents for his spiritual good. It is remarked, by Mr. Orme, his biographer, that the parents of this bright and interesting youth felt the importance of devoting their offspring to him, and of bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. To his mother, in particular, Urquhart was indebted for his earliest ideas and impressions; and of her tenderness and attention to him he retained during his short but brilliant course the liveliest and most grateful recollections. The prayers breathed over his cradle, and the instructions given him in infancy, seemed to have been richly blessed in the production of a piety so sweet and uncommon, even in the history of piety.

Dr. Bateman, an eminent English physician, who was converted from a sceptic to a saint, was a striking instance of the salutary influence of a religious education, on the

character and mind, even at a comparatively late period of life. His parents were of the "excellent of the earth," and he owed much to their care. After the death of a talented father, who had carefully instructed him in religion, the place of the former was supplied with great judgment and affection by a pious and devoted mother. The effects of her moral guardianship was clearly traced in that exemplary filial reverence and obedience, which Dr. Bateman exhibited through life—That awe for religion, which was one of the earliest sentiments of his childhood, saved him from open immorality, amidst all his unbelief—a state of mind into which he had unhappily fallen—and prepared the way for the ultimate triumph of divine grace.—The seed had been planted in the virgin soil; it had been watered with many tears; the divine blessing had been sought with fervent prayers, and God was pleased at length to "give the increase." The change was complete, as it was marvelous, and constituted him, during the short remainder of his days, one of the happiest of believers.

The writer will mention another case of the efficacy of maternal faithfulness, and prayer, in reference to an abandoned son. A distressed mother once remarked, "I have only one painful trial." A person who heard the sentiment, presuming that she referred to the moral state of her graceless son, observed that parents must feel intense agony of mind in the prospect of having their children separated from them in the eternal world. "I have not that prospect to agonize my mind," said the mother; "I have three already in heaven; and I doubt not but the grace of God will reach the heart of my prodigal son. I cannot doubt it. It would be a sin to doubt it. I have felt such a spirit of prayer coming upon me at times in his behalf, that I have wrestled for his conversion, as Jacob wrestled with the angel, and though I have heard no voice saying to me, "it shall be unto thee even as thou wilt;" yet I have departed from the throne of mercy in peace, and found my path strengthened with power from on high. My faith is so strong and so uniform in its exercise, that it has cast out all fear from my breast, and I can rejoice in the prospect of meeting all my children in my Father's house." The believing expectation of this

devoted mother was not disappointed. As she lay on her dying bed, her only remaining child, who had been a rover on the sea, returned to pay his parent a visit. After a very touching and tender meeting, "you are near port," said the hardy looking sailor, "and I hope you will have an abundant entrance." "Yes, my child, the fair haven is in sight, and soon, very soon, I shall be landed

"On that peaceful shore,  
Where pilgrims meet to part no more."

"You have weathered many a storm in your passage, mother; but now God is dealing very graciously with you, by causing the wind to cease, and giving you a calm at the end of your passage." "God has always dealt graciously with me, my son. But this last expression of his kindness, in permitting me to see you before I die, is so unexpected, that it is like a miracle wrought in answer to prayer." "O mother," replied the sailor, weeping as he uttered the remark, "your prayers have been the means of my salvation, and I am thankful that your life has been spared, till I could tell you of it." With devout composure she listened to the story of his conversion; and at last, grasping the hand of her son, she pressed it to her dying lips and said, "Yes, thou art a faithful God, and as it has pleased thee to bring back my long lost child, and adopt him into thy family, I will say:—'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'"

### *Mystery, Reason and Faith.*

NIGHT comes over a ship at sea, and a passenger lingers hour after hour alone on the deck. The waters plunge and welter and glide away beneath the keel. Above, the sails tower up in the darkness, almost to the sky, and their shadows fall as it were a burden on the deck below. In the clouded night no star is to be seen, and as the ship changes her course, the passenger knows not which way is east, or west, or north, or south. What island, what sunken rocks may be on her course—or what that course is or where they are, he knows not. All around to him

is *mystery*. He bows down in the submission of utter ignorance.

But men of science have read the laws of the sky. And the next day this passenger beholds the captain looking at a clock and taking note of the place of the sun, and with the aid of a couple of books, comprised of rules and mathematical tables, making calculations. And when he has completed them, he is able to point almost with a hand's breath to the place at which, after unnumbered windings, he has arrived in the midst of the seas. Storms may have beat and currents drifted, but he knows where they are, and the precise point, where a hundred leagues over the water, lies his native shore. Here is *reason* appreciating and making use of the revelations (if we may so call them) of science.

Night again shuts down over the waste of the waves and the passenger beholds a single seaman at the wheel, and watch, hour after hour, as it vibrates beneath a lamp, a little needle, which points ever, as if it were a living finger, to the steady pole.

This man knows nothing of the rules of navigation, nothing of the courses of the sky. But reason and experience have given him *faith* in the commanding officer of the ship—faith in the laws that control her course—faith in the unerring integrity of the little guide before him. And so without a single doubt he steers his ship on, according to a prescribed direction, through night and the waves. And that faith is not disappointed. With the morning sun, he beholds far away the summits of the grey and misty highlands, rising like a cloud in the horizon; and as he nears them, the hills appear, and the light at the entrance of the harbor, and, sight of joy! the shining roofs among which he strives to detect his own.

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### ***The African Preacher.***

THERE lived in his immediate vicinity a respectable man, who had become interested on the subject of religion, and who had begun with some earnestness to search the scriptures. He had read but a few chapters, when he be-



came greatly perplexed with some of those passages which an inspired apostle has declared to be "hard to be understood." In this state of mind he repaired to our preacher for instruction and help, and found him at noon, on a sultry day in summer, laboriously engaged hoeing his corn. As the man approached, the preacher with patriarchal simplicity, leaned upon the handle of his hoe, and listened to his story. "Uncle Jack," said he, "I have discovered lately that I am a great sinner, and I commenced reading the Bible, that I may learn what I must do to be saved. But I have met with a passage here," holding up his Bible, "which I know not what to do with. It is this: 'God will have mercy upon whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth.' What does this mean?" A short pause intervened, and the old African replied as follows: "Master, if I have been rightly informed, it has not been but a day or two since you began to read the Bible, and, if I remember rightly that passage you have mentioned, is away yonder in Romans. Long before you get to that, at the very beginning of the gospel it is said, 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' Now, have you done with that? The truth is you have read entirely too fast. You must begin again, and take things as God has pleased to place them. When you have done all that you are to do in Matthew, come and talk about Romans.

Having thus answered, the old preacher resumed his work, and left the man to his own reflections. Who does not admire the simplicity and good sense which characterized this reply? Could the most learned polemic more effectually have met and disposed of such a difficulty? The gentleman particularly interested in this incident, gave me an account of it with his own lips. He still lives, and will, in all probability, see this statement of it.

Most readily will he testify to its strict accuracy; and most joyfully will he now say, as he said to me then "It convinced me, most fully, of the mistake into which I had fallen. I took the old man's advice. I soon saw its propriety and wisdom, and hope to bless God for ever for sending me to him."

***The Sailor and the Bible.***

IN the year 1815, some of Dr. Bogue's students resolved to preach to the crowds of people, who were constantly found near the beach at Gosport. They said one to another, "We profess to have a tender compassion for souls; we are going to spend our days in preaching to the heathen; and how can we consistently let the multitudes perish around us, without attempting at least to warn them to flee from the wrath to come?" A commencement was made by one of the students on a Sabbath morning. He went among the people with religious tracts; spoke to them of their danger; told them of Christ; exhorted them to go to a place of worship; and promised that the next Sabbath morning, a person should come to preach to them.

When the time arrived, several of the students went to the beach, and one of them began the service on the market house steps. The hymn which begins with,

"Life is the time to serve the Lord,"

Was sung to the tune of Old Hundredth. At first, only a few people were present; but this was like ringing the bell or beating the drum. Many came running out of the public houses. The inhabitants in the high street, threw up their sashes and looked out at their windows, and some came and stood at their doors. The people who were busy buying meat at their shambles, came flocking around us, and at last the butchers, having no customers, left their traffic and came and listened also.

The text was, "I have a message from God unto thee." The congregation in a general way, were very attentive, and the whole scene was exceedingly impressive. Here were soldiers, sailors, prostitutes, porters, butchers, laborers, and Sabbath-breakers of various descriptions, listening to a message from God. The tears flowed plentifully; even hardy tars were seen wiping their streaming eyes with the sleeve of their blue jacket; and one sailor was so affected, that he stepped behind another sailor to try to hide his feelings. Some of the prostitutes, also, were much affected, which their companions in iniquity perceiving, instantly hurried them away to their haunts of wretchedness.

At the close of the service, a young man, belonging to a frigate, was seen bustling through the crowd towards the preacher, who thought he had a menacing appearance; but when he came near, the warm-hearted tar, with evident feelings of regard, said, "You have been hard at work, sir, and I am sure you must be thirsty; I beg you will accept of this three shilling piece to get something to drink." "Thank you, brave fellow," the student replied; "we did not come here for your money but to do good to your soul." "I know it, sir," said he; "*I felt it*; but you must have something to drink." "Have you a Bible, friend?" "No." "Then come with us and we will sell you a Bible for your three shilling piece." "Very well, sir. Come along Jem," said he to his shipmate, "let us go with these gentlemen." We then walked to our lodgings; and having received the Bible, he put it into his breast pocket, and exclaimed with an energy not to be described, "There, sir! I part with this book the same day that I part with my head."

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### ***Invitation to the Tempted and Backslider.***

YES, O, Christian, whoever you are, however tempted and distressed; however languishing and despairing you may be, the Master is come and calleth for thee. He does, as it were, call thee by name, for he knows the name of his sheep, they are engraven on the palms of his hands, and he cannot forget them. His language is, "Where is this, and that, and the other one of my flock, who used to watch for the tokens of my approach and come at the sound of my voice? Why do they not come to welcome my return, and rejoice in my presence? Have they backslidden and wandered from my fold? Go, and tell them that their High Priest and Intercessor, one who has been in all points tempted as they are, and who can therefore be touched with the feeling of their infirmities, is come, and calleth for them to spread their temptations and afflictions before him. Are they borne down with a load of guilt, and the weight of their sins against me, so that they are ashamed to look me in the face? Tell them that I will receive them graciously, and love them freely.

Are they carried away by their spiritual enemies, and bound in the fetters of vice, so that they cannot come to welcome me? Tell them that I am come to proclaim deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to rescue the lambs of my flock from the paw of the lion, and the jaws of the bear. Are they oppressed by fears that they shall one day perish by the hand of their enemies? Go and tell them that my sheep never perish, and that none shall finally pluck them out of my hand. Are they slumbering and sleeping, insensible of my approach? Go, and awaken them with the cry, 'Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him.'"

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### ***The Prize Buyer.***

THERE lived in the writer's neighborhood, when a boy, a family which will be distinguished by the name of Stillman, consisting of a father, a mother, and an only son. Old Stillman was a farmer, and, as the phrase went, "*well to do in the world.*" Isaac, his son, was, by the district schoolmasters, characterized as a boy of excellent natural parts; but of propensities so untutored, and luxuriantly wild, as to render his success as a scholar, entirely problematical. The result proved the correctness of the teachers' estimate. Isaac grew up into a tall, roystering farmer's boy, nearly destitute of the veriest rudiments of a common education, but with some tact, and much taste for bargaining and speculation. To the delight, but much oftener to the chagrin of the father, Isaac, who had the control of some four or five head of cattle and a horse, made sometimes a good, oftentimes a bad hit, in trading stock with the neighboring youngsters. This trafficking, however, was on much too small a scale. There was too little left to luck, (the word luck was magical to young Stillman's ear,) to suit the daring spirit of a reckless young speculator.

About this time it was, that one of the ever lucky schemes of the New York Literary Lottery, found its way to a store hard by the residence of Mr. Stillman. Young

Stillman obtained possession of it, and as his eye ran over the list of splendid prizes for sale, his ambition was fired to take his chance with other happy adventurers, (so he deemed them,) for the highest. He bought a ticket and drew its value, minus fifteen per cent.; and, of course, added the fifteen per cent. lost, and tried his luck a second time; all gamblers, young or old, would have done the same. Again he drew his money, less the fifteen per cent., and again added the loss and reinvested. He pursued this course unknown to his father, until he had spent the cash receipts of two fine three year old steers, which he had sold to pretty good advantage. An undrawn lottery ticket was all he had left, when the old gentleman found, on asking the loan of a few dollars from his son, that his money was all gone, and how.

The anger and sorrow of the practical hard-working father may be better imagined than described. He withdrew from his son the control of all the property he had given him, at once, and forbade his gambling in lotteries for ever after, on pain of his severest displeasure. But two days after this, news came that Isaac's ticket had absolutely drawn a prize of \$20,000.

The incident wrought forthwith an entire revolution in the affairs; and, as an almost necessary consequence, in the views of the elder Stillman, on the subject of lotteries. Both he and his son now bought—not single tickets, but whole packages in the current schemes. The whole neighborhood, in fact, excited by the brilliant success of the younger Stillman, invested sums in the purchase of tickets, which they could ill afford to spare. The Stillman's bought and lost, and lost and bought, till their prize, property, farm, all—was gone. The gray hairs of the old gentleman and lady went down in poverty and sorrow to the grave. Young Stillman still lives, drives a stage for fourteen dollars per month, and buys rum and tickets with his wages. He is a miserable lost man; and the locality where he once lived is probably poorer by \$50,000, for his truly lucky ticket of \$20,000. Three fine farms there are now burthened with heavy and hopeless mortgages, which but for Isaac Stillman's prize, would at this day have been unencumbered. The moral of this unvarnished sketch is left for the reader to draw.

*A Patriot of '76.*

AN old gentleman, once the governor of the state in which he lives, who had long been afflicted with a disease for which ardent spirits had been prescribed as a remedy, at a temperance meeting, said —

“Friends and neighbors, I am now more than seventy years of age—you all know my state of health. I have been trying an experiment for two months past in abstaining from the use of ardent spirits, which affords me much relief from the great distress I at times experience. My suffering has been great, but less than I feared. In the war of the revolution, I commanded a company of militia in this state. At the approach of the enemy to Bennington, I had just recovered from a fever that had confined me to my bed for many days—I had not then left my room. The alarm was given, the militia called out; and I, in opposition to the entreaties and expostulations of my friends, marched at the head of my company for Bennington. In our march, we had to ford a river; a sturdy soldier shouldered and carried me over on his back. We met the enemy—fought—conquered—and returned in safety to our families. I thus put my life in jeopardy to aid in serving my country, and I am willing to do it again. An enemy more powerful and subtle than the British, is destroying firesides, and trampling with iron hoofs the fairest portions of our land. I present myself to join your ranks in this war of extermination, and enlist under your banner, bearing the motto ‘Total Abstinence.’ This step will no doubt shorten my days. Be it so: I stand ready to sacrifice my life in the cause, and I freely subscribe your pledge, totally and for ever to abstain from the use of ardent spirits.”

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*A Case of Conscience.*

A FEW days since, a farmer from a neighboring town came to Portsmouth with a quantity of beautiful apples, and left them exposed on the parade. They soon attracted the attention of a boy. He took up one after another of the most tempting of the fairest apples, and throwing

them down again ; gazed at them in the anxious and troubled manner, which showed that conscience and appetite were holding a severe and doubtful contest. Now one, and now the other would seem to gain a momentary ascendancy. This conflict, interesting from its character and doubtful termination, caught the notice of one of our citizens, who has taught many children how to gain the victory to conscience in matters of this sort. He waited at a distance the issue, and was delighted, at last, to see the little fellow, with a decided manner, throw down the last apple, and resolutely turn his back on the temptation. At this moment, he approached the boy, commended him for what he had done ; and to reward his honesty, purchased and gave him as many apples as he wanted.

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### ***If you could hear him Pray.***

ABOUT eight years since, in obtaining subscriptions for a benevolent purpose, I called upon a gentleman in one of our largest cities, who generously contributed to the object. Before leaving, I said to him, how much, think, will such an individual subscribe ? “ I don’t know,” said he ; “ but could you hear that man pray, you would think he would give all he is worth.” So I called upon him ; but to my surprise, he would not contribute. As I was about to take my leave of him, I said to him, as I came to your house, I asked an individual, what you would probably give : “ I don’t know,” said he ; “ but could you hear that man pray, you would think he would give you all he is worth.” The man’s head dropped, tears gushed from his eyes ; he took out his pocket-book, and gave me seventy-five dollars. He could not withstand this argument. His heart relented, and his purse opened.

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### ***The Duelist a Penitent.***

B—— was a member of one of the New England colleges, from a southern section of the country. He left his class before the completion of the college course, with habits of dissipation, which gave melancholy presage of

grief and sorrow to his friends—an untimely grave, and an immortality of shame and everlasting contempt. As was anticipated, on his return to the south, he plunged into vice without restraint. I quote his own account:—“As soon as I was again among the associates of my youth, I became entirely devoted to the pursuits of pleasure. With them I plunged deep into fashionable dissipation, and soon lost all thought of my former resolutions and former friends. My life was a continual round of dissipatious criminal in the extreme, and ruinous in their effects both to body and soul.”

The rushing stream had now become an impetuous torrent, and dashed along with appalling swiftness toward the precipice! an affectionate and widowed mother wept and warned in vain. A large circle of deeply-afflicted friends did all friends could do, but saw every effort useless. Here was talent of high order and attainments sufficient to constitute a shining ornament of society. But all were handed over to the service of sin, and contributed to strengthen the kingdom and increase the malignant joy of the prince of darkness.

But the lowest depth of depravity had not yet been reached. An extract of a letter dated Dec. 1832, will give his own account. “I continued this course of life, as above described, till a few days before the protracted meeting commenced. And, sir, what think you brought me to a pause? Doubtless you will say, to compose my mind and strive for a blessing. Oh! no, sir; it was to prepare myself for *mortal combat* with a fellow being! The time of our meeting was fixed; and it happened to be the day, on which the people of God were to assemble together. Within less than half a mile from that solemn assembly we met, and exchanged shots with pistols. To give you an idea of my utter recklessness and depravity of heart at that time—when I saw the weapon of my antagonist directed towards me, and by one who was esteemed sure and deadly in his aim, the last thought that I recollect was my *curiosity*, respecting the nature of a future state! His ball struck the earth very near my feet—my own passed within a few inches of his breast. I returned home to a mother and relations, who were half dead with grief and anxiety.



"Let us turn from this horrid scene to one of a different character. The *next day* found my antagonist and myself on the same bench, at an inquiry meeting, overwhelmed with grief and tears for our sins. The conflict was truly great. For six days I seldom ate or slept. I was at last so much reduced and enfeebled, I had scarcely strength to rise from my knees. A consciousness of pardon and acceptance with God was, at length, obtained—a new song has been put into my mouth."

The reader needs no guide to suitable reflections. Who can contemplate these facts without emotions of wonder in view of the goodness of God, and the power of his grace?

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### ***The Secret.***

"MOTHER," said a fine looking girl of ten years of age, "I want to know the secret of your going away alone every night and morning." "Why, my child?" "Because, I think it must be to see some one you love very much." "And what induces you to think so?" "Because, I have always noticed that when you come back, you appear to be more happy than usual." "Well, suppose I do go to see a friend I love much, and that after seeing him, I am more happy than before, why should *you* wish to know any thing about it?" "Because I wish to do as you do, that I may be happy also." "Well, my child, when I leave you on the morning and the evening, it is to see my blessed Savior; I go to pray to him—I ask him for his grace to make me happy and holy—I ask him to assist me in all the duties of the day, and especially to keep me from committing sin against him, and above all, I ask him to have mercy upon your soul, and to save you from the ruin of those who go down to hell." "O! is that the secret," said the child, "then I must go with you."

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### ***The Use of the Bible.***

A LITTLE boy had often amused himself by looking over the pictures of a large Bible; and his mother one



**The Use of the Bible.**

POST  
AS  
TIL

day said to him, "John, do you know the use of the Bible?" He said, "No, mother." "Then, John, be sure you ask your father," was the advice his mother gave him. Soon afterwards, when his father came home, John ran up to him, and said, "I should like to know, father, what is the use of the Bible?" His father said, "I'll tell you another time, John." The boy appeared disappointed, and walked away, wondering why his father did not answer the question directly.

A few days after, the father took his son to a house, where was a woman very ill in bed, and began to talk to the poor afflicted woman, who said that she had suffered a great deal of pain, but hoped that she was resigned to the will of God. "Do you think," said the father, "that God does right to permit you to feel so much pain?" "Oh, yes," answered the woman; "for God is my heavenly Father, who loves me, and I am sure that one who loves me so much, would not permit me to suffer as I do, if it were not for my good." He then said, "How is it that you find your sufferings do you good?" She replied, "My sufferings are good for my soul, they make me more humble, more patient; they make me feel the value of the Savior more, and they make me pray more, and I am sure all this is good for me." John had been very attentive to this conversation, and the tears stood in his eyes, while the afflicted woman was talking. His father looked at him, and then said to the woman, "My good woman, can you tell me what is the use of the Bible?" In an instant, John cast his eyes towards the woman, while his face showed that he was extremely eager to hear her answer. The woman, with a stronger voice than before, said, "Oh, sir, the Bible has been my comfort in affliction." "There, John," said his father, "now you know the use of the Bible; it can give us comfort, when we most need it."

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### ***The Sins of our Youth.***

Two aged disciples, one eighty-seven years old, one day met. "Well," inquired the younger to his fellow-pilgrim, "how long have you been interested in religion?"

"Fifty years," was the old man's reply. "Well, have you ever regretted that you began so young to devote yourself to religion?" "O no," said he; and the tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks. "I weep when I think of the sins of my youth. It is this which makes me weep now."

Another man of eighty, who had been a christian fifty or sixty years, was asked if he was grieved that he had become a disciple of Christ. "O no," said he, "If I grieve for any thing, it is that I did not become a christian before."

We visited a woman of ninety, as she lay on her last bed of sickness. She had been hoping in Christ for a half century. In the course of conversation she said, "Tell all the children, that an old woman, who is just on the border of eternity is very much grieved that she did not begin to love the Savior when she was a child. Tell them 'youth is the time to serve the Lord.'"

Said an old man of seventy-six, "I did not become interested in religion, till I was forty-five; and I have often to tell God, I have nothing to bring him but the dregs of old age."

Said another man, between sixty and seventy years of age, "I hope I became a disciple of the Lord Jesus, when I was seventeen;" and he burst into a flood of tears as he added, "and there is nothing which causes me so much distress as to think of those seventeen years—some of the very best portion of my life—which I devoted to sin and the world."

And the penitent, broken-hearted David, as he looked back and thought of his early days, exclaimed, "Remember not, O Lord, the sins of my youth."

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### ***The Result of Trust in God.***

It is related of Rev. Oliver Heywood, a non-conformist minister, that on a time he was reduced to great straits, his little stock of money was quite exhausted; the family provisions were entirely consumed, and Martha, a maid-servant, who had lived in his family for several years, and who had often assisted them, could now lend no more from the little savings of former years.

Heywood trusted that God would still provide for who had nothing but the divine providence to live. He said,

When cruise and barrel both are dry,  
We still will trust in God, most high.

When the children began to be impatient for food, Mr. Heywood called his servant, and said to her, "Martha, take a basket, and go to Halifax, call on Mr. N., the shopkeeper, and say, I desire him to lend me five shillings: it will be kind enough to do it, bring us some bread, some cheese, and such other little things as you know we most need; be as expeditious as you can in returning home, for the poor children begin to be fretful for want of something to eat; put on your hat and cloak, and the Lord bless you good speed; in the mean time, we will offer up our request to Him who "feedeth the young ravens when they cry, and who knows what we have need of before we ask him." Martha observed her master's direction; but when she came near the house, where she was ordered to beg a loan of five shillings, through timidity and bashfulness her heart failed her. She passed by the door again and again, without having courage to go in and tell her errand. At length Mr. N. standing at his shop door, and seeing Martha in the street, called her to him, and said, "are you Mr. Heywood's servant?" When she, with an anxious voice, had answered in the affirmative, he added, "I am glad I have this opportunity of seeing you: some friends — have remitted me five guineas for your master, and I was just thinking how I should contrive to send it." Martha burst into tears, and for some time could not utter a word; the necessities of the family, their trust in Providence, the reasonableness of the supply, and a variety of other ideas entering in upon her mind at once, quite overpowered her. At length she told Mr. N. upon what errand she came, but that she had not courage to ask him to lend her poor master money. The gentleman could not be affected with the story, and told Martha to return to him when the like necessity should press upon her at any future time. She made haste to procure the necessary provisions, and with a heart lightened of its burden, ran home to tell the success of her journey.

Though she had not been long absent, the hungry family had often looked wishfully out of the window for her arrival. When she knocked at her master's door, which must be locked and barred for fear of constables and bailiffs, it was presently opened, and the joy to see her was as great as when a fleet of ships arrives laden with provisions for the relief of a starving town, closely besieged by an enemy. The children danced round the maid, eager to look into the basket of eatables; the patient mother wiped her eyes; the father smiled, and said, "The Lord hath not forgotten to be gracious; his word is true from the beginning. The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." Martha related every circumstance of her little expedition as soon as tears of joy could permit this; and all partook of the homely fare, with a sweeter relish than the fastidious Roman nobles ever knew, when thousands were expended to furnish one repast. Had you been present when this pious family were eating their bread and cheese, and drinking pure water from the spring, you might have found the good man thus addressing the wife of his bosom:—"Did I not tell you, my dear, that God would surely provide for us? Why were you so fearful, O ye of little faith! Our heavenly Father knoweth that we have need of these things. Jesus said unto his disciples, "When I sent you without purse or scrip, lacked you any thing?" and they said, 'Nothing, Lord.'"

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### *A Bible at College.*

A FATHER of a family, residing not far from Columbia, was about sending his son to the South Carolina College. But as he knew the influence to which he would be exposed, he was not without a deep and anxious solicitude for the spiritual and eternal welfare of his favorite child. Fearing lest the principles of the Christian faith, which he had endeavored to instil in his mind, would be rudely assailed, yet trusting in the efficacy of that word, which is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, he purchased, unknown to his son, an elegant copy

of the Bible, and deposited it in the bottom of his trunk. The young man entered on his college career. The restraints of a pious education were soon broken off, and by an easy, yet rapid descent, he proceeded from speculation to doubts, and from doubts to a full denial of the reality of religion. After having become, in his estimation, wiser than his father, he discovered, one day, while rummaging his trunk, with great surprise and indignation, the sacred deposit. He took it out, and while deliberating upon the manner in which he should treat it, he finally concluded that he would use it as waste paper, on which to wipe his razor while shaving. Accordingly, every time he went to shave, he tore out a leaf or two of the holy volume, and converted it to the use which he had determined, until, in process of time, nearly the half of the volume was destroyed. But while he was committing this outrage upon the richest gift of God to man—a word, text, now and then met his eye, and was carried like a barbed arrow to his heart. At length, one day, he happened to hear a sermon, which brought to view his own character, and his exposure to the wrath of God, and wetted upon his mind the impression which he had received from the last torn leaf of the blessed yet insulted volume. Then rushed upon his agitated thoughts a conviction of his guilt, and especially of that act in which he had desecrated the Records of Heavenly Truth. Had worlds been at his disposal, he would freely have given them all, could they have availed in enabling him to reverse his steps, and undo the sacrilegious deed, which in its folly and pride, and wickedness of his heart, he had repeatedly committed. At length, however, he found forgiveness at the foot of the Cross. The torn leaves of that sacred volume were, after all, the leaves which served to save his soul; for they led him to repose upon the mercy of God, which is sufficient for the chief of sinners. Let this instance of the amazing grace of God prove an encouragement to the friends of religion to go on in their sacred work of distributing the word of life; for it is the unchangeable promise of Jehovah, that his “word shall not return unto him void.”



### ***A Physician's Sabbath.***

THE following anecdote of a distinguished practitioner, may be of use to others in like circumstances. He was harassed with calls on the Sabbath—his Sabbaths were broken—he was prevented attending public worship—it was a trial to him to be obliged to serve his patrons so often and so constantly on the Sabbath. At length he adopted this expedient: he let it be known that he viewed the Sabbath as the Lord's day—sacred to his worship—and that he must regard his calls upon the sick on that day as the work of *necessity and mercy—and that he should make no charge for his services on that day*. He supposed that people would not call upon him in these circumstances—that they would have too much goodness to ask for his services gratuitously, and that he should have few calls, and be free to attend public worship. But, to his surprise, it increased the evil—if his services were to be given on the Sabbath, every body wanted him on the Sabbath—and he was sent for here and there and all about. There was no keeping the Sabbath so. *He accordingly changed the tables—and gave out that he should make a double charge for travel and visits on the Sabbath*, and of course, that it would cost as much more to be sick on the Sabbath, as on any other day of the week. This expedient had the desired effect—he could do up his business on Saturday night, and with the exception of a few extreme cases, he could have his Sabbath for religious uses and regularly attend on public worship.

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### ***A new way to stop Selling Rum.***

A CERTAIN trader in Vermont, having become convinced of the impropriety of selling rum, was desirous of stopping, but did not know how to begin, without offending some of his customers. There were some he could refuse. There were others he thought he could not; at any rate, "he didn't love to!" After studying upon the matter some time, he hit upon the following expedient. As he had sold in all quantities, to be drank in his store,

and to be carried away, he thought he would stop the tippling part of the business first. So he put his spirits all down cellar, and when a man called for something to drink, whom he did not love to refuse, he would say: "Yes, go with me." He then went down a narrow, crooked pair of stairs, through a trap door in the cellar, the man following him, poking along carefully, so as not to break his neck, and when they had got down, it was sure to be so dark that they couldn't see. He would then say to his customer "really it is dark here, stop and I will get a light." He would then go up after a candle, and be sure to be gone as long as was any way decent, and when he returned there would be no tumbler down cellar, then he must run and get a tumbler, by no means in a hurry, and by the time he had got down with his tumbler, the cask was not tapped, and perhaps in his hurry the candle had gone out. He would then run and get a gimblet to tap the aforesaid cask, and draw his rum. Then there was sure to be no water, and he would run to get the water, and the candle would go out in his great haste, and by the time he got back with the water and light, from the beginning to the end of the whole operation, it would be the best part of half an hour. By this time his customer had got ready to swallow the dram, and put the question "What's to pay?"

"Oh! nothing, nothing! I don't take any pay."

Suffice it to say, that no man that he couldn't refuse, would ever call for a second dram. After serving all his *influential* customers in this way, he got rid of the tippling part of his business, and soon got rid of the residue, and kept a temperance store.

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### ***Old Humphrey's short way with Infidels.***

IN moving among mankind, I have now and then fallen in with infidels, who had not only declared their disbelief of the Bible, but endeavored also to destroy the faith of others in that blessed book. The way in which they have always begun their attack is, to higggle and wriggle about some disputed point of little importance, with as much confidence, as if they were on the point of overturning the

whole truth of scripture by their silly prattle. Just as soon would a poor blind mole tear up from the ground an oak of a hundred year's growth, by burrowing under one of the least of its roots.

If ever you fall in with one of these unhappy beings, don't be drawn into cavil with them about trifles, but boldly declare your opinion leaving them to wrangle, if they like by themselves.

Tell them that if there be any thing good, and pure, and holy, and heavenly in the world, the Bible exhorts us to practice it; and if there be any thing that is evil, and base, and vile, in the world, the Bible commands us to avoid it. That will be a poser.

Tell them that the Bible contains more knowledge and wisdom than all the books that were ever printed, put together; and that those who believe its promises and obey its commandments, have peace and hope and joy, in the cares of life, and the trying hour of death. That will be a poser too.

Tell them that the Bible has been believed in by the wisest and best of men from generation to generation, as the word of the living God, and that it makes known to a sinner the only way of salvation through the merits and death of a crucified Redeemer. That will be another poser.

And then ask them, before they pull the book to pieces any more, to produce one that has done a thousandth part as much good in making men happy on earth, and in guiding them in the way to heaven; and that will be the greatest poser of all to them.

Depend upon it, this course will be better than wrangling and jangling about sticks and straws, losing your temper, and feeling yourself outwitted into the bargain, by the borrowed conceits of silly coxcombs, whose hearts and whose heads are equally empty.

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### ***The Dutch Ship-master and the Russian Cottager.***

In a little town, five miles from St. Petersburg, lived a poor German woman. A small cottage was her only

possession, and the visits of a few shipmasters, on their way to Petersburg, her only livelihood. Several Dutch shipmasters having supped at her house one evening, she found, when they were gone, a sealed bag of money under the table. Some one of the company, had no doubt forgotten it, but they had sailed over to Cronstadt, and the wind being fair, there was no chance of their putting back. The good woman put the bag in her cupboard, to keep it till it should be called for. Full seven years, however, elapsed, and no one claimed it; and though often tempted by opportunity, and oftener tempted by want, to make use of the contents, the poor woman's good principles prevailed, and it remained untouched.

One evening, some shipmasters again stopped at her house for refreshment. Three of them were English, the fourth a Dutchman. Conversing on various matters, one of them asked the Dutchman if he had ever been in that town before. "Indeed, I have," replied he, "I know the place but too well; my being here, cost me once seven hundred rubles." "How so?" "Why, in one of these wretched hovels, I once left behind me a bag of rubles." "Was the bag sealed?" asked the old woman, who was sitting in the corner of the room and whose attention was roused by the subject. "Yes, yes, it was sealed, and with this very seal, here at my watch chain." The woman knew the seal, instantly. "Well then," said she, by that you may recover what you have lost." "Recover it, mother! No, no, I am rather too old to expect that: the world is not quite so honest—besides it is full seven years since I lost the money;—say no more about it, it always makes me melancholy."

Meanwhile, the good woman slipped out, and presently returned with the bag. "See here," said she, "honesty is not so rare, perhaps, as you may imagine;" and she threw the bag on the table.

The guests were astonished, and the owner of the bag, as may be supposed, highly delighted. He seized the bag, counted out one hundred rubles, and gave to the old woman, who thus, at length, was handsomely rewarded for her honesty.

### ***The Youthful Duellist.***

"I SHOULD rather hear of your death than of your dishonor," said Captain Fowler to his son Charles, a fine youth of eighteen, as he was about to proceed to his station, as midshipman on board the ship —, at —. "Remember my words, my son, death is better than disgrace." "Never fear, father," replied Charles, with an assumed smile, as he embraced a fond mother and three lovely sisters; "never fear that your Charles will disgrace the dear friends he leaves behind him." Then as his manly form and intelligent countenance, distinguished by extraordinary beauty, disappeared from the view of his idolizing family, a feeling of desolation came over their hearts like that of death, nor could the patriotism that induced them to give their assent to the step he had taken, nor the prospect of martial glory which they had fondly hoped would attend his career, now that he was consigned to the chances of war, reconcile them in the least to the painful separation.

But Charles, buoyant with youth and hope, journeyed away to his station in high spirits, regaling his mind with bright pictures of the future, and anticipating an active part in many "a deed of noble daring," in which he would signalize himself among the heroes of his country.

When he arrived at his destined port, a short time only, sufficed to ingratiate himself with his superior officers, and to secure the admiration and enthusiastic regard of his fellow midshipmen. Among the latter was Edward —, to whom Charles became particularly attached. In mind and manners they were congenial; but in stature Charles had much the advantage. Arm in arm, they were often seen walking along the shore, visiting the same haunts, partaking of the same mess, and, in fine, they were inseparable companions. The vessel was detained in port longer than was expected; so that, during six weeks, time often hung heavy on the minds of these aspiring youth. Both Charles and his friend were unaccustomed to scenes of dissipation, being recently from places of education; but they were bantered into compliance with excesses, even in this incipient stage of their career.

On an occasion of this kind, when the glass was passing freely around, and inebriety heightened the tone of argument, and strengthened the pertinacity of opinion, Charles and Edward happened to be on opposite sides of a debate. A sharp altercation ensued between them, when Charles arose from the table flushed with wine and anger, saying, "It is false ! by heaven 'tis false ! and were it not for your inferior size, I would chastise you for your insolence on the spot." "If that is all," said Edward with a haughty sneer, "it can be easily remedied. Choose your weapons and meet me forthwith." Seconds were chosen, and this infatuated company were in a short time on a retired spot ashore, and the setting sun threw his farewell beams across nature's most beautiful scenery in spring ; they also glanced over the marred and agonized visage of the mortally wounded Charles.

The night but one succeeding this fatal evening, Captain Fowler was borne rapidly on towards a scene, which was to harrow up his inmost soul. His parting injunction to his son, now sounded in his ears like a death knell, and he would have given worlds, and life itself, to recall the innocence and happiness of that recent period.

But time, which every moment brought anguish unutterable, both of body and mind to the hapless Charles, "and lessened of his life the little span," at length brought the equally wretched father, to the couch of his dying son.

"Oh, my father !" was the first exclamation, "have you arrived to see your poor Charles once more ? But, oh ! can I not be saved ? Must I die now, when I just have begun to live ? How can I meet death at this untimely period, in this cruel way ? How can I meet my God ? Oh, that rash act, could it be recalled ! Honor, what is it ? A murderer. Oh, father ! my distress I cannot long endure. My mother, my sisters ; your poor Charles ; weep not, dear father ; it is all over ; farewell."

Captain Fowler only waited to hear the requiem gun discharged over the grave of the lost Charles, and then in the agony of despair, he commenced his sad journey home, himself a monument and harbinger of woe. He lived several years ; but never did the impression of the dreadful scene he had witnessed appear to leave his mind.

night or day ; and long after the event, the passage of the mail stage through the village at the midnight hour, roused him from his restless slumbers, and with sighs and suppressed groans he often paced the floor the rest of the night.

He was never known to enjoy quietude, though perfectly sane and possessed of competence ; melancholy had effectually marked him for her own ; and if he had made his peace with God, death must have been to him an angel of mercy.

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### *Character of President Edwards.*

PERHAPS, there never was a man more constantly retired from the world, giving himself to contemplation ; and it was a wonder that his feeble frame could subsist under such fatigues, daily repeated, and so long continued. Yet upon this being alluded to by one of his friends, only a few months before his death, he said to him, " I do not find but that I am now as able to bear the closest study, as I was thirty years ago ; and can go through the exercises of the pulpit with as little uneasiness or difficulty." In his youth he appeared healthy, and with a great degree of vivacity, but was never robust. In middle life he appeared very much emaciated by severe study, and intense mental application. In his person he was tall of stature, and of a slender form. He had a high, broad, bold forehead, and an eye unusually piercing, and luminous ; and on his whole countenance the features of his mind—perspicuity, sincerity and benevolence—were so strongly impressed, that no one could behold it, without at once discovering the clearest indications of great intellectual and moral elevation. His manners were those of the Christian gentleman, easy, tranquil, modest, and dignified ; yet they were the manners of the student, grave, sedate and contemplative ; and evinced an exact sense of propriety, and an undeviating attention to the rules of decorum. " He had," observes one of his cotemporaries, " a natural steadiness of temper, and fortitude of mind, which being sanctified by the Spirit of God, was ever of vast ad-

vantage to him, to carry him through difficult services, and to support him under trying afflictions in the course of his life. Personal injuries he bore with a becoming meekness and patience, and a disposition of forgiveness." According to Dr. Hopkins, himself an eyewitness, these traits of character were eminently discovered throughout the whole of his long continued trials at Northampton. His own narrative of that transaction, his remarks before the council, his letters relating to it, and his farewell sermon, all written in the midst of the passing occurrences, bespeak as calm, and meek, and unperturbed a state of mind, as they would have done had they been written by a third person, long after the events took place. The humility, modesty, and serenity of his behavior, much endeared him to his acquaintance, and made him appear amiable in the eyes of such as had the privilege of conversing with him. In his private walk as a christian, he appeared an example of truly rational, consistent, uniform religion and virtue ! a shining instance of the efficacy of that holy faith to which he was so firmly attached, and of which he was so zealous a defender. He exhibited much spirituality, and a heavenly bent of soul.

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### *To a Mother.*

You have a child on your knee. Listen a moment. Do you know what that child is ? It is an immortal being ; destined to live for ever ! It is destined to be happy or miserable ! And who is to make it happy or miserable ? You—the mother ! You, who gave it birth, the mother of its body, are also the mother of its soul, for good or ill. Its character is yet undecided ; its destiny is placed in your hands. What shall it be ? That child may be a liar. You can prevent it. It may be a drunkard. You can prevent it. It may be a thief. You can prevent it. It may be a murderer. You can prevent it. It may be an atheist. You can prevent it. It may live a life of misery to itself and mischief to others. You can prevent it. It may descend into the grave with an evil memory behind and dread before. You can prevent it. Yes, you, the mother, can prevent all these things. Will you, or



will you not? Look at the innocent! Tell me again; will you save it? Will you watch over it, will you teach it, warn it, discipline it, subdue it, pray for it? Or will you in the vain search of pleasure, or in gaiety, or in fashion or folly, or in the chase of some other bauble, or even in household cares, neglect the soul of your child, and leave the little immortal to take wing alone, exposed to evil, to temptation, to ruin? Look again at the infant! Place your hand on its little heart! Shall that heart be deserted by its mother, to beat perchance in sorrow, disappointment, wretchedness, and despair? Place your ear on its side and hear that heart beat! How rapid and vigorous the strokes! How the blood is thrown through the little veins! Think of it; that heart, in its vigor now, is the emblem of a spirit that will work with ceaseless pulsation, for sorrow or joy forever.

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### ***Poverty is no Disgrace.***

Not many days since, we rambled a short distance from the more compact and thickly settled part of the town, both for exercise and to breathe a purer air, than can be found amidst a dense population. We saw by the way-side a little urchin, apparently about six or eight years old, busily engaged in picking barberries. His clothes were neat and clean, but patched with many colors—his countenance open, frank, and the emblem of innocence. We stopped a moment to look at, and admire the apparent contentment and industry of the little fellow, and while so stopping, a very respectable and fine-looking middle aged lady, with a lad of about ten years of age, came up, who, like ourselves, were walking to take the morning air. On seeing the little boy among the barberry bushes, the lad of about ten with finer clothes, but a coarser heart, abruptly accosted him with, "I say, boy, what do you wear your clothes patched up so for?" With a countenance that bespoke his wounded feelings, he readily replied, "I have no father; my mother is poor, with four smaller children than I am, and not able to give me better clothes. I work in the factory most of the time, but the water is low, and I have not work to-day:

so I am picking barberries for my mother to buy me a new jacket with." A tear coursed down the cheek of the lady, who was not an inattentive spectator to the scene. 'George, my son,' said she, "it is not kind in you thus to address this poor boy, who is not, as you are, blest with an indulgent father to provide him with food and clothes." The kind hearted woman had touched a tender chord, for George was not destitute of tenderness and manly feelings. He burst into tears, and entreated his mother to give the poor boy some of his clothes. The barberries were immediately purchased of the little fellow, for which he received enough to buy him a jacket and trowsers. Nor did the kind hearted mother of George confine her liberality to the boy with his barberries. The poor boy's mother has since shared liberally of her munificence, which she ever receives with the utmost gratitude.

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### *Utility of Sabbath Schools.*

SOME time ago, while attending an eminent surgeon for the purpose of having an operation performed on one of my eyes, I met with the following case. One morning, a friend of mine led into the same room a fine looking young woman, who was completely blind, and completely deaf. This sad condition had been brought on suddenly by a violent pain in the head. Her case was examined by a number of surgeons then present, all of whom pronounced it incurable. She was led back to the house of my friend, when she eagerly inquired what the doctor said about her case, and whether he could afford her any relief. The only method by which her inquiries could be answered was, by tapping her hand which signified, no; and by squeezing it, which signified, yes; for she could not hear the loudest noise nor distinguish day from night. She had to receive for her answer on this occasion, the unwelcome tap, no. She burst into tears, and wept aloud in all the bitterness of despair. "What," said she, "shall I never again see the light of day, nor hear a human voice, must I remain incapable of all social intercourse—shut up in silence and darkness while I live?" Again she wept. The scene was truly affecting. Had

she been able to *see*, she might have been pointed to the Bible, as a source of comfort. Had she been able to *hear* words of consolation might have been spoken ; but alas ! these avenues to the mind were closed, to be opened no more in this world. Her friends could pity, but they could not relieve ; and what made her case still more deplorable, she was an orphan ; had no father or mother, or brother or sister, to pity and care for her. She was entirely dependent upon a few pious friends for her support. This she felt,—and continued to weep, till my friend, with great presence of mind, took up the Bible and placed it to her breast. She felt it, and said, “is this the Bible ?” She was answered that it was. She held it to her bosom, and said, “This is the only comfort I have left—though I shall never be able to read it any more ;” and began to repeat some of its promises, such as, “cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee.” “As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.” “Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.” “My grace is sufficient for thee.” &c. In a moment she dried her tears, and became one of the happiest persons I ever saw. She never seemed to deplore her condition afterward. I have many times heard her tell of the strong consolations she felt. She appeared to enjoy uninterrupted communion with the Father of spirits.

Happily for this young woman, she had been taken, when a very little girl, to a Methodist Sabbath School, where she enjoyed the only opportunity she ever had of learning to read the Bible, and where she had committed to memory those passages of Scripture, which now became her solace and the food of her spirit. With what gratitude she used to speak of her teachers, who, she said, not only taught her to read, but took pains to instruct her in the things that belonged to her eternal peace !—“What would have become of me had I not *then* been taught the way of salvation, for *now* I am deprived of all outward means ;” was her constant language.

I never look into a Sabbath School, and notice the children repeating portions of God’s holy word, but I think of the above case. How precious was that handful of seed, cast in by some pious teacher, who little thought perhaps, at the time, that she was furnishing the only

means of salvation to an immortal spirit ! What multitudes will have to bless God in eternity for like instruction ! Let not, then, our Sabbath School Teachers ever grow weary in well doing, for in due season they shall reap their reward.

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### *Anecdote of a Soldier.*

MR. CECIL, in his "Short hints to a Soldier," relates the following history :—There was not perhaps a more wicked fellow in all the service, than a soldier I well knew. But one day, while he was gone two or three miles from the troop, it rained so hard, that he was glad to take shelter in a farm house.

Now it happened, that a good man lived there, who soon began to talk of what lay very near his heart, as you know we are all apt to do ; and what should this be, but Jesus Christ, the Savior ? And he talked thus ;

"A friend in need is a friend indeed, and there are times, in which every man feels the need of such a friend. But vainly do we hope to find him among men. Yet I know such an one may be found. Indeed, all I have made out to any purpose is, that none but Jesus Christ can do me any good. Trouble was sent to preach my need of his help ; but I was a good while before I knew what to do. At length, however, he that had long called to me by his word, gave me ears to hear, and a heart to follow him. Well, weary and heavy laden I came for help to him, and I have found it, and all I want in it ; and now I cannot help telling others, that there is no disease of the soul, but there is a certain cure for it in Jesus Christ, nor any thing which we can want, but he is as willing as he is able to give it."

It still kept raining, and the soldier was kept hearing, while several parts of scripture were compared ; and he saw that the grand design of all scripture, was to show the Savior to the sinner, and to bring the sinner to the Savior.

At length, the weather cleared, and the soldier went away ; but not in the state of mind, in which he entered the house. He went, as he lately told me, with the far-

mer on the next Sabbath to hear an eminent clergyman and then God brought the truth home to his heart. He called at the house of a friend of his, who told me how surprised he was to hear him say, after he sat a few minutes, "Tom, I have been a bad man all my life, and am but just recovered:" and he then related what he had heard, and what he had felt.

For as a man wakes out of a dream, and recovers his right mind, after the wild fancies of the night are past, and tells the first person he meets of the disorder in which his spirits have been; so did this soldier talk to his friend. He plainly saw how dreadfully he had been fighting against God and his own soul, by a course of swearing, drunkenness, debauchery, and unbelief. He now felt what a bad example, yea, what a curse he had been to his fellow soldiers! what an awful evil sin is, with which he had sported! and what a depth of misery he must have fallen into, had he been cut off in such a course! He also felt, he never could thank God enough for the repentance he had given him; and for the lively hope afforded him in the gracious promises to returning sinners.

He did much more. Many talk of religion, who have none; but this man proved he was converted, by a new course of life; and he proved, that when a man has a heart to serve God, he may serve him in any station. If some, from ignorance, scorned that change in him, which he had before scorned in others, no man was so ready to forgive; for he felt that no man had so much to be forgiven. No man was more faithful to his trust, or obedient in his station: for he served his God, while he served his King. No man bore up more boldly under trials; for he knew they were all appointed of his God, and working together for his good. No man faced death with so firm a heart; for he knew that whether he stood or fell, he was secure of everlasting love, through the promise and grace of Jesus Christ. He had more courage than many, who can stand the push of a battle: for he calmly dared to confess Christ before men; and to declare upon every proper occasion, "I owe all that I am, and all that I hope to be, to the grace of our Lord Christ."

*The Fireside.*

THE fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important, because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of our childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection ; its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory. But the simple lessons of home enamelled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after days. So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of old age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have perchance seen an old and half-obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored, you may have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture, painted beneath is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn on the canvass, is no inapt illustration of youth ; and though it may be concealed by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay.

Such is the fireside—the great institution furnished by Providence for the education of man. Having ordained that man should receive his character from education, it was also ordained that early instruction should exert a decisive influence on character, and that during this important period of existence, children should be subject to the charge of their parents. The sagacity and benevolence displayed in this design afford a striking manifestation of that wisdom and goodness, which we behold in all the works of God. It appears, that in every stage of society, parental education adjusts itself to the wants of children. In the savage state, where there is no division of property, no complicated system of laws and relations, no religion, save the naked idea of a God, who rewards the good and punishes the wicked, education has a narrow scope ; but such as is needed is supplied. As society

advances into civilization, duties multiply, and responsibilities increase ; there is then a demand for higher moral and intellectual culture. Providence has foreseen and provided for this necessity ; for, with the advance of refinement and knowledge, the family circle is drawn closer together, and the solicitude of parents for their children, and their influence over them, are proportionably increased. Thus, while in a rude age, children are left, almost like the untutored animals, to make their own way, when knowledge is diffused, and the light of religion spread abroad, then it is that enlightened education becomes necessary, then it is that parental education becomes vigilant, and then it is that children are most completely subjected to the influence of parents.

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### *A Welch Peasant's Family.*

MR. EVANS, in his "Letters during a tour through Wales," gives the following interesting account of a Welsh peasant's family :—It was one of those poor huts that are thinly sprinkled by the sides of the hills, inhabited by peaters and shepherds. As we approached, first one, and then two more children almost in a state of nudity, ran out to see what little *Turch* (the cur) could be so alarmed at. A stout, fresh-colored woman, with dark sparkling eyes, and black hair, made her appearance, habited in a striped gown and flannel petticoat ; who, seeing our condition, welcomed us by the most inviting sounds in her language, to her little cot. It was partly formed by an excavation in the slate rock, and partly by walls of mud, mixed with chopped rushes, covered with sags ; and having a wattled, or basket-worked chimney. The entrance was at the gable end, facing the south-east, which was defended, during the night, or in very cold weather, by a wattled hurdle, clothed with rushes. A wall of turfs (for fuel) served as a partition for the bed-room, furnished with a bed of heath, and dried rushes in one corner. The furniture was such as necessity dictated ; some loose stones formed the grate ; two large ones with a plank across, supplied the place of chairs ; a kettle with a bake-stone for baking oaten cakes, answered every culinary purpose ; and two coarse earthen pitchers stood by for

preserving or carrying water and dignified the usual  
 erage of the family.

On our making some inquiries respecting the neighbor-  
 hood, she expressed a wish that her husband had been at  
 home, as he would have been able to have given us the  
 desired information. - "You have a husband then?" said

With a smile of approbation upon her face, she re-  
 sponded, - "Yes, blessed be God, he and his father have been  
 here born here: and he was as happy as any of the  
 best folks, for that he loved her and his children, and  
 worked very hard, and they wanted for nothing he could  
 get them: he was a pease, digging peat in the adjoining  
 moors, and carrying it for sale." Asking what wages he  
 might get; she said - that depended upon the weather:  
 sometimes six shillings in the week, and sometimes three  
 or four; that they had a little cow on the lease, and a  
 few sheep on the hills." - "What assistance do you give?"  
 said I. She observed, shaking her head at the time, - that  
 she could do but very little: her work was knitting, at  
 times, with the assistance of her two eldest girls, one  
 of eight and the other seven, if not interrupted, they could  
 earn fivepence a-day: but that the younger children en-  
 gaged much of her time." Now, my friend, recollect  
 that they had to maintain a family of seven: a man, his  
 wife, and five children! The mother looked in health,  
 and the children, though thinly clad, ruddy and smiling.

"Woe, alas!  
 Has o'er their little limbs its liv'ry hung  
 In many a tattered fold; yet still those limbs  
 Are shapely; their rude locks start from their brow,  
 Yet on that open brow, its dearest throne,  
 Sits sweet simplicity."

Indeed, there did not appear anything like the misery  
 and filth observable in the dwelling of many of the Eng-  
 lish poor, whose weekly income is four or six times as  
 great. Though the floor was formed of the native rock,  
 was regularly swept with a besom made of seps, bound  
 with a band of the same; and the fuel was as regularly  
 piled as bread on a baker's shelves. All appeared in  
 order; but the air of content apparent in the looks of  
 this humble peasant and her family, put us all justly to  
 a blush: and a series of superior blessings, too often



abused, or too often forgotten, rushed instantly upon our recollection, in witnessing so much reason and gratitude in the habitation of penury. If we had reason to be thankful that we were not constrained thus to earn our bread, and live excluded amidst the mountains, we had still more so for the education which had given us greater degrees of knowledge, and, if not lost to ourselves, of greater happiness. We were anxious to know in what school she had learned so important a lesson. "Sir," says she, "we regularly go to yonder church, pointing to the hills; and, if it be bad weather, we stop at Mr. Jones' meeting by the way, where we hear much the same things—all we have is the gift of God; and if we possess health and strength, we possess more than we deserve. If sensible of our utter unworthiness, we sincerely believe in the Redeemer, and follow his example, perform the duties enjoined us in his gospel, relying for assistance on his Holy Spirit; conducting ourselves with propriety in that state of life in which it has pleased God to call us, we shall, after death, change this poor uncertain life for a better, where we shall be forever happy; and the frequent interment of our friends and neighbors, inform us daily this event can be at no great distance." Astonished at so much good sense and piety, where I so little expected to find it, I exclaimed, "Just step into this humble cot, ye rich and gay, and learn that happiness ye so earnestly seek in vain; a happiness which neither wealth nor pleasure can bestow." Oh! who would not prefer the lot of this Welch woman, humble as it is, with her meekness, her contentment, and, above all, her prospects of final glory, to the envied lot of her who is clothed in silk, and in whose tresses the brilliant sparkles—whose fortune it is to be followed, carressed, and admired; but who is without God and without hope in the world.

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### *The Benefit of Prayer.*

THE benevolent *Raikes*, the founder of Sabbath-schools, visiting a poor woman one day, found her daughter very refractory. The mother complained that correction was of no avail, and that an inflexible obstinacy marked her

conduct. After asking the parent's leave, he began to talk seriously to the girl, and concluded by telling her, that as the first step towards amendment, she must kneel down and ask her mother's pardon. The girl continued sulky. "Well, then," said he, "if you have no regard for yourself, I have much regard for you. You will be ruined and lost, if you don't begin to be a good girl; and if you will not humble yourself, I must humble myself, and make a beginning for you. With that he knelt down on the ground before the child's mother, and put his hands together, with all the ceremony of a juvenile offender, and supplicated pardon for the guilty daughter. No sooner did the stubborn girl see him on his knees on her account, than her pride was overcome, and tenderness followed. She burst into tears, and throwing herself on her knees, entreated forgiveness, and what is still more pleasing, she gave no trouble afterwards.

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### ***Tenderness and Benevolence of Jesus Christ.***

IN the history of the miracles of Jesus Christ we see almighty power itself consenting to be led by love, and consecrated to its service. Had he only intended to produce impressions of his majesty, or prove the divinity of his mission, he might perhaps have accomplished this sooner by appealing to our fears in miracles of terror and destruction. But the object he aimed at, and the truths he taught, were both of a benevolent nature; and the miracles he performed in confirmation of those truths partook of the same character. He refused but one application to his miraculous power; when his disciples rashly desired that fire might descend from heaven on their enemies; but he reminded them that he came "not to destroy men's lives, but to save them." On the night of his apprehension he touched the wound of an enemy, and healed it; for with him power and kindness were the same thing. Wherever he came, disease and suffering fled from his presence. His path might be traced from place to place in lines of life, and health, and joy. Where

he was expected the public way was thronged with forms of helplessness, disease, and woe. Where he had passed, the restored might be seen, making trial of their new found powers; listeners, formed into groups to hear the tale of healing; and the delighted objects of his compassion, rehearsing with earnestness, what had passed, imitating his tones, and even trying to convey an idea of his condescending ways. His voice was the first sound which many of them heard; his name the first word they had pronounced; his blessed form the first sight they had ever beheld. And often, at the close of a laborious day, when his wearied frame required repose, the children of affliction besieged his retreat, and implored his help. And did they ever seek in vain? Wearied and worn as he was, "he pleased not himself;" he went forth, and patiently listened to all their tales of woe, tasted their several complaints, raised each suppliant from the dust, nor left them till he had absorbed their sufferings, and healed them all. He went through the land like a current of vital air, an element of life, diffusing health and joy wherever he appeared. Had the spiritual object of his advent permitted the continuance of his abode on earth, he would have become the shrine at which all diseases would have knelt, the centre to which all suffering would have tended as by a law; to him the world of the afflicted would have gone as on pilgrimage; and would it not then have been equally true, that "he healed them all?"

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### *In Deaths Oft.*

THE watchful care of Providence over children has often been remarked by those "who understand the loving kindness of the Lord." To such the following repeated instances of that care in the preservation of a child, in circumstances of peculiar danger, will not prove unacceptable, and may awaken a grateful remembrance of the goodness of God to them in years of helpless infancy.

The individual referred to, lived in an obscure village in Northamptonshire, England; he was born of poor parents, who sent him to school. On his return home one

day, observing that a new lid had been put to a well in the yard, his curiosity was excited to examine it. With some difficulty he lifted up the lid, which, falling back by its own weight, pulled the child over the well, into which he instantly dropped. His lower garments spread out like an umbrella, for he was dressed in petticoats, so that when he alighted on the water, he was borne up by the air underneath, and was able to thrust his fingers into the joints between the stones of the well, by which means he suspended himself for a time. But the stones were covered with green moss; the little fingers of the child became soon benumbed with cold, and unable to sustain himself any longer, he fell to the bottom. While hanging by his hands he cried with all his might, but there was no one in the adjoining cottage, save his mother, who was deaf. The well too was in a narrow passage between two buildings; the mother faintly heard the cry, but knew not from whence it came; she, however, thought of the well, and ran to it; the lid was open, but the child had disappeared. Still she suspected him to be there. It was the time of harvest, and the men of the village were in the field. There was, however, a lame shoemaker who was not out at work; to him she ran in distress and told him her fears. He with some difficulty procured a ladder, which was put down into the well without being set upon the child; and the poor man feeling with a well hook about the bottom of the well, caught hold of the child by his clothes, and brought him up and laid him on the ground, to all appearance dead. An elderly female in the place, who acted as a nurse, applied friction to the body; animation was restored, and the delighted mother received into her arms the child alive, which but a few moments before she had in her thoughts consigned to the tomb.

Two or three years after this event, a profligate man in the village had laid a wager that he would swim over the river, in a place where it was very deep, with *this very child*, then a little boy, on his back. He embarked in the attempt, but losing his hold of the child about half way, he dropt it in a part of the water, where there was a very deep pit. His father, who stood by, being a very expert swimmer, dived to the bottom and brought up his son, who was thus once more saved from a watery grave.

Soon after this second deliverance, he was sent to the parish school, where a malignant boy, who was his school-fellow, but much older than himself, threw a stone at his head with such violence, as to inflict a wound, which threatened his life. But a kind Providence once more interfered for his preservation, though the scar of the frightful wound remained uneffaced to his dying day.

The individual, who had escaped so many deaths, was afterwards converted by divine grace, became a minister of the gospel, and was known to the church and the world as the REV. WILLIAM BULL, who for fifty years preached the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and presided over an institution for the training of young men for the gospel ministry.

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### ***Honesty the best Policy.***

A FARMER called on Earl Fitzwilliam to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his hounds had, during the winter, frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed, that in some parts he could not hope for any produce. "Well, my friend," said his lordship, "I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury, and if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained, I will repay you." The farmer replied, that anticipating his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought that, as the crop seemed quite destroyed, £50 would not more than repay him. The Earl immediately gave him the money. As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field that were trampled, the corn was the strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and being introduced, said "I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood." His lordship instantly recollected the circumstance—"Well, my friend, did I not allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?" "Yes, my lord I have found that I sustain no loss at all, for where the

horses had most cut up the land, the crop is the most promising, and I have therefore brought the £50 back again." "Ah!" exclaimed the venerable Earl, "this is what I like; this is what it ought to be between man and man." He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking some questions about his family—how many children he had, &c. His lordship then went into another room, and returning, presented the farmer a check for £100. "Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it." We know not which most to admire, the benevolence or the wisdom displayed by this illustrious man; for while doing a noble act of generosity, he was handing down a lesson of integrity to another generation.

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### *Earl of Rochester.*

THE witty Earl of Rochester, happened to be in company with King Charles II, his Queen, Chaplain, and some of his Ministers of State. After they had been discoursing on public business, the King, of a sudden, exclaimed—"Come, let us unbend our thoughts from the cares of State, and give us a glass of *wine, which cheereth, as the scripture saith, both God and man.*" The Queen hearing this, modestly said, she thought there could be no such text in scripture; and that the idea seemed to her to be little less than blasphemy. The King replied, that he was not prepared to turn to chapter and verse; but he was pretty sure, he had met with it somewhere in his scripture reading. The Chaplain was appealed to, and he was of the same opinion with the Queen. Rochester suspecting the King to be right, and being no friend to the Chaplain, slipped out of the room, to inquire among the servants, if any of them were conversant with the Bible. They named David, the Scots cook, who always carried a Bible about him; and David being called, recollected both the text, and where to find it. Rochester ordered him to be in waiting, and returned to the King. This text was still the topic of conversation; and Rochester moved to call in David, who, he said, he found was well acquainted with the Scriptures. David appeared,

and being asked the question, produced his Bible, and read the text (Judges ix: 13.) The King smiled, the Queen asked pardon, and the Chaplain blushed. Rochester now asked the doctor if he could interpret the text, since it was produced; but he was mute. He therefore requested David to interpret it, who immediately replied, "How much wine cheereth *man* your lordship knows: and to show you how it cheereth God, I beg leave to remind you that, under the Old Testament dispensation, there were meat offerings and drink offerings. The latter consisted of *wine*, which was typical of the blood of the Mediator; which, by a metaphor, was said to cheer God, as he was well pleased in the way of salvation that he had appointed; whereby his justice was satisfied, his law fulfilled, his mercy reigned, his grace triumphed, all the divine perfections harmonized, the sinner was saved, and God in Christ glorified."

The King was agreeably surprised at this unexpected and sensible exposition: Rochester applauded, and after some sarcastic reflections upon the Chaplain, very gravely moved, that his majesty would be pleased to make the Chaplain his cook, and the cook his Chaplain.

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### ***Thy Will be done.***

At an anniversary meeting of the London Sunday School Union, the Rev. S. Kilpin remarked, that in catechizing some children on the subject, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," the following were the questions and answers. What is to be done? The will of God. Where is it to be done? On earth. How is it to be done? As it is in heaven. How do you think the angels do the will of God in Heaven, as they are our pattern? The first replied, "they do it immediately." The second, "they do it actively." The third, "they do it unitedly." Here a pause ensued, and no other child appeared to have any answer; but after some time a little girl arose and said, "Why, sir, they do it without asking any questions."

***Proof of the Existence of God.***

SEE here, I hold a Bible in my hand, and you see the cover, the leaves, the letters, the words ; but you do not see the writers, or the printer, the letter-founder, the ink-maker, the paper-maker, or the binder. You never did see them, you never will see them ; and yet there is not one of you who will think of disputing or denying the being of these men. I go further : I affirm that you see the very souls of these men in seeing this book, and you feel yourselves obliged to allow that, by the contrivance, design, memory, fancy, reason, and so on. In the same manner, if you see a picture, you judge there was a painter ; if you see a house, you judge there was a builder of it ; and if you see one room contrived for this purpose, and another for that, a door to enter, a window to admit light, a chimney to hold fire, you conclude that the builder was a person of skill and forecast, who formed the house with a view to the accommodation of its inhabitants. In this manner examine the world, and pity the man who, when he sees the sign of the wheat-sheaf, hath sense enough to know that there is a joiner, and somewhere a painter, but who, when he sees the wheat-sheaf itself, is so stupid as not to say to himself—"This had a wise and good Creator !"

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***Account of a Young Lady.***

ON the banks of the Hudson, opposite New York city, there resided, a few years ago, a family in affluent circumstances. It consisted of Mr. and Mrs. A. and their only child Emily.

Situated as they were contiguous to the metropolis of fashion, gayety, and dissipation ; possessing the means of gratifying the pride of life, and destitute of religion, it is not surprising that they should bow down to the god of this world, become infatuated with its vain pageantry, and be willing to comply with its arbitrary and preposterous exactions, after the folly and caprice of the votaries of pleasure. Emily was the idol of her parents, and as might be expected, no expense was spared to gratify all her wishes, and to promote her education. When she



was about fourteen years old, she was sent into Pennsylvania, to a boarding school ; from which it was presumed, she would return home, the pride of her parents, and the admiration of all her acquaintances.

At the school, however, to which she was sent, she not only gained such knowledge as is "profitable to the life that now is," but she also received that instruction, which accompanied by the Divine blessing, had the effect to turn off her thoughts from following vanity, to the acquisition of the pearl of great price. Her letters to her parents soon presented an obvious change in her views and feelings, and savored of deep personal piety. Alarmed by this unexpected discovery, Mr. A. ordered her immediate return home, that as he said, she might be cured of her melancholy. Emily left with reluctance, the scene in which she had spent a happy and memorable year, sincerely regretted by all her school associates, and followed by the blessings and prayers of many christian hearts.

The disappointed father, received his daughter affectionately, but he was heard to say, "well, after all the high hopes we have formed of our Emily, it seems she is to be accomplished with nothing but religion. Let us do what we can to counteract the gloomy tendency of her mind." With this view, he engaged the best masters in music and dancing from the city to attend her, parties were entertained, and fashionable excursions made to divert her mind, and among other presents, the mistaken father promised her a splendid gold watch, "if she would give up her religious notions." But she turned away from all these allurements, as does a sick infant from its toys ; her heart was not in them, and they afforded her no satisfaction. Yet when the Sabbath came, and in compliance with custom, the family resorted to church ; then the bounding step and beaming eye of Emily showed undissembled joy, and returning from thence she was all animation in pointing out such truths and expressions of the preacher, as particularly impressed her mind, "O was not that true," she would say, "was not that excellent ? I think Mr. C. preaches with more zeal and affection, than any minister I used to hear, or else I can understand better than I once did." By these and simi-

lar remarks, Emily often prevented the less profitable discourses of her parents, for in their ride to and from church, they were generally occupied in commenting upon the dress and equipage of their fashionable acquaintance.

Mr. and Mrs. A. found all their efforts unavailing to turn aside their daughter from the path, which she found to be one of pleasantness and peace; her heart was fixed, and Jesus was all her salvation and all her desire, for her own portion and that of her parents. Often when their mansion resounded with unhallowed merriment, when all was thoughtless levity, unmeaning frivolity, and vain parade, in some remote spot the eye of God beheld the pious Emily prostrate in supplication, and his ear heard her importunate prayer, for the conversion of her deluded parents. She knew how deeply their hearts were enthralled in the service of a vain world, forgetful of their obligations to their Creator, and careless of futurity, but she hoped and believed, that the time would arrive, when they would become sensible of their dangerous condition, and turn from the errors of their ways. Emily delighted to unite with the people of God, in all their public acts of devotion, and she often purchased privileges of this kind, by sacrificing her own inclinations to gratify her friends, in some of their plans of amusement. This, however, caused a conflict of feelings, respecting duty, that greatly lessened her religious pleasure. Happily for her she had not long to encounter the tide of opposition. In her turn, she would persuade her parents to accompany her to the house of prayer. On one occasion, when returning home with them, she said, "don't you think, father, that Christians ought to be the happiest people in the world?" "Why, my child?" he asked, "Because they love God, and love each other, and try to live according to the rules of the Bible," said Emily.—"Can nobody be happy but those who seem to think of nothing but religion?" inquired Mr. A. "I do not see how people can be," she replied, "or if they could be happy, while rich and in health, I do not know what would give them any comfort in poverty, sickness, and death, without religion. How could they be fit to die father?" "Oh, child," said Mr. A. with assumed sternness, while he brushed a tear from his cheek, "Emily you talk about things, which it is not ex-

pected that you should understand. It will be time enough for you to think about death by and bye ; now is the time to enjoy yourself. I scarcely ever think about these things. We all of us mean well, my dear, and that is enough. When a young lady gets her head filled with gloomy notions about religion, friends may at once resign all hopes of making a suitable match for her ; fanaticism naturally levels all the necessary distinctions of society.

Conviction of truth had, however, frequently assailed the hearts of these *well meaning* parents ; and though they strove hard to resist it, they were often constrained to confess to each other that it was not right in their case. "We have formed various schemes of happiness for our dear child," said Mr. A., "but they have been in vain, I do not understand how she can keep aloof from those pleasures which young people so highly prize." "My dear," replied Mrs. A. "that our daughter is happier than we can make her by all the means we possess, there can be no doubt. Let us look to the source from whence she professes to derive her enjoyments—the *Bible* ; let us learn of our child the way to be happy." These conversations were always accompanied by that deep feeling and interest which promise happy results, as is proved in this case, for a short time only elapsed when this might be called a pious family. Perfect harmony and union of sentiment and feelings, bound their renovated hearts together as with a triple cord, which death itself would have no power to sever.

But mark the vicissitude of this changeful world. By one of those revolutions which often occur in mercantile affairs, Mr. A. was suddenly reduced to indigence. Before he had time to carry into effect any of the benevolent plans, which he had formed for the promotion of a cause now dear to his heart, he was entirely stripped of the means he had possessed so abundantly. Yet he was rich in faith, and heir to a kingdom, and could now realize the superiority of his remaining possessions to any other that might take to themselves wings and fly away.

It is true that his associates of former days, whom his profession of religion had not driven away from him, now took their silent departure ; but their place was amply supplied by more valuable and sympathetic friends.

While Emily was at the boarding school, she became sensible that she was accountable to God for the manner in which she had spent her time, and for the improvement of all the privileges she was permitted to enjoy, and that by giving only a superficial and careless attention to her studies, she would deceive the expectations of her friends, and wrong herself out of the benefits which education is intended to bestow in the various circumstances of life.

Under these impressions, she naturally excelled in the different branches to which she attended. And when the ordering of Providence rendered it her duty to exert her talents in aid of those, now doubly endeared to her by their piety and misfortunes, she cheerfully proposed, for that purpose, to teach a seminary.

The plan was approved, and the family removed to New York, not as formerly, for the convenience of fashionable company and amusement in winter, but because a comfortable subsistence was more likely to be obtained there, than in the country.

Emily was soon patronized by many new and excellent friends, whose confidence and respect her consistent deportment and unwearied exertions, richly deserved. Mr. A. also undertook a suitable employment, by which this interesting family were again placed in easy circumstances; while they knew how to appreciate the providential care of our Heavenly Father, they had also hearts to praise him for every good, and in his approving smiles they were blessed.

Merit, like that of Emily A., could not long remain unvalued by the "discerning few," who had an opportunity of knowing her domestic virtues. Among those who were privileged visitors at her father's house, she discovered in one a fellow mind, and a congenial heart; their intimacy soon grew into a sincere attachment, and in two years from the time that she commenced school-keeping, she became the happy wife of a worthy minister of the Gospel.

***Survivor Saved.***

“ Smitten friends,  
Are angels, sent on errands full of love ;  
For us they languish, and for us they die.  
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain.”—YOUNG.

IN a retired and beautiful village, lived Mr. Moreland and his daughter Mary. Mr. M. had formerly been a rich merchant in one of our large cities, but the loss of most of his property, and of a wife whom he fondly loved, had embittered the scenes of his former happiness, and he gladly retired with the only treasure left him, his sweet Mary, to the more congenial quiet of the country. His afflictions had not led him to the only true source of comfort and peace ; and, though warm in affection and amiable in feeling, he lived, “ without God, and without hope in the world,” sadly alienated in heart from all that constitutes moral excellence in the sight of a holy God. His daughter was, to his partial eye, every thing that is lovely in person and character ; and she was indeed as amiable, and attractive, as a young person without religion can be. They were, emphatically, all in all to each other ; he delighting in all things to see her happy ; and she, striving by the most dutiful conduct, and the most winning and affectionate attentions, to comfort and enliven his often saddened spirit. She would read for hours to him, from books of his own choosing, or, hanging on his arm, as they strolled over the green fields which surrounded their dwelling, by her sunny smiles and sportive conversation, beguile him of many an hour of sad and bitter feeling.

When she was about sixteen, he observed a marked change in her conduct. She was generally silent and often sad, though still as sweet and affectionate as ever, and even more so. He watched her with intense anxiety ; for on her happiness the remnant of his own depended. He often found her in tears over her Bible ; and though she would wipe them away the moment she saw him, and one of her brightest smiles illumine her expressive face, she would soon relapse again into a mood so thoughtful that he could do nothing but anxiously watch her countenance. One day, going suddenly into her room without knocking, he found her on her knees with the Bible open before her, and her streaming eyes raised to Heaven.

He stood a moment in profound amazement, and then going to her, raising her, and drawing her to his bosom, "My sweet Mary," said he, "why is this ; why these tears ; tell me my love ; what is it that troubles you ?" "My dear father," answered Mary, kissing his cheek, "do not be disturbed on my account ; there is much sweetness mingled with the bitterness of these tears, for they are, I humbly hope, the tears of repentance, which my Savior's own blessed hand will, I trust, ere long wipe away." "Tears of repentance !" said her father almost angrily ; "Where did you learn this cant ? What sins have *you* to repent of ?" "O speak not in this way, my father," answered Mary, her tears in spite of herself gushing forth ; "ask not what sins I have to repent of ! Oh ! have I not forgotten my Creator, the giver of all my mercies all my life long ? Have I not rejected the Savior who died for me ? And can there be greater sins than these ?" "Well, Mary," said Mr. Moreland, with some severity, and putting her from him as he spoke, "if you have adopted these fanatical notions, I fear I must bid farewell to the happiness I have hitherto enjoyed in you ; for you will learn to despise your father, if he cannot think and feel as you do on the subject of religion." "My own dear father, how can you think that the religion of this blessed book," laying her hand on the Bible as she spoke, "can make me forget my duty to you ; for does it not inculcate the purest principles, the warmest affections and the most exemplary conduct ? O, I trust that your happiness will be dearer than ever to my heart, and that it will more than ever be the study of my life to promote it." Mr. Moreland was softened. "Adopt what notions you will, Mary," said he, "only let me see your face dressed with smiles once more. I can bear anything better than to see you unhappy. As to your being more dutiful and affectionate than you have hitherto been, I do not desire it."

He left the room as he spoke, and Mary falling on her knees, again poured forth a prayer, devout and ardent, that God in his mercy would teach her beloved father the same blessed truths, that he was teaching her. The blessed hopes and consolations of the gospel soon made her as happy as her fond father could wish, and she again became almost the entire source of his own happiness.

One morning, as he entered the breakfast room, he inquired if she had a ticket for the ball that evening. Mary answered in the affirmative. "Well, I hope you mean to go: I know dancing used to be one of your favorite amusements, and balls are not frequent in this retired village." "No, father, I do not mean to go." "Not mean to go, Mary? This comes, I suppose, from your foolish and fanatical religious notions. Is it possible that you think dancing sinful?" "My dear father," answered his daughter, tears filling her eyes at the severity with which he spoke to her, "I do not wish to enter into a discussion with you upon the sinfulness of public dancing; but I would say that I have no inclination to go; that I would very much prefer staying at home and reading to you; and surely you will not drive me from you," added she, taking his hand, "unless you are tired of my company. And if you are tired of it just now, I will put on my cloak and hat, and go and see poor blind Sarah, who is, I hear, quite sick. So good morning." She left the room, and her father soon saw her fairy form tripping over the green meadows in the direction of Sarah's house. "There must be something more in religion," thought he, as he looked after her, "than I supposed, or my child is strangely deluded. But if it is a delusion, it is a delusion so delightful, that I could almost wish to fall into it myself; for never saw I a countenance more radiant with peace and happiness, since that period of sadness which so much troubled me. And then her indifference to worldly pleasures; 'tis passing strange! What if after all she should be right, and I have been in an error all my days? What have been her sins, on account of which she suffered so much compared with mine?" Strange as it may seem, these were the first serious thoughts Mr. M. ever had on a subject involving his eternal interests; and these were almost as evanescent as the passing moment. It was reserved for him to drink again of the bitter cup of sorrow, even to the very dregs; but that cup of bitterness was, through the mercy of a long-suffering God, for the healing of his soul. The single flower he had so long and fondly cherished, and whose loveliness and fragrance were every day increasing, began to droop and fade; and it soon became evident,

that ere long it was to be transplanted to a fairer garden, to bloom in richer beauty, under the immediate eye of a heavenly parent. And never did the lovely spirit of religion appear more attractive than in her, at this period. The peace and joy of a heart staid on God shone triumphant on the brow, lighting up her pale sweet face with an unearthly brightness; and if an expression of pain sometimes disturbed its serenity, it was chased away in a moment by an affectionate smile, if she saw her father was observing her; so that he was often cheated with the hope that she was not so ill as he feared, and that he might yet see that face blooming with health, as it was bright with happiness. But soon these hopes were entirely at an end, for he had the inexpressible anguish of seeing her disease gaining rapid ground, and her strength daily growing less.

One afternoon, when reclining as usual, on a sofa, which she preferred generally to the bed; and whilst her father, who scarcely ever left her, was seated by her side, she, for the first time, mentioned her extreme weakness, and the probable nearness of her departure. As soon as his emotion would permit, Mr. Moreland said, "But what shall I do without thee, my Mary? How shall I sustain life when thou art gone; for thou art all in all to me, my only hope and joy!" O, my father, fly to the merciful Redeemer, who has been so compassionate to me, pardoning my sins and taking from me, a poor weak girl, all fear of death, by filling my soul with such heavenly hopes and consolations as I cannot describe. He alone can support you. In him you will find all the happiness you can desire, and such as you never tasted before. Promise me, father," added she, her eyes filling with tears, and her lips quivering with emotion, "that you will seek the mercy of God in Christ Jesus; that you will read the Bible every day, and pray over it for his heavenly teaching. O, remember it was your daughter's last request, made with her dying lips. Do you promise this, my father?"

How could a father refuse anything to a daughter so beloved, at such an hour? He gave her the most sacred assurances, that with the help of God, he would endeavor to do as she desired; and begging her to compose herself



and try to sleep a little, as she seemed much exhausted by the earnestness with which she had been speaking, he retired to the window. It was one of the sweetest and calmest evenings of summer. The sun was tinging with his own glory the few fleecy clouds near the horizon, and all above and all below seemed to speak forth the praise of God. Mr. Moreland gazed upon the lovely scene before him, and softened by Mary's touching conversation, he felt that the "earth was full of the goodness of the Lord," and that he was infinitely worthy to be loved and obeyed by all his intelligent creatures. He was amazed at his own stupidity and hardness of heart in never feeling this before; and he wondered still more at the patience and forbearance of God toward him. A gentle sigh from his daughter reached his ear, and in a moment every object but the dear sufferer was forgotten, and he was by her side. Apparently she was sweetly slumbering; her eyes were gently closed, and her cheek faintly flushed. He gazed a moment, and the thought thrilled through his heart, that there was a stillness there, too deep for sleep the most profound. He put his hand on her pulse and to her heart. It was as he had feared; all was silent forever. A groan of agony burst from him, and then sinking on his knees, he poured forth in broken sentences his full soul to God. He prayed that he might be supported in this hour of utmost need; and above all, that he might be enabled to perform the promise he had made to his departed Mary, and devote what yet remained of life to his God. He arose from his knees with his feelings calm and subdued, and throwing himself on the precious but lifeless form before him, he kissed again and again her forehead, cheek, and lips. "Blessed saint," he at length exclaimed, "thy God has dealt very gently with thee, in removing thee from a world whose rude storms have so long beat upon thy father's devoted head, before even the winds of heaven had visited thy cheek too roughly. And O, my God!" he continued, raising his streaming eyes to Heaven, "if I may at last attain that haven of rest, to which gentle breezes have wafted this loved one, I shall praise thee forever, that even by storm and tempest I was driven thither."

***Trust in Providence.***

ON John's River, in the county of Burke, there lived a worthy old gentleman by the name of Copening. He was a man well at ease in point of worldly substance, and was known far and near for his charity and hospitality. There happened in the year — a remarkable scarcity of provisions, especially grain. Money also was scarce, and times every way hard. Hunger, aching maddening hunger, was felt by a few in every neighborhood; and in some cases, we have heard of its proceeding to starvation; but to the honor of our country, and to the honor of human nature, be it said, these cases were extremely rare. In these difficult times, however, old Mr. Copening happened to have a large and well-filled corn crib, which for a long time he would not open: grain became scarce, the prices rose higher, and still the old man held up his corn, as some supposed, for a higher price. At length Mr. Copening began to let his corn go; but money could not buy it—to those who had money he would say, "You can get something to preserve life for your money; there are many who have no money, and being without food, they must perish, unless those who are blessed with the means shall feed them." Of course, the number who came without money and put up piteous tales was great. But this was foreseen, and before he had opened his crib, Copening had taken pains to find out who were really objects requiring his assistance. A man, bringing a bag with him, came to Copening from a distant neighborhood, and told the usual story of wife and children being without bread, and being sorely wrought with hunger, &c.; but no corn was to be had: and the disappointed man, with a heavy heart, turned his steps homeward, and for a time was no more thought of. In the course of the afternoon, however, word came to old Mr. Copening, that a suspicious looking stranger, with a bag on his shoulder, was seen lurking about his premises; a few particulars more satisfied him that was the applicant for charity, who had visited him that morning, and that he had a design to rob his crib that night; accordingly, himself and another of his family secreted themselves and waited events. But they did not wait long

before the stranger, with the bag on his shoulder, was seen making his way towards the crib; the crib was opened, not a dog was heard to bark, or the least difficulty opposed to his purpose. He entered, and with a deliberation, or rather hesitation, that surprised the observers, he proceeded to fill the bag. This being done, he tied it; and unlike such visitors generally, he continued on the spot with his hand still on the bag, apparently in great mental agony. At length, he rose suddenly, untied the bag, poured out the corn, and said, "*I will trust to Providence one day longer.*" He departed in peace; but he did not trust in Providence in vain: old Mr. Copening being satisfied from his own observation, that this man was indeed in a state of extreme suffering; moreover, that he was of an honest heart, sent his son on the next morning with a full bag of corn, with a message, that when that was out to let him know it, and he should have corn whenever he wished it.

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### ***Keep the Sieve Wet.***

A MINISTER in Wiltshire, walking near a brook, observed a poor woman washing wool in the stream; which is done by placing it in a sieve, and dipping it in the water repeatedly, until it is white and clean. He engaged in conversation with her, and from some expressions of regret and gratitude which she uttered, was induced to ask her if she knew him. "O yes, sir," she replied; "and hope I shall have reason to bless God for you to all eternity. I heard you preach at W—— some years back, and hope your sermon was the means of doing me great good." "Indeed, I rejoice to hear it; pray, what was the subject?" "Ah, sir, I can't recollect; mine is such a bad heart!" "How then can I have done you good if you cannot remember it?" "Sir, my poor mind is like this sieve; the sieve doesn't hold the water but it runs through and cleanses the wool; my memory does not keep the words, but blessed be God, he made them touch the heart; and now I don't love sin: I go wherever I can to hear of Jesus Christ; and I beg of him every day to wash me in his own blood, which

cleanseth from all sin." This practical way of remembering is the best of all remembrance. Our stores of religious information cannot render us service, unless they are reduced to practice.

Reader do you complain of want of memory, as to what you read of the Bible? Let this anecdote give you a hint. Keep the sieve wet; let the water be constantly running through. The effect, by God's blessing, will be seen in your conduct.

### *Support in Affliction.*

Who would not be a Christian?

—Who but now would bear  
The Christian's toils, and all his triumphs share."

THE excellent Jay, in treating on the Christian in adversity, remarks, that on leaving the chamber of the good man whose heart bows in humble submission to the will of God, he has said of religion, as Job did of the Almighty: "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee." The infidel may scoff at our blessed religion; the man of the world may account it foolishness; but blessed be God, his children *know* its healing power; and they *feel* its strong consolation. We rest not this assertion on hypothesis; we appeal to facts; and the case I shall relate, at this time, is one of a multitude, which proves that the Christian has a peace, which the world gives not, and cannot take away.

About two years ago, I became acquainted with her whose unvarnished tale I am now to tell. She was a wife and a mother; just at that time consumption entered her domestic circle. The first victim was a beloved son, who had attained to manhood; he was laid in the tomb; the mother said, "Thy will be done," and turned from his lowly bed to watch with maternal solicitude the decay of another son. The destroyer did his work. I knelt by the bedside of the dying youth, and although I saw the large tear glisten in his mother's eye, she, with sweet composure acknowledged in the stroke a Father's hand.

A year elapsed, and again the shaft was aimed. It came even nearer—the hectic glow flushed her husband's cheek. I visited the abode of sickness, and the glowing eye told that the angel of death was nigh. After conversing with the invalid, his affectionate wife said to me, "Prayer is always proper, always valuable, but particularly so at this time. Will you pray with us?" We three together sent up our supplications to the mercy seat, and I believe we felt that the form of the fourth was with us, like unto the son of God. When about leaving the house, I remarked, "Mrs. —, you are deeply afflicted; you have stroke upon stroke; but you know the source of consolation." "Yes," she replied, "and there are two considerations which comfort me much. I remember I have need of all these things, and what I know not now I shall know hereafter." A few days after, the grave closed on him, who had been the companion of her youth; but she felt that God was her unfailing support. A beloved daughter soon laid down with her father, and the bereft met me with the expression, "The Lord doth all things well." And now the brightened eye, and the lovely girl just springing into womanhood, tell that there is a worm at the root of this fair flower. And does the mother mark the premonition? She does, and sinks not; for "how can she sink with such a prop as the eternal God." Perhaps some may be inclined to call this stoical indifference,—a want of feeling; but not so. She has all the gushing sympathies of a mother's heart. She has, with untiring assiduity, watched and nursed her sick family, with a wife's—a mother's tenderness. But she is a Christian—her strength is in God; her faith is on the Rock of Ages. Her hope, as an anchor firm, is cast within the vail. The soul unreconciled to God, may conceal its feelings; but, alas! it has no real comfort. Do you tell him when "loved ones retire," that God has done it? He knows it; but that God is his dread. He trembles at his power but loves him not. Do you tell him that soon he will follow the departed? He knows it, and there is madness in the thought. Poor soul, turn now and seek the Lord with thy whole heart; for O! how wilt thou endure the terrors of that day, when the impenitent bereft of every earthly joy, shall find he has "no home in heaven,

no Jesus in the skies." Christian, rejoice in thy God, and though perplexed and distressed, be not cast down, but feel and sing—

Sufferer, tossed on life's wild ocean.  
O! bear up a little longer,  
Brave awhile the world's commotion,  
They roll strong, but God is stronger.

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### *Princess Charlotte.*

A CLERGYMAN having occasion to wait on the late Princess Charlotte, was thus addressed by her: "Sir, I understand you are a clergymen." "Yes, madam." "Of the church of England?" "Permit me to ask your opinion, sir. What is it that makes a death bed easy?" Mr. ——— was startled at so serious a question from a young and blooming female of so high a rank, and modestly expressed his surprise, that she should consult him, when she had access to many much more capable of answering the inquiry. She replied that she had proposed it to many, and wished to collect various opinions on this important subject. Mr. W. then felt it his duty to be explicit, and affectionately recommended to her the study of the Scriptures, which, as he stated, uniformly represent faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the only means to make a death bed easy. "Ah!" said she, bursting into tears, "that is what my grandfather often told me; but then he used to add, that besides reading the Bible, I must pray for the Holy Spirit to understand the meaning."

Charlotte, daughter of George IV., and heiress to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland, was born in 1795, and died Nov. 6, 1817, aged 22. She was married to Leopold, prince of Saxe Coburg; and her untimely death, in connexion with that of the infant child, clothed the nation in mourning—changed the succession of the throne; and drew forth, among other able funeral discourses, one by the Rev. Robert Hall, which is a master piece of eloquence, probably never equalled on any similar occasion.

When informed of the death of her child, a little before her own, she said, "I feel it as a mother naturally should," adding, "It is the will of God! praise to him in all things."

Mr. Hall mentions, as traits of her character, "that she visited the abodes of the poor, and learned to weep with those who weep ; that, surrounded with the fascinations of pleasure, she was not inebriated by its charms ; that she resisted the strongest temptations to pride, preserved her ears open to the truth, was impatient of the voice of flattery ; in a word, that she sought and cherished the inspirations of piety, and *walked humbly with God*. This is the fruit which survives when the flower withers—the only ornaments and treasures we can carry into eternity.

"Great God thy sovereign grace impart,  
With cleansing, healing power ;  
This only can prepare the heart  
For death's surprising hour."

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### *Sensibility.*

As I was passing a solitary part of the road, on my return from a visit in the country, a few days since, my attention was arrested by a little girl, about nine years old, beckoning me to stop. "Pray sir, be so kind as to break me off a bunch of leaves to make a bed for the poor lamb that's run over." I got out of my chaise, and went with the child to a tree a little distance from the road side. Here was a fine black lamb stretched on the ground ; the blood was running out of its nostrils—it made a faint continued noise like a feeble groaning, and seemed to be expiring. A solitary sheep kept close to the spot, and watched all our motions. "Poor thing !" said the little girl, "he never will skip and play any more on the beggar's ground"—and burst into tears. "My dear," said I, "how did it happen ?" "It was sleeping in the path," she answered, "close by where its *mother* was feeding, and the two cruel gentleman, that went along just now in the carriage, never minded the lamb, but drove straight over it and I brought it away from the hot sun, and laid it here in the shade ; but it won't get well,"—and again with her apron she wiped away the tears, which she could not suppress. "Poor old Mrs. G——," she continued in her simple manner, "she will be so sorry, when she comes to know it—it was all the lamb

she had." "Where does Mrs. G. live?" Said I. "Yonder on the leggar's ground," she replied, pointing to a cottage on the commons, about half a mile off. "Are you going to tell her?" "Ma sent me to carry some redishes and milk for her tea." By this time the lamb was dead. "He'll want no bed of leaves," said little Maria, and as she took up her basket to go, she turned to look again at the object of her grief—"Oh it was so cruel to let the wheel go over an innocent lamb," she said and hurried off for the poor woman's cottage.

My own feelings were scarcely less excited than hers, and I could not help reflecting, as I slowly pursued my journey, how dead to every tender and generous feeling must be the heart that can be indifferent to pain, even though the sufferer were a worm. The wanton young man that would crush an innocent animal under the wheel of his carriage, rather than check or turn aside his steed, is unworthy of the name of husband, or brother, or friend. Let him be the companion of no one; for in his cold, unfeeling heart, there are none of those amiable affections which are the cement of kindred souls: there is no milk of human kindness in his breast—he cannot feel another's woes nor share another's joys.

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### *An Indian Preacher.*

WHILE Mr. Kirkland was a missionary to the Oneidas, being unwell, he was unable to preach on the afternoon of a certain Sabbath, and told good Peter, one of the head men of the Oneidas, that he must address the congregation. Peter modestly and reluctantly consented. After a few words of introduction, he began a discourse on the character of the Savior. "What my brethren," said he, "are the views, which you form of Jesus? You will answer, perhaps, that he was a man of singular benevolence. You will tell me that he proved this to be his character, by the nature of the miracles, which he wrought. All these you will say, were kind in the extreme. He created bread to feed thousands, who were ready to perish. He raised to life the son of a poor woman, who was a widow, and to whom his labors were necessary for her



support in her old age. Are these, then, your only views of the Savior? I tell you, they are lame. When Jesus came into our world, he threw his blanket around him, but the God *was within*."

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### ***All for the Best.***

No ONE can have lived in the world, without having observed how frequently it happens, that events which, at the time they occurred, were the source of bitter disappointment, have eventually proved very blessings to us; and that many of these things which have been most anxiously desired, but which it has pleased God to withhold from us, would have proved, if granted, the origin of endless evils. The recollection of such circumstances in our own individual case, while it renders us deeply grateful to divine providence for the past, should make us trust with perfect confidence to the same infinite wisdom for the future.

It would be difficult to find an anecdote, perhaps, bearing more strongly on what we have just observed, than one which is mentioned in the life of Bernard Gilpin, that great and good man; whose pious labors in the counties of Westmoreland, Cumberland, Northumberland, and York, at the period of the reformation, procured for him the title by which he is still remembered in those parts, "the apostle of the north." It appears that it was a frequent saying of his, when exposed to losses or troubles, "Ah! Well; God's will be done; it is all for the best."

Towards the close of Queen Mary's reign, Bernard Gilpin was accused of heresy before the merciless Bishop Bonner; he was speedily apprehended, and he left his quiet home, "nothing doubting," as he said, "that it was all for the best," though he was well aware of what might await him; for we find him giving directions to his steward, "to provide him a long garment that he might go the more comely to the stake, at which he would be burnt."

While on his way to London, by some accident, he had a fall and broke his leg, which put a stop for some time to his journey. The persons in whose custody he was,

took occasion thence maliciously to retort upon his habitual remark. "What," said they, "is this all for the best? You say, master, that nothing happens which is not for our good; think you your broken leg is so intended?"

"Sirs, I make no question but it is," was the meek reply, and so in truth it proved; for, before he was able to travel, queen Mary died, the persecution ceased, and he was restored to his liberty and friends.

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### ***Pious Boy and his Wicked Father.***

A FATHER in N—— often rebuked his pious child for attending the Sabbath School concert; but the child could not refrain from going to the house of prayer. One evening, after having been to a concert, and being unusually strengthened by the exercises, he ventured to say a few words to his father, on the importance of attending to the concerns of the soul, and of preparing himself to go into the presence of a holy God. His father instantly became furious, drove him to his bed-chamber, and threatened to chastise him, if he ever heard him speak again about prayer or religion. After the poor boy had reached the foot of his bed, he knelt down in prayer before God, with a contrite spirit, and a heart burdened on account of his wicked father. His prayer was long and fervent, and so loud that his father heard it all. He could not withstand it. The tears gushed from his eyes, and he went to his broken-hearted boy, who was still pleading with the greatest importunity, and requested him to stop a moment, for he had a word to say, and then he would leave him. The boy accordingly stopped, and addressing his father, said, "Father, you may chastise me, or do with me as you please, but do not neglect your own soul." His father assured him he would not chastise him; but he begged his forgiveness, and told him to persevere in the course he had taken, and he should have his approbation and encouragement. That father's house was dedicated to God as a house of prayer.

***Unstable Christian Reproved.***

It is well known that Frederick the Second, King of Prussia, took great pride in having his soldiers well disciplined; and was therefore particularly attentive to the conduct of the subalterns. It is perhaps not so well known, that he sometimes manifested a real respect for religious people; for few men could more clearly discern the excellence of that practice, which is produced by divine principles. While, therefore, he sneered at the professors of religion, he promoted to offices of trust such persons as exemplified the christian character. The following incidents, which have not been published in this country, but are related on good authority, illustrate the truth of these remarks.

A sergeant, named Thomas, who was very successful in training his men, and whose whole deportment pleased the king, was often noticed by him. He inquired respecting the place of his birth, his parents, his religious creed, and the place of worship which he frequented. On being informed that he was united with the Moravians and attended their chapel in William street, he exclaimed, "O ho! you are a fanatic, are you?" Well, well; only take care to do your duty, and improve your men."

The king's common salutation after this was, "Well, how do you do? How are you going on in William street?"

Frederick, at length, in conversation with the Sergeant's Colonel, mentioned his intention of promoting Thomas to an office in the commissariat department, upon the death of an aged man, who then filled it. The Colonel, in order to encourage Thomas, informed him of the king's design. Unhappily, this had an injurious effect upon the mind of the sergeant: for alas! such is the depravity of the human heart, that few can endure the temptation of prosperity, without sustaining spiritual loss.

Thomas began to forsake the assemblies of his christian brethren; and when reproved by his minister, he said, his heart was with them; but he was afraid of offending the king. The minister bade him take heed that his heart did not deceive him.

Soon after the sergeant's religious declension, he was

again accosted with—"Well, how do you do? How are your friends in William street?" "I do not know, please your majesty," was the reply. "Not know! not know!" answered the king; "have you been ill then!" "No, please your majesty," rejoined the sergeant; "but I do not see it necessary to attend there so often as I used to do." "Then you are not so great a fanatic as I thought you," was the royal answer.

In a short time the aged officer died, and the Colonel waited upon his majesty to inform him of the vacancy, and to remind him of his intention to raise serjeant Thomas to the situation. "No! no!" said the King, "he shall not have it; he does not go to William street, so often as he used to do." Surprised with this peremptory refusal, the Colonel withdrew; and, on his return, found the serjeant waiting for the confirmation of his appointment.

I do not know what is the matter with the King to-day," said the Colonel; "but he will not give you the situation: he says you do not go to William street so often as you used to do. I do not know what he means; but I suppose you do."

Presenting a low bow to the Colonel, the serjeant silently departed; and bowing still lower in the spirit before the justice of God, he then, and ever after, adored the greatness of the divine mercy, which did not leave him to be an example of the truth of that scripture which says, "The prosperity of fools shall destroy them."

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### *Battle of the Nile.*

IN a British ship, which was in the battle of the Nile, there was but one Bible among 700 men. They were more than two years before they entered a port, where they could purchase the scriptures in the English language. During this time, one of the sailors possessing a Bible, read it to a messmate, who was ill, and conversed with him, till he proved the means of his conversion to God; these read the word of God to others, and conversed to them about what they had read; by which means there were several in the ship, who evidently understood and

experienced the power of the gospel. The first three of these men formed themselves into a society, which afterwards increased to thirteen.

Previous to the battle of the Nile, as many of them as had opportunity, associated for prayer, and committed themselves and each other to God, supposing they might never meet one another again, as they were then in sight of the French fleet. Their ship was in the heat of the action, but they were all mercifully preserved in the day of battle, *not any one of them being killed or wounded*. Two of their number were placed at one gun, where three of their shipmates were killed by one ball; but they were not injured. Such preservation excited their attention; and the first opportunity, after the confusion of the battle, they met for thanksgiving to Him, who so remarkably answered their prayers. When they came into port, it appeared their conduct had gained the confidence of their superiors: for one half of their number asking for leave to go on shore, thinking it improper for the whole to go at once, the commanding officer, much like a gentleman, when he was informed they wished to spend the Sabbath on shore for the purpose of worship, said, "*you may go and take all your party with you.*" They found their way to the place of worship. It being the day of the administration of the Lord's supper, having shown the rules of their society, and conversed freely with the clergyman of the port, they were cheerfully admitted at the table of the Lord. I found these men, says the clergyman, much better acquainted with doctrinal, experimental, and practical divinity, than could have been reasonably expected. But with the Bible in their hands, and the Holy Spirit for their teacher, is it any wonder that they were well taught?

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### ***Prayer—a successful means of Correction***

A GENTLEMAN once brought his son to Mr. Flattich, an aged clergyman in Wurtemburgh, who was famous as an instructor of youth, with the request that he would take him under his discipline and instruction. "I must give you to understand," said the gentleman, when he was alone with the minister, "that my son is a desperate

upon whom hitherto all instructions, all correction had been lost. I have admonished him, I have whipped him, I have shamed him before company, but he still remains a desperate boy, praise and blame are equally unavailing." The minister asked the gentleman, whether he in this case sought for no other remedies. "Yes," replied the father, "I confined the boy to bread and water for two days together." The minister still asked whether he had tried nothing else. "Yes," replied the father, "I have exposed him to the cold." Upon being further questioned, he mentioned other measures, which he had resorted to without any good effect. He had inquired and sought mild methods to bring him to reason; he had, for example, let him go into the company of well behaved children, but the boy would escape as soon as he was able into the society of the boys in the street, or else he would exhibit rude behavior before the orderly children. At this, the old clergyman said, that all these were not the right remedy; he knew for his part a better cure for such desperate cases, and that was *prayer*. He asked whether he had diligently and earnestly prayed with him and for him? The gentleman said he had not done so. "Then," observed the clergyman, "it need not be strange that all your pains applied have been in vain." Flattich now tried this remedy upon the boy, and it succeeded so well, that as the writer of this communication knows, from a desperate youth, he has become an excellent efficient man.

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### **Colonel B——, ruling over Rum.**

COLONEL B—— was a man of amiable manners, and of a well informed mind. Being much employed in public business, which called him from place to place, ardent society was often set before him with an invitation to drink. At first he took a social glass for civility's sake. But at length a habit was formed, and appetite began to crave its customary indulgence. He drank more largely, and at length more or twice was quite overcome. His friends were alarmed. He was on the brink of a precipice, from which he had fallen to the lowest pitch of wretchedness. In

his sober hours he saw the danger he was in. Said he to himself, one day when alone, "Shall Col. B. rule? or shall rum rule? If Col. B. rule, he and his family may be respectable and happy. But if rum rule, Col. B. is ruined, his property wasted, and his family made wretched!" At length, said he, I set down my foot, and said, "Col. B. shall rule, and rum obey." And from that day Col. B. did rule. He immediately broke off his intemperate habits, and lived to a good old age, virtuous, respected and happy. Let every one who has acquired, or is acquiring a similar habit, go and do likewise.

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### *Anecdotes of Dr. Payson.*

ONE day, he went to visit a mother, who was disconsolate from the loss of a child. He said to her as follows:—

"Suppose, now, some one was making a beautiful crown for you to wear; and you knew it was for you, and that you were to receive it and wear it as soon as it was done. Now, if the maker of it were to come, and, in order to make the crown more beautiful and splendid, were to take some of *your jewels*, to put into it,—should you be sorrowful and unhappy, because they were taken away for a little while, when you knew they were gone to make up your crown?"

The mother said that no one could conceive of the relief, the soothing, quieting influence which this comparison had on her mind.

On another occasion he went to see a sick person, who was very much troubled, because she could not keep her mind all the time fixed upon Christ, on account of the distracting influences of her sufferings, and the various objects and occurrences of the sick room, which constantly called off her attention. She was afraid she did not love her Savior, as she found it so difficult to fix her mind upon him. Dr. Payson said,—

"Suppose you were to see a little sick child, lying in its mother's lap, with its faculties impaired by its sufferings, so that it was, generally, in a troubled sleep; but now and then it just opens its eyes a little, and gets a glimpse of its mother's face, so as to be recalled to the re-

collection that it is in its mother's arms; and suppose that always, at such a time, it should smile faintly with evident pleasure to find where it was,—should you doubt whether that child loved its mother or not?"

The poor sufferer's doubts and despondency were gone in a moment.

A gentleman, who saw and conversed with Dr. Payson in Boston, when he visited this city, towards the latter part of his life, was led, by his preaching and conversation, to a considerable degree of serious concern for his soul. His wife was still in a great measure indifferent to the subject. One day, meeting her in company, he said to her,—

"Madam, I think your husband is looking upwards,—making some effort to rise above the world, towards God and heaven. You must not let him try alone. Whenever I see the husband struggling alone in such efforts, it makes me think of a dove, endeavoring to fly upwards, while it has one broken wing. It leaps and flutters, and perhaps raises itself a little way, and then it becomes wearied, and drops back again to the ground. If both wings co-operate, then it mounts easily."

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### *Anecdote of Jeremiah Flate.*

"FIFTY years ago," said this venerable teacher, "I was master of the Orphan Asylum, in Stuttgard, and had a whole room full of children to instruct. It was my custom to pray every morning for meekness and patience in the fulfilment of this arduous duty. One day, as I was walking up and down among the children, I observed a boy, about twelve years of age, leaning with both his elbows upon the table; I reprov'd him for this improper behavior, and walked on. The next time I passed he was doing the same thing; and I was obliged to repeat my desire that he should take his arms off the table. He obeyed me for the moment; but when I returned for the third time, I found him angry and perverse, and could read in his face that he was determined to despise my orders. I was much annoyed, but restrained myself, and prayed inwardly for strength to exercise patience towards



this poor child, even as my God had been patient towards me. My ill humor vanished immediately, I became calm, and was enabled to continue my instructions. The boy obstinately remained in the same attitude, but I took no notice of him. When school was over, I sent for him into my study, praying, in the meantime, for wisdom and composure of mind. He stamped in, and banged the door after him in a violent passion. 'Why did you bang the door so violently?' I asked. 'I did not bang it,' he replied. 'Yes, you did, my boy,' said I. 'I tell you, I did not,' was the answer. Upon this I went up to him, took his hand, and asked him in a gentle voice, 'Do you know, my son, against whom you are sinning? It is not against me, but against your Savior, your best Friend! Examine yourself, and try to find out why you behave in this manner.'

"The boy's heart was touched; he burst into tears, and entreated me to forgive his wicked behavior." 'I had determined this morning,' continued he, 'to tease you by my disobedience, till you should beat me, thinking you would suffer much more from it than I should. Pray, pray forgive me; I will never do so again in all my life.' I pointed out to him from what a great temptation he had been delivered, and then dismissed him, with the assurance that I had long since forgiven him. He left me, but still appeared almost inconsolable. In the afternoon, having finished my classes, I was sitting alone in my little study, when I heard a knock at the door. The boy came in, his eyes red with weeping, and saying it was impossible I could have forgiven him, for he had behaved towards me like a devil. He begged I would tell him once more that I had forgiven him, repeating that he would never vex me again, not even by a look. I again assured him of my full forgiveness, but told him he must ask pardon of his Savior, against whom he had chiefly sinned, and who would certainly hear his prayer, if his repentance was sincere. The boy however left me, still crying.

"I had scarcely risen the next morning, when my little penitent came again, crying so bitterly that I was quite astonished. He said the remembrance of his conduct the day before had prevented his sleeping, and entreated me,

with his whole heart, to continue to love him as I had done before. He could not imagine what had led him to form such a naughty resolution, and assured me he had determined not to allow any punishment to overcome his obstinacy, but had been quite unable to resist the kind and gentle means I had used to convince him of his fault. He begged me to tell him how it had been possible for me to bear with this wicked behavior as I had done. To this I answered, "dear child, I cannot exactly explain that to you ; but if I must express it in a few words, it is because I have myself received much mercy from the Lord, that I have been enabled to show mercy towards you." Thus spoke this venerable man, and concluded his narrative with the satisfactory intelligence, that the boy had, from that day, become his best scholar, and was still living in Stuttgard, esteemed by all who knew him as an honest and virtuous citizen.

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### ***The Widow and her Shipwrecked Son.***

IN the north of England, in a small inland village, a lieutenant of the British Navy, after serving his country for many years, took up his abode. He had a pious wife, and six or seven children. She sent them to the village Sabbath school ; but the eldest, a boy of fourteen years, seemed determined to profit by neither maternal love, nor pious instructions at school. He played and mingled with a class of wicked idlers that infested the village, and would have been as bad as the worst of them, but for his father's rigid discipline. That, alone, restrained him from rushing into excesses of wickedness and riot. But that father died, and left his widow to combat the idleness of her boy alone. No, not alone ; for she sought the help of her heavenly husband.

The father being dead, the son grew worse. He was ungovernable ; and the afflicted widow wept, as with a broken heart, over her recreant child. Unable to restrain him, she adopted a very common mode in England of disposing of idle lads. She resolved to send him to sea. It was a painful alternative ; but he could not grow worse there, she thought, and possibly, the severe disci-

pline of a ship might humble his proud spirit and lead him to reflection.

A ship was obtained for him. The bustle of preparation began and was over. Unknown to the youth, the mother placed a Bible in his chest, with a secret hope that its light might lead him to his heavenly Father, when he should be far off on the deep blue sea. Many were the prayers that mother offered for her son; many the counsels she gave him from the fulness of her heart. The day of separation came. O it was a day of trial to all but to him who was the occasion of all the sadness of that family. Warm were the tears she shed, as, pressing him to her bosom, she bade him adieu, and commended his wayward heart to God.

Many years had passed, and the wanderer had not returned. The ship had perished at sea, and the widow mourned her son as dead; and what was worse, she trembled for the safety of his undying soul. Could she have been assured of his safety in the better world, her pained heart would have been at rest. But she wept over him as doubly lost.

It was a stormy night in mid-winter. The wind howled, the rain poured down in torrents, and deep darkness obscured the sky. The widow, and her children, sat beside the cheerful fire, and a chastened cheerfulness overspread the circle, though now and then a cloud of melancholy gathered over the mother's brow, as the driving storm reminded her of her lost son, when a slight tap was heard at the door. It was opened. A sailor stood there, way-worn and weather-beaten. He begged a shelter from the storm. It was not in that mother's heart to refuse a sailor on such a night, and she offered him her fireside and her food.

When he had refreshed himself, she modestly questioned him of his condition. His tale was soon told. He had been shipwrecked, and was going home poor and penniless to his mother. He had been shipwrecked before. The widow asked him to tell the story of his sufferings.

He said that in a violent gale the ship ran ashore and went to pieces. The crew were either drowned or dashed to death upon the rocks. Himself and another were

the only persons who reached the shore. 'They were thrown high upon the beach by a powerful wave. His companion was senseless at first, but at last revived—alas! but to die. "He was a sweet youth," the sailor observed: "once he had been the terror of the ship, for his excessive devotion to vice. But suddenly he had changed. He became a serious, praying man; as remarkable for piety now as for vice before. When he revived a little on the beach," said the sailor, "he pulled a Bible from his bosom, and pressed it to his lips. It was this blessed book, he told me, that led him to change his way of life. Rumaging his chest one day, he found a Bible; his first impression was to throw it away; but chancing to see his mother's writing, he paused to examine it. It was his name. It made him think of his mother; of her instructions and the instructions of his teachers; and then he saw his sins, and felt he was a sinner. Overwhelmed, he sunk upon his knees, beside his chest, and wept and prayed, and vowed to change his way of life. And he did change it; for he became a decided christian. After telling me about this change," continued the sailor, "he gave me his Bible, and bade me keep it for his sake; and then falling back upon the sand, he expired with a half-offered prayer upon his lips."

As the sailor concluded, the widow, who had listened with deep interest and feeling, inquired,

"Have you got that Bible, my friend?"

"Yes, madam," said he; and he took from his bosom what appeared to be a bunch of old canvass. Carefully removing several envelopes, he at last produced a small pocket Bible, and gave it into the hands of the lady.

Tremblingly and hastily she seized it. She turned to the blank page, when lo! her child's name in her own writing. A death-like paleness overspread her usually pale cheek, as she made the discovery, and exclaimed, "'Tis his! 'tis his! my son! my son!"

Nature could bear no more, and she fainted.

Here, then, we see the idle Sunday scholar, at sea, away from the means of grace, suddenly profiting by the instruction of years past. His soul felt the inspiring leaven a teacher had placed within it, and grew ripe for paradise, when the teacher mourned his labor lost. How

encouraging! How cheering! Labor on, dear teacher, in hope. Parents, despise not Sabbath school instruction for your child may in like manner be saved.

### *Prayer at the Mast Head.*

A SAILOR recently returned from a whaling voyage, and in conversation with a pious friend, spoke of the enjoyment he had in prayer while afar on the deep. "But," inquired his friend, "in the midst of the confusion on ship board, where could you find a place to pray?" "Oh," said he, "I always went to the mast-head." I have heard of closets in various places, but never in one more peculiar than this. Peter went upon the house-top to pray. Others have sought the shades of the forest. I remember hearing a youth who came home from the camp during the last war, and his pious mother asked him, "Where, John, could you find a place to pray?" He answered, where there is a heart to pray, mother, it is easy to find a place."

And yet the sailor's closet was a favorite spot. The ear of man could not hear him as he cried mightily unto God. The gales that wasted his ship on its voyage, would bear his petitions upward toward the throne. "The voice of many waters would be the music of his sanctuary, and the angels that had charge concerning him, would listen to the swelling song." As he lifted up his heart and his voice in prayer, he was surrounded with the majesty and glory of his Maker. The "deep, deep sea" spread its illimitable expanse around him. The heavens spread out like the curtains of Jehovah's chamber, and the stars, like the jewels that adorn His crown, hung over him as he climbed the giddy mast, and bowed down to pray. Perhaps he had little imagination, and entered not into the grandeur of the scene around him. But he had a soul; a soul that felt the power of God; that loved high and holy communion with the Father of spirits, and while the others below were rioting in the mirth of a sailor's jovial life, his joy was, literally to rise above the world and find intercourse with heaven.

What peace there was in that sailor's heart. The storms might "rudely toss his floundering bark," but they could not shake his confidence in God. The ocean might yawn beneath him to swallow him in its fathomless depth, but he was sheltered in the bosom of his Father's love. The frail bark might be driven at the mercy of the winds, or be dashed on the rocks, or be stranded on the shore; but he had a hope that was an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, entering into that within the vail. Through the thickest darkness that enveloped him, the "Star of Bethlehem" shed its loveliness over his path in the trackless deep, and guided him onward and upward to the heaven of his eternal rest. Thitherward from mast-head he strained his eye, and true as the needle to the pole, he pursued his way. When tempted he sought the mast-head to pray; when in despondency, at the mast-head found joy; when the taunts of his companions filled his ear with pain and his soul with grief, he fled to the mast-head and poured out the desire of his heart, into the ear of Him who hears the humblest supplicants that cry.

I love to think of this sailor, I wish I knew him, and could kneel down with him and hear him converse with God. How few would be as faithful as he. How many would neglect their closet and seldom pray in secret, unless they could have a more safe retreat; a more sacred chamber than the mast of a wave-rocked whaler. But He "when here a sailor's pillow pressed," walks now on the mighty deep, and when the tempest-tossed mariner cries, he answers, "It is I, be not afraid."

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***Mrs. Sarah Lanman Smith.***

A MEMOIR of this beloved and devoted woman has been published. The Biblical Repository contains a review of it, from which we copy an extract relating to her death:

'Two years and four months ago, she had embarked from Boston as a missionary. How much she left behind! How short her missionary life, how great the disappoint-

ment at the early interruption of her work by death !  
“ That destroyest the hope of man ! ” And yet

“ Sept. 22.—In the afternoon, she said to me with much earnestness, ‘ When you write to my friends, after all is over, one thing I wish you would make prominent. It is, that I feel satisfied with the course I have taken, and that all has been ordered by God.’ (Meaning in her becoming a missionary.) ‘ I have no disposition to boast of my labors ; but I feel that I have not left my friends and my country in vain. I never have regretted having done so, nor do I now. *This is my dying testimony.*’ ”

“ ‘ Tell my friends I would not for all the world lay my remains any where but here, on missionary ground.’ After a good many remarks showing the brightness of her views of spiritual things, some of which could be but indistinctly heard, she exclaimed, ‘ What a goodly company of ancestors shall I meet there ! Yes, and the holy angels, and the Son of God ! Oh, the Almighty God ! You know nothing of his glorious majesty. I cannot express it ; but I wanted to speak of it, that you may think that yourselves are nothing. I have thought too much of myself. In this sickness I have thought it too important that my ease and wants should be consulted. We all think that we are of more importance than we are. Beware of pride.’ ”

“ We sung that beautiful hymn of Doddridge on the eternal Sabbath, commencing,

‘ Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love.’

“ To my surprise, her voice, which she had so long been unable to use for singing, was occasionally heard mingling with ours. Her face beamed with a smile of ecstasy ; and so intense was the feeling expressed in her whole aspect, that we stopped after the first verse, lest she should even expire while drinking the cup of joy we had presented to her. But she said to us, ‘ Go on ; ’ and though all were bathed in tears, and hardly able to articulate, we proceeded. I was sitting with her hand in mine. While singing the second verse, she pressed it, and turned to me at the same time such a heavenly smile as stopped my utterance. Before we reached the end, she raised both her hands above her head, and gave vent to her feelings

in tears of pleasure, and almost in shouting. After prayer she said, 'I have had a little glimpse of what I am going to see. It was but a glimpse, and perhaps it was imagination. But it seemed a glorious sight.'"

In the account of her last moments we have an interesting fact.

"Involuntary groans were occasionally uttered in her convulsions. These, as we were listening to them with painful sympathy, once, to our surprise, melted away in to musical notes; and for a moment our ears were charm with the full clear tones of the sweetest melody. No words were articulated, and she was evidently unconscious of every thing about her. It seemed as if her soul was already joining in the songs of heaven, while it was yet so connected with the body, as to command its unconscious sympathy.

We can never forget the effect of this incident upon our minds when we first heard it read. We cannot remember any incident in the dying scene of any individual so peculiar and striking. We have been accustomed to consider the last moments of Mr. Evarts, taking into view his natural temperament, as more remarkable than those of any other departed friend whom we have ever known. One of his exclamations was, "O! the face of God!" Perhaps this was only anticipation; it may have been a vision. But the incident referred to in the last moments of Mrs. Smith is very striking. Those musical sounds were wonderful. They remind one of those which are said to have come from Memnon's statue at *sunrise*. They were the accidental notes of the harp, when one is removing the strings. 'The swan's last song is sweetest; so was it with this "when fleeing to her mountain." The passage last quoted from the memoir will, we doubt not, long be remembered by all who read the book.

"Not long after, she again opened her eyes in a state of consciousness. A smile of perfect happiness lighted up her emaciated features. She looked deliberately around upon different objects in the room, and then fixed upon me a look of the tenderest affection. \* \* \* Her frequent prayers that the Savior would meet her in the dark valley, have already been mentioned. By her smile she undoubtedly intended to assure us that she had found him



Words she could not utter to express what she felt. Life continued to struggle with its last enemy, until twenty minutes before eight o'clock; when her affectionate heart gradually ceased to beat, and her soul took its final departure to be forever with the Lord."

She died September 30, 1836, in the 34th year of her age, having been a missionary about two years and four months.

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### *The Lost Eye.*

"It is a great blessing to have the use of both eyes," said a friend to me who had been deprived of the use of one of these most valuable organs. "Yes," I replied; "but, like every other blessing, they who enjoy it know not how to appreciate it. But pray, tell me, how came you to loose the sight of your eye?" "O," said he, "it was all owing to carlessness and disobedience. When I was a boy, I had a great fondness for playing with gunpowder. I delighted in nothing so much as exploding crackers, and making little squibs of powder, and touching them off.

"One day my uncle was at my father's, and, as was usually his practice, gave me a small piece of money. I was delighted with the present; for it immediately occurred to me that I could add it to some I had, and buy a little cannon, which a playmate owned, and which I knew could be obtained for that sum of money. I purchased the article, and also some powder, and made several successful experiments in loading and firing my cannon. My parents on learning for what purpose I had spent my money, reprov'd me, and admonished me of the thousand accidents that had occurred among children by the use of gunpowder, and forbid me ever engaging in such dangerous sports again; and very unkindly, as I then thought, took away both powder and cannon.

"It was not long, however, before I devised means to obtain another. Supposing my parents would take that away also, I resolved that I would have at least one good time with it before they should learn that I had it. Accordingly, I watched for an opportunity; and one after-

noon, when my mother was out, I took out my cannon into the garden, and began to load it. The maid-servant remonstrated with me, and told me she should certainly tell my parents ; but I paid no regard to her. There is nothing like having a good blast, as the boys say. So I loaded up my cannon almost to the muzzle, ignorant of what I was doing. I fired off the piece, and as might be supposed, it burst and scattered the fragments in every direction. I was wounded in several places, but more especially in my eye ; into which a piece of the metal was hurled ; and from that day to this, I have never been able to see out of it.—I was laid upon a bed of sickness for several weeks, and suffered much pain ; but it was nothing compared with what I have suffered since. The thought that it was all owing to *disobedience*, has been very painful. I have thought a thousand times since, O, that I had obeyed the admonitions and instructions of my parents.—Whenever I see a child disobedient to its parents or guardians, I always think of my lost eye, and wish that they might profit by my unhappy experience.” We hope that all youthful readers will derive much benefit by reading this story, and remember that the safest way is always to do what your parents direct ; and that God will, either in this or another world, manifest his displeasure against the disobedient.

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### ***The Sunday Party.***

As I was walking one Lord’s day to the house of God, I saw a party of young people on before me, whose volatile manners ill accorded with the sanctity of the day ; and just as I was passing them, I heard one say,

“ Indeed I think we shall do wrong—my conscience condemns me—I must return.”

“ There can be no harm,” replied another, “ in taking an excursion on the water, especially as we have resolved to go to a place of worship this evening.”

“ I must return,” rejoined a female voice ; my conscience condemns me. What will my father say if he hear of it ?”

By this time they had reached the bridge ; and one of

the party was busily engaged with a waterman, while the rest stood in close debate for a few minutes, when they all moved towards the water. Two of the gentlemen stepped into the boat, two more stood at the water's edge, and the females were handed one by one into the boat. It was a fine morning, though rather cold, and the tide was running at its usual rate; many were gazing on them, when a naval officer standing near, called to them through the balustrades, and said,

"A pleasant morning to you."

One of the gentlemen suddenly arose to return the compliment, but from some cause which I could not perceive, he fell over into the water. This disaster threw the whole party into the utmost consternation, and each one, instead of remaining in his seat, rushed to the side of the boat over which their companion had fallen, which upset it, and all were instantaneously plunged into the deep. The shriek which the multitude of spectators gave, when they beheld this calamity, exceeded any similar noise I ever heard; several females fainted—boats immediately put off; and in a few minutes, the watermen rescued one and another, and another from a premature grave. Having picked up all they could find, the different boats were rowed to the shore, where some medical gentlemen were in waiting; but when the party met together, no language can describe the horror which was depicted on every countenance when they found that two were still missing.

"Where is my sister?" said the voice which had said, only a few minutes before, "there can be no harm in taking an excursion on the water, especially as we have resolved to go to church in the evening."

"Where's my Charles?" said a female, who had appeared the most gay and sprightly when I first saw them.

At length two boats which had gone a considerable distance were seen returning; on being asked, if they had picked up any, they replied, "Yes—two." This reply electrified the whole party; they wept for joy, and so did others who stood around them.

"Here's a gentleman," said the boatman; "but I believe he's dead."

"Where's the lady," said the brother, "is she safe?"

"She is in the other boat, sir."

"Is she alive?—has she spoken?"

"No, sir; she has not spoken, I believe."

"Is she dead? oh, tell me."

"I fear she is, sir."

The bodies were immediately removed from the boats to a house in the vicinity, and every effort was employed to restore animation, and some faint hopes were entertained by the medical gentlemen that they should succeed. In the space of little more than ten minutes, they announced the joyful news, that the gentleman began to breathe; but they made no allusions to the lady. Her brother sat motionless, absorbed in the deepest melancholy, till the actual decease of his sister was announced, when he started up, and became almost frantic with grief. He exclaimed, "Oh, my sister! my sister! would to God I had died for thee!" They were all overwhelmed with trouble, and knew not what to do.

"Who will bear the heavy tidings to our father?" said the brother, as he paced the room backwards and forwards, like a maniac broke loose from the cell of misery.—"Oh, who will bear the heavy tidings to our father?" He paused—a death-like silence pervaded the whole apartment—he again burst forth in the agony of despair—"I forced her to go against the dictates of her conscience—I am her murderer—I ought to have perished, and not my sister. Who will bear the heavy tidings to our father?"

"I will," said a gentleman, who had been unremitting in his attentions to the sufferers.

"Do you know him, sir?"

"Yes, I know him."

"Oh! how can I ever appear in his presence? I enticed one of the best of children to an act of disobedience, which has destroyed her!"

How the old man received the intelligence, or what moral effect resulted from this disaster, we never heard; but it may furnish us with a few reflections, which we wish to impress upon the attention of our readers.

As the Sunday is instituted for the purpose of promoting your moral improvement and felicity, never devote its sacred hours to the recreations of pleasure. He who has commanded you to keep it holy, will not suffer you

to profane it with impunity. He may not bring down upon you the awful expressions of his displeasure while you are in the act of setting at open defiance his authority; but there is a day approaching, when you must stand before him; and it may not be far off. By a sudden visitation of Providence, you may be removed from the midst of your gay companions to appear in his presence. Resist the first temptation to evil, or ruin may be the inevitable consequence. What a warning is contained in this narrative! And is this the only one which the history of crime has given you? Alas, no! Have not many, who ended their days in ignominy, traced up their ruin to the profanation of the Sabbath? This is the day in which the foul spirits are abroad enticing the young and the thoughtless to evil: and if you wish to avoid the degradation and misery in which others have been involved, devote its sacred hours to the purpose for which they were appointed.

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### *The Early Dead.*

[To Mr. — and Mrs. — on the loss of an only child.]

I HOPE I am not insensible to the severity of the blow which has fallen upon you, and spread desolation over your house, I desire in the spirit of Him, who was a man of sorrows, to condole with you in this affliction. It seems but yesterday, that I beheld your dear A——, and rejoiced with you in her personal comeliness, and her bright promise. Now, the grave covers her from our sight. Alas! how insecure are our choicest pleasures, and our most valued blessings. Like the dew upon a flower, how soon they vanish, and we see them no more! We trust—our confidence is destroyed; we hope—our expectation is cut off.

It is no province of mine to exhort you not to mourn. "Jesus wept." The bosom will heave: we have affections and sympathies, and who shall say it is unchristian to drop the tributary tear over the ashes of the loved and lost? But I may exhort you to seek that temper of resignation, which will enable you to say with Job—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the

name of the Lord." You may have occasion hereafter to say, It is good for us that we have been afflicted.

"Amid your list of blessings infinite,  
This may stand foremost, that *your hearts have bled.*"

Pray that God would not only send consolation, but the sanctifying influences of his Spirit: pray that "this dart, like that which once pierced an imposthume in battle, may bring health with its wounds;" and you shall be enabled to say with one of old, "The Lord hath chastened us sore; but he hath not given us over unto death."

Death, though it involves many circumstances of a painful character, is often, in no small degree, rendered even attractive and lovely. There is something glorious and sublime in the exit of a saint, who is ripe for heaven, from this sorrowful, sinful world. There is something even lovely in the departure of an infant to be with angels, notwithstanding the awful chasm it occasions in the bereaved circle. The lifeless clay is beautiful; death cannot "steal the signet-ring of heaven." It is no paradox, then, to speak of *the beauty of death*. We gaze upon features, pale and cold indeed, but which have never been furrowed by care; which have never been distorted by envy, malice, or revenge—never have been darkened by *pinning* grief. And as we gaze, there is no retrospect of reverses and vicissitudes, of sorrow, and of sin. True, we behold the remains of one who was the offspring of depraved parents, who inherited a depraved nature, and could be saved only by the atoning merits of a crucified Savior; and who, if life had lasted, would have been exposed to temptation and sin. But how consolatory and cheering the reflection that the soul, which so lately animated the lifeless frame, now adorns, like a starry gem, the crown of our glorious Immanuel.

It is a relief to the agonized feelings of parents and bereaved friends, that the early dead are rescued from many evils to come. This world is a wilderness, through which it is impossible to pass and avoid danger; or this life is a voyage which exposes us to many tempests and adverse winds. How many, in their sorrow, have mourned, like Job, that they did not die in infancy, "for then they should have lain still and been quiet; they should

have slept and been at rest." The early dead escape not only temptations and sins, but from the hazards of this changeful world, from vicissitudes, pain, weakness, from days of anguish, from sleepless nights, from untold agony. The merciful Disposer of events may have foreseen a storm of adversity impending, and therefore removed your precious lamb to a place of safety—the upper fold—to the bosom of the good Shepherd. Is it not safer, nay, happier, on that bosom than it could have been on your own?

And how consolatory is the reflection that your dear A—— is not *lost*, but only removed to another apartment in our heavenly Father's house! Gone before you—*gone*, indeed, to return no more; but not *lost*, and may still be yours;

" A treasure but removed,  
A bright bird parted for a clearer day—  
Yours still in heaven !"

Yours hereafter to meet—yours to love—yours with whom to rejoice in eternal hymns of praise to a glorified Savior. If children are a parent's jewels, let him not be disconsolate, when they are taken to be planted in the Redeemer's diadem. If children are our olive plants, flowers which we tenderly cherish, let us not mourn when they are taken to a shelter from the wintry storm and tempest.

It is to Christianity we are indebted for the most effectual consolation in the hour of bereavement. It disrobes death of its terrors, and disarms him of his sting. It teaches us to view death as a *separation*, and strews the amaranth over the tomb. Christianity styles death a sleep, and the grave a bed; an old writer calls it "a perfumed bed," for Jesus slept in it. It consecrates the sepulchre. It places angels of light around its portals to guard and keep the reposing dust, and writes thereon, "HOPE," "ETERNAL LIFE."

### ***The Whole Crew Converted.***

THE following fact, says the Sailor's Magazine for August, was communicated by a respected brother who has been laboring among seamen in the port of New York :

The William Hannington, Captain Bell, master, left Newcastle-upon-Tyne, about the first of April last, with a crew of fourteen men, laden with coal for the United States. A lady belonging to the Baptist chapel, in Newcastle, feeling a deep interest in seamen, put into the hands of the Captain, a few days before leaving port, a package of tracts and magazines for the crew. "I took them," said the Captain, "and, according to her wishes, distributed among the hands, until the whole had gone the rounds among them. In a very few days, after leaving sight of the Highlands of Scotland, the second mate, a well bred and intelligent young Scotchman, came to me and said, 'Sir, I hardly know what is the matter ; but your tracts have produced a feeling among them that I have never seen before. If you have any doubt on the subject, go look into the fore-castle and see for yourself.' I stepped down and sure enough every man was reading with an engagedness as though his very life and soul were in it. On returning to the cabin the mate continued, 'Sir, they wish the Bible read to them, and to-morrow (meaning the sabbath,) they wish to obtain permission to hold a religious service among themselves in the fore-castle.' I can have no objection to that I am sure, I remarked, but who will lead them, mate, seeing none of us make any professions that way ? 'I shall make my best endeavors,' was the reply, 'and I suppose others will do the same.' Very well, I said, there is a prospect now of fine weather, make all snug, I will take the helm, and let every one that wishes, attend the service. The arrangements were made—the Sabbath came—a meeting among themselves was held, morning and afternoon. A privilege for a prayer-meeting was again asked for in the evening. I objected—'But,' said the mate, 'you had no objection all day, why object now ?' My objection is, I replied, that you must not hold the meeting in the fore-castle, but in the cabin, where I may have a spice of a privilege with you myself, since I have accommodated



you all day by standing at the helm. Accordingly, in the evening, every man came down into the cabin. I took the Bible and read a chapter, and called upon the mate to pray. In a moment all were upon their knees. The mate proceeded a little way, but soon choked up with tears, and broke down. The cook then undertook it, and he soon swamped in the same way. I then said to one of the apprentice boys, Billy, can't you pray for us? The little fellow began and made an excellent, sweet little prayer, and seemed to get along the best of any us. "The fact is," said the captain, "we were all overwhelmed with a sense of our sins, and as there was not one of us that had made any profession of a religious experience, we made rather lame work of it at first; but, I do hope, that God, in his mercy, has heard our poor petitions, and converted every man on board. As to myself," said the captain, "it is my intention, if it please God, to connect myself with his people, and with the church, of which my praying wife is a member; and I suppose it is the probable intention of others to do the same."

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### *The Scoffer and the Profane.*

DURING the residence of a few years at ———, I occasionally met with a youth whose melancholy end in connection with his character, affords a solemn warning to those designated by the names which are placed at the head of this paragraph. His history was briefly this.

He was a youth of sprightly mind—fond of society, and among his companions the gayest of the gay—a leader in folly and in sin. Although called to move in a humble sphere of life, he seemed not only calculated, but desirous to exert an influence upon his own circle of friends and even beyond it, but the influence which he desired, and which he did exert, was of the most pernicious kind. He early chose the scoffer's seat, and occupied it with delight. The word of God was the subject of his constant ridicule. He would even collect the children about him in the street and endeavor to instil into their minds, his own feelings of hostility to holy things, by telling them that the Bible was a book of lies—that

there was no hell—that all these things were the invention of designing priests who desired to dupe their people and advance their own selfish ends thereby.

As might be expected from his character, he was greatly addicted to profaning the name of God. As he drew nearer the end of his short career, he seemed more and more filled with a spirit of scorning and blasphemy. After his mournful end, I learned that in anticipation of the holidays, which were near, he had resolved and prepared to spend them in greater thoughtlessness and contempt of God than ever before. One afternoon as a funeral procession was passing the house where he resided, he remarked to one that was with him, that he should have many grey hairs in his head before they could get him into such a box as that (alluding to the coffin or hearse) speaking at the same time in the most trifling manner of death. But, alas, he knew not the cup of his iniquity was so nearly filled, and that he was so soon to be driven away in his wickedness. As I was returning from the funeral referred to, I observed a crowd gathered in the street, and presently saw a young man carried out from their midst, apparently lifeless, and taken to a neighboring house. It was this youth. He had left home just after the procession passed, and calling upon a friend in whose presence he exhibited the reckless and wicked spirit which characterized him, he received a kind but severe rebuke, and a solemn warning to prepare for a judgment to come, but he turned it aside with jesting and ridicule. Going out into the street he met with some persons who had an exceedingly wild horse which no one ventured to ride. He immediately offered to mount him. Being strongly urged to desist, and assured of the danger, he persisted in his determination, and declared “he would ride him if he rode him to hell.” These were the last words he ever uttered. He had no sooner mounted the horse than he was thrown violently upon the ground, falling upon his head, and was taken up in a state of insensibility. He lingered a day or two, but although he rolled his head from side to side, and moaned most piteously, as if in great pain, he gave no other signs of consciousness, and at length entered the eternal world.

Dear reader, do you ever permit your tongue to speak

lightly of God's holy world? Does his awful name, which angels dare not use but with ascriptions of Holy, Holy, Holy, ever escape your lips profanely? Do you spend your breath in blasphemy, and mocking God and his sacred truth? Do you dare to trifle with death and judgment and hell? O, remember how soon that breath may be stopped—those lips sealed, and that tongue stilled in death. You will not much longer be permitted to scoff at God and his word. Your next oath, your next scoff may be your last, *and may be your last words*. To avoid even the possibility of such an end, (of which you have so many examples and warnings,) the next time you use the name or the word of God, let it be to cry with a broken heart, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

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### ***The Tract and the Jug.***

WHILE traveling through an adjoining county a few days since, I was informed of a circumstance which is proof positive, of the real value of tracts. A brother who had met with an accident while passing through the town of —, called at a blacksmith's shop for aid. The smith was absent, but his wife allowed the stranger to use the forge and tools, as it was impossible for him to proceed without repairing the loss. While at work in the shop, he accidentally stumbled on a jug which contained ardent spirits. The careless appearance of the working apparatus—the leaky and crazy house—the rickety fence—the garden overrun with weeds—the lean, half-starved cow—in fact, all he saw or heard, plainly said—"a drunkard lives here." He fortunately had a tract on drunkenness which he thrust between the handle and the jug, praying that God would use it for good. The miserable husband—the unkind father—the brutal inebriate, returned—he had pressed the cup of liquid fire to his lips, his soul was bathed in alcohol—the fountain of human kindness has been burned within him—all the tender sympathies of the heart were chilled—and how could he expect to find his home the calm and peaceful cottage where he once centered all his hopes. Sullen and morose, he seeks his

companion the jug. But what is that in the handle! He reads—dashes it upon the ground—tramples upon it—conscience gave a sting—he took it up—read—wept—re-read—the tears rolled down his bloated face—“*Oh my wife, my ruined babies!* I am an ungrateful husband, an unworthy father! This *cursed jug!*” He confessed his sin, and put away his *cursed jug*, the source of all his ills.

A family saved the awful duty of carrying a drunkard to his grave—a maniac made sober—a broken, bleeding heart healed—a mother’s bitter, scalding tears, made to cease their flowing. What a change! The brutal father becomes an affectionate protector; the cruel husband becomes the kind and attentive companion; the leaky roof keeps off the pelting storm; the half-starved, ragged children fed and clad; now they meet their father with outstretched arms; they cling round his knees, kiss his furrowed cheek; and soothe his aching bosom. *What a change!* The despised family is respected; the disconsolate wife is filled with joy, and peace, love and happiness reign now, where pale sorrow made her home. What has done this? A tract that cost one fourth of a cent. The stranger who left that mute yet eloquent preacher, has more reason to rejoice, than he who rules an empire; one may rule a nation, the other has been instrumental in saving an *immortal soul!* Dear reader—do you drink ardent spirits? O be careful—one more glass, and one more, until thy soul is forever lost! Be persuaded to put down that glass—there is death in it! A serpent hides his head there, and will sting your soul—one more dram has ruined thousands. “*The prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; the simple pass on and are punished.*”

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### ***Integrity of Washington.***

DURING the administration of Washington, as President of the United States, an application was made to him by a gentleman for a lucrative and highly responsible office within his gift. The application was made with more confidence of success, from the fact, that this gentleman had been the friend and companion of the General

throughout the whole course of the Revolutionary war, during which he had received, on various occasions, indubitable marks of his kindness and partiality. He had become, in the estimation, if not of himself, of his friends, in a degree necessary to the happiness of Washington, and had therefore, in their opinion, only to apply for the office, to receive it. It was a boon, which, while it would ensure competency and ease to a friend, would bring that friend into frequent intercourse with his patron, and former associate in arms.

For the same office, however, there was a competitor; but as he was decidedly hostile to the politics of Washington, and had made himself conspicuous among the opposers of his administration, no serious apprehensions were felt from this quarter. Towards such a man—a well known political enemy—Washington surely could feel under no obligations, and was not likely to prefer such an one to a personal friend and favorite. Every one acquainted with the pretensions of the two applicants, was at no loss to judge as to the President's decision, and the concurrent opinion was in favor of the friend, and against his competitor.

Judge, then, the general surprise, when it was announced that the political opponent of Washington was appointed to the office, and the former associate of the General in the toils and deprivations of the camp, was left destitute and dejected.

When his decision was known, a mutual friend, who interested himself in the affair, ventured to remonstrate with the President on the injustice of his appointment. "My friend," replied this illustrious man, "I receive with a cordial welcome; he is welcome to my house, and welcome to my heart; but with all his good qualities, he is not a man of business. His opponent, with all his political hostility to me, is a man of business. My private feelings have nothing to do in the case! I am not George Washington, but President of the United States. As George Washington, I would do this man any kindness in my power; but as President of the United States, I can do nothing."

Who can read this incident in the life of this distinguished man, and not admire his integrity? The temp

tation to hazard the public good for the benefit and gratification of a friend—must have been powerful. Some might have persuaded themselves that the public weal would not suffer; at least, they would have been willing to make the experiment. But Washington seems to have proceeded in this instance, and in what similar instance did he not proceed, upon just and conscientious principles? His friend, with all his estimable qualities, had no business tact; his enemy was a gentleman of strong integrity, promptitude, and fidelity in business, and every quality, which, if called into exercise, would render service to the state. The decision of Washington, therefore, was just, honorable, and patriotic.

But whence this admirable, I may say almost singular integrity? Was Washington an exception to the infirmities of our nature? Or was his piety of a higher order, and more efficient in its influence? The first is inadmissible—the latter, improbable. But the true explanation of his sterling integrity is to be found, I think, in that *happy and efficient maternal influence*, which it is well known, was exercised upon him in his early days. On the death of his father, which occurred when he was only ten years old, the charge of his education devolved upon his mother. All accounts concur in the admission that she was an extraordinary woman—possessing not only rare intellectual endowments, but those moral qualities which give elevation, worth, and dignity to the soul. These lessons she was particularly anxious to engraft upon the heart of a beloved son, and with what success, the history of his life displays.

The particular process by which she accomplished so happy a design, it is not in my power at this time to describe; but a story occurs to my recollection, which may serve to show the adroit and admirable manner in which she proceeded on a certain occasion.

In the ample pasture belonging to her plantation, was a colt, which, on account of his beauty and high promise, she valued very much. Although of sufficient age to be used, it had never been mounted; no one seemed disposed to attempt to break its wild and vicious spirit. One day, George proposed to some of his companions to assist him at a future time to secure the colt, until he could mount,

and he would curb his proud spirit. Accordingly, soon after sunrise, one morning, the youthful band assembled, and having drove the animal into an enclosure, succeeded, with no small difficulty however, in bridling him. In a moment, George sprung upon his back, and the next moment the surprised, wild, maddened creature bounded forth into the open field—rearing, running, plunging; but George grinding his teeth and clinching fast the bridle and the mane, held his seat firmly, as much determined to subdue, as the colt was determined not to be subdued. The struggle was mutually desperate; and as the companions of George looked on, their terror and amazement increased with every passing moment. At length, the colt obtained the advantage, and bounding forward with the speed of an arrow, made a mis-step, and in his fall broke a blood-vessel, and died on the spot.

George came down unhurt, but when he beheld the gasping of the noble animal, and thought of his mother's regard for it, he was troubled. His companions hurried to the spot, and joining in the regrets of George, anxiously inquired, "what will your mother say—who can tell her?"

At this moment they were summoned to breakfast. When seated at the table, Mrs. Washington said, "well young gentleman, have you seen my fine sorrel colt in your ramble this morning?" The question was natural—but what a question it was? No answer was returned—and it was repeated. Upon this, George, with perfect frankness, replied, "Mother, your sorrel colt is dead." This was followed by an exact account of the whole affair. As the youthful and agitated narrator passed along in his story, a flush of displeasure was seen rising upon her cheek; but it soon passed away, and she kindly and calmly said, "*while I regret the loss of my favorite, I rejoice in my son, who always speaks the truth.*"

I scarcely know in what terms to express my admiration of the woman, or of the manner in which she treated this delicate and difficult case. George was greatly in fault, and her rebuke was appropriate and commensurate;—he frankly confessed the whole wrong, and she expressed her high sense of his regard to truth. That speech, stark as it was, I dare say, told upon his heart—drew his

mother nearer to his bosom, and taught him more effectually and more lastingly the importance and value of truth and integrity, than a volume of lecturing would have done.

It was by such means that this part of the character of Washington was formed. Under the tutelage of such a mother, the foundation of a character was laid, which was the admiration of the generation that was contemporary with him; which has lost nothing of its glory to the present time—and will lose nothing, as long as his memory shall last.

Integrity of character! this is what we want in the magistracy of the land—in the senate chamber—in the pulpit—in the neighborhood—in the family—every where. What a world this would be, were every one upright—a lover of truth, justice, and equity! What a world it is, because these are so seldom found!

Here then is ample scope for parental toil and watchfulness, for parental energy and wisdom. “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,” was verified in Washington: it may be verified in respect to others—in respect, mothers, to those little immortals whom you now press to your bosoms, and whom you love better than your own souls. So train them, that you may send them forth having on the breast-plate of truth; and in so doing you may accomplish more good for your country, than if you could convert her rocks and her mountains into gold. The man of integrity is like the pure and refreshing air of morn on the mountain’s top—the dishonest mind, like the exhalations of the low and pestiferous pool: the one, invigorating as the pure and balmy breeze of the North—the other, withering as the Nubian blast.

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### ***The Sabbath and the House of Prayer.***

How great is the mercy of God in providing these houses of prayer, where two or three may meet together in his name, and find their gracious Lord in the midst of them, saluting them, as in the days of his flesh, with his accustomed benediction, *Peace be unto you*. What a relief is it to come into these hallowed walls, out of the



strife and turmoil of the world, and commit our cause, and our hopes, and our fears, to the care of God ! What a comfort to leave behind us, for a brief interval, all the conflicting interests and the entangled devices of this perishable life, and to raise our thoughts to that happier time, when brother shall no longer strive with brother ; when men shall be all of one mind in one house ; when none shall hunger or thirst, neither shall the heat nor sun smite them by day, nor the cold by night ! What a miserable scene of incessant struggle and worldliness would this land be without its Sabbath, and its house of prayer ! Abused as are the blessings by so many, despised and trodden under foot, and desecrated, as are too often the holy things of this house, and of the Lord's own day, they yet shed a light and a religious cheerfulness over this world's scene, even in our imperfect observance of their duties, which those who value Christian privileges, value as the bread of life, and the best sustenance of the soul. They are the salt of our land ; they keep alive the fire of religious feeling in the altar of the heart ; they give a respite from earthly cares, and open a glimpse of heaven to our sight ; they speak, as it were, a perpetual protest against vice and infidelity ; they set up a standard for the gospel ; they oppose a temporary check to the foes of the soul ; they remind man that there is no peace or spiritual prosperity, but through reconciliation with God, and in communion with him.

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### ***Reminiscences of Dr. Payson.***

THE following illustration was used in familiar conversation with a friend :—"God deals somewhat with us as we do with our children. When I am in my study, engaged in writing or meditation, if I hear one of my children cry, I do not go to it immediately. The occasion of its tears may be a mere momentary trouble, capable of being removed by others, or from which it may be diverted by some toy. But if its cries continue, and I find that nothing but my presence will pacify it, I leave every thing and go to it. So when the children of God begin to cry for his presence, he does not answer them.

immediately, but waits to see whether the cry is repeated ; and if he finds that his child will be satisfied with nothing but his father's presence, this blessing will not long be withheld."

During his last illness, a friend coming into his room, remarked, familiarly, " Well, I am sorry to see you lying here on your back."

" Do you not know what God puts us on our backs for ?" said Dr. P., smiling.

" No," was the answer.

" In order that we may look upward."

His friend said to him, " I am not come to condole, but to rejoice with you ; for it seems to me that this is no time for mourning.

" Well, I am glad to hear that," was the reply ; " for it is not often that I am addressed in such a way. The fact is, I never had less need of condolence, and yet every body persists in offering it ; whereas, when I was prosperous and well, and a successful preacher, and really needed condolence, they flattered and congratulated me."

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### *Gone, but not Lost.*

Just above the Highlands, the Hudson is widened into what is called Newburgh Bay ; it is a beautiful expanse of water resting against the hills, as if it had gathered itself up for strength, before it burst away through the mountain barriers into the sea. On the eastern shore, as it slopes towards the bay, is a church and church-yard, as delightfully planted for prospect, as any on the banks of this river. It was in this grave-yard that I first met, on a tomb-stone, the inscription that stands at the head of these lines, and the scene and the associations render the mention of the circumstance suitable.

" Gone, but not lost." It was the tribute of affection and faith. It expressed in simple, but graphic words, the sad truth that one was gone ; and also the sublime assurance that the departed was not lost.

Was it a fact ? I confess it startled me at first. A few months since, and the one whose grave I was standing by, had lived and moved, and filled, perhaps, no litt

space in a wide circle of friends. But the place was now vacant; the outer man had been seen to fail day by day, death finished the work, the grave covered it up, the worms had their prey. And not lost! not lost! I reasoned a moment before I could be satisfied that the epitaph was not, like most epitaphs, mere rhetoric.

A broad and beautiful stream was before me. Its waters were rolling silently but steadily on towards the mighty sea. They are here—they are gone—never, never to return. Are they lost? Every drop is there as pure and perennial, as when gliding at my feet.

A white-sailed vessel was just entering the gap of the Highlands: the summer breeze freshened, and bore it out of view. It was gone, but it was not lost.

The star that “melts away into the light of heaven,” when the brighter sun rises on the world, or the star that goes down behind the western hills, or the sun itself that sets in glory, is *gone*; but to shine again with equal or brighter lustre. It is not lost. Not a ray of its living light has perished.

A holy man, in the early ages of the world, walked with God, and “was not,” for God took him—he was gone. The places that knew him once, knew him no more. But he was not lost. He lived—he yet lives.

A certain prophet of the Lord was walking with another whom he tenderly loved: and suddenly there “appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horses thereof. And *he saw him no more.*” He was gone, but not lost.

A disconsolate female came to the grave of her best beloved friend, and as she saw that his precious remains were *gone*, she cried, “They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.” She thought in her sorrow, as most of the bereaved are wont to think, that she had *lost* her all; when one stood before her and said, “Mary,” and the joy of life from the dead burst in rapture on her soul. It was the voice of her beloved. She had found her Lord. He was gone, but not lost.

This was a natural, if not profitable train of thought. A believer writes this inscription over the ashes of a de-

parted saint. Day by day disease wears away the tabernacle of clay; by and by death dashes in pieces the "golden bowl," and the wheel at the cistern stands still. But the freed spirit starts into new existence before the eternal throne, and, like an angel of light, leaps in gladness and glory unutterable and inconceivable. And is that saint *lost*. In a diamond mine is found a clod of earth that contains a gem of great price. It is taken from him that found it, and polished for him who owns the mine and all its gems; and now it sparkles on the bosom of the queen, or shines radiantly in the royal coronet. Is that jewel *lost*? And if the Monarch of the universe could find, in the darkness of this lower world, gems that infinite skill can polish for his use, shall we count them *lost* when he makes up his jewels and takes them to himself? If he should send for these little ones that are this moment laughing in the innocence of their young hearts at my feet, and set them as stars in his crown, shall I break my heart with grief as if my children were *lost*. So Payson reasoned. I asked a friend whom I met after a long separation, "How many children have you?" "Two here," said he, "and one in heaven." He would not reckon *lost* the one first found and saved. He was right. Of such is the kingdom.

They are not *lost* who die in Christ. They live, and reign, and rejoice in the midst of the throne and the Lamb. Then "weep ye not for the dead," as though they were *lost*. They are safe, where danger, disease, or death, will never reach them. In the hope of a joyful resurrection, commit their ashes to their kindred dust, and write over them, "Gone, but not *lost*."

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### ***The Last Prayer.***

ONE afternoon in 18—, several carriages were seen gathering round an elegant mansion in the town of P—. A clergyman and several physicians were assembled in a darkened chamber around the accomplished Mrs. L. The anxious countenances, the light tread, the half-suppressed breathing of the attendants, the solemn stillness that pervaded the whole group, told too plainly their fearful ap-

prehensions that the disease of Mrs. L. would baffle all human skill, and prove fatal to the sufferer. She had been suddenly arrested in the full flow of health by a disease that had locked up all her senses in a lethargic stupor, from which the skill of faithful physicians and the assiduous efforts of sympathizing friends could not arouse her. The loss of such a friend under any circumstances could not but be severely felt; but the affliction would seem greatly increased, were she to pass into the world of spirits without any communication with those who might still linger behind. For several years she had been an ornament to the church, and her friends earnestly desired to know, whether her religion proved an unfailing support, when passing through the valley of the shadow of death; and when in the course of his prayer the clergyman entreated the Lord that her consciousness and power of speech, might, if consistent with the divine will, be restored, most earnestly did every heart join in the request.

When all the means, which affection and professional sagacity could suggest, had been tried in vain, her little son, who had just learned to articulate a few words, was brought into the room. With mingled fear and wonder he gazed on his mother, and upon the attendants, watching in silence the issue of the disease. "Ma-ma, ma-ma," exclaimed the little prattler, after a few moment's silence. These words effected, as if by some mysterious power, what other appliances failed to accomplish; the mother opened her eyes, and slowly stretching out her hand, beckoned for her son. He was placed in her arms: in a low voice, she commended her offspring to God, and prayed that he might meet her in heaven. That was her last prayer: in a few hours that son was motherless.

The scene now changes. We pass the interval of twenty years, and find that son in college. The noble and commanding form of William L., his urbanity of manners, and diligence in study, soon won him the esteem of faculty and students. During the first year, he held a high rank in his class, and gave promise of eminent usefulness. But college life puts a young man's principles to a severe test. It is a state of exposure and trial, during which no youth is safe, without devoted piety, a security which William L. did not possess. He formed unfortu-

uate connections with several idle students, the effects of which were soon apparent in his recitations. He was admonished of his danger, but seemed as if spell-bound by some fascination, from which he could not escape. It had been justly said that idleness is the parent of many vices; so it proved in the present instance. Idleness led on to dissipation; and after repeated admonitions and fruitless efforts to reclaim him, William L. was expelled from college, a drunkard! Small indeed did the probability seem that his mother's last prayer would be answered.

William returned to his home. The report of his expulsion from college, and the cause of it, blasted the high raised expectations of his friends, and sounded in their ears like the knell of all his prospects and hopes. Still they endeavored to throw around him such influences and associations as would restore his self-respect; and with all the eloquence of pure affection they besought him to abandon at once and forever the intoxicating bowl. Their earnest entreaties led him to moderate, in some degree, his excesses, but produced no radical reformation; and his friends, wearied with unavailing efforts, were beginning to conclude that they must give up his case as hopeless.

One dark cloudy evening, William was sitting alone in his chamber, musing upon the great change, that had within a few years come over his prospects, when his uncle entered his room, and proposed a walk. William put on his hat and accompanied him. Whether by accident or design, they walked in the direction of the grave yard, and soon found themselves by the grave of Mrs. L. The white tomb-stones around, scarcely less visible in the darkness, read a silent but impressive lesson on the frailty of man. As they were leaning on the grave-stone of Mrs. L., the uncle gave William a description of her character, and of the circumstances attending her death, particularly her dying prayer that he might meet her in heaven; "and now," said he, taking William by the hand, "will you meet her in heaven, or will you die a drunkard?" William burst into tears, and sank down upon his mother's grave overwhelmed with emotion. The darkness without was but a faint emblem of the darkness and horror within. Guilt, remorse, shame, stung him to an intensity of anguish,

new temperance pledge, drawn  
signed by William L. From  
only reformation of external c  
lieved, an internal and spiritua  
He now resolved to resume  
some useful station; but befor  
into operation, he was seized  
hope of his recovery. He bore  
out a murmur, and seemed des  
he might counteract, in some de  
dy done. On one occasion, w  
physician had recommended a  
if you insist upon it, I will tak  
greatly prefer not to do it.  
without being polluted by wha  
my ruin." This request was g  
a long and silent procession  
church yard, preceded by the n  
L. His body slumbers by the  
where is the spirit? We belie  
prayer was answered, and that  
her in heaven.

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aged man, of portly person, who rendered himself conspicuous by his jocular conversation, interlarded with frequent and horrid oaths. The loquacious gentleman occupied one of the front seats, while the good old doctor sat in the rear ; but still so near that his ears were constantly filled, and his heart pained by the horrid sound of oaths, such as he had seldom, if ever, been obliged to hear before.

Turning to General C. who sat next to him, the doctor enquired with earnestness, "Who is that voluble and profane gentleman?"

"That is Captain T——, late of the U. S. Army," was the reply.

"Indeed!" said the doctor, "I must take an opportunity of speaking to him, on the subject of his profanity." "You had better not," said the General, "he is a rough man—quite a hard character—and he may turn again and rend you."

"I must venture that," rejoined the doctor, "and pray for wisdom to direct me; but I cannot think of sitting still, and silently hearing such a torrent of profanity, without an attempt to suppress it."

Shortly afterwards they arrived at a stage house, where they were to dine, and the doctor improved the first favorable opportunity of addressing the captain, under circumstances, and in a manner that would not wound his pride. As soon as they were alone, the following conversation ensued. "If I am rightly informed," said the doctor, "this is Captain T.?" "Yes, sir, at your service," was the reply, with a military air. "Any relation to Colonel T., formerly of E——?" "I am his son," replied the captain. "Indeed!" said the doctor, "I have been often hospitably entertained in your father's house in my journies, during the revolutionary war. Pray, sir, how is your good mother?" "She has been dead more than a year." "Ah!" said the doctor, "she has at last reached her heavenly home! And your father, is he yet alive?" "Yes, sir, and in health." "I am happy to hear it; please present my kind regards to him, and tell him, if it should be the will of Providence that we are never more to meet in this dying world, I trust we shall meet in a better world, never more to part."

After a short and solemn pause, the doctor resumed,



"Capt. T, I trust you are a *gentleman*?" "Certainly, sir," said the captain (somewhat startled at the interrogatory) "every American officer is a gentleman." "That is as it should be," said the doctor. "Well, then, Capt. T., every gentleman will be careful not to wound the feelings of an unoffending person, especially those who have neither the power or disposition to retaliate. Now, sir, I am sorry to say, though you did not mean to do so, you have, by your profane language, inflicted a great deal of pain on myself, and probably on some other of your fellow passengers; may I not hope, then, that you will do me the favor to refrain from profane language, while we are necessarily associated in a public conveyance? Such oaths cannot possibly do you any good, and they will be very annoying to me and others." The doctor ceased, and the captain very promptly replied, "Sir, I pledge my honor I will not indulge myself in another oath, while we are together. "I thank you, captain, for your condescension," said the doctor, taking him cordially by the hand. They then separated, and the captain, with evident satisfaction, related the conversation to Gen. C.; and, in the conclusion remarked, that the doctor was not only a *Christian*, but a real *gentleman*; and if all Christians were like him, he verily believed he would become one himself. After they had dined, they proceeded on their journey, and the captain was faithful to his promise. Not another oath proceeded from his lips, and they parted with reciprocal civilities and kind feelings.

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### ***Anecdote of Rev. Dr. Strong.***

IN a biographical sketch of the late Rev. Nathan Strong, D. D., of Hartford, published in the American Quarterly Register, it is related, that about ten years before his death, it pleased God to send upon him a severe and sudden stroke of domestic affliction. His youngest son and only child by his second marriage, had been graduated at Yale College, with high reputation as a scholar, and had just entered upon the study of law with his uncle, Lieutenant Governor Goodrich, when, in crossing the ferry on his

return to the city from a short absence, he was thrown into the river by the restiveness of his horse, and drowned. This event occurred during twilight. The body was soon found, but life was extinct, and the means used for restoration proved unavailing. Between the hours of ten and eleven, the body was borne to the house of the bereaved parent, accompanied by a great collection of sympathising citizens. Instead of being overwhelmed by his private grief, he came to the door and addressed the assembled multitude in a speech of such power and pathos, that it produced a salutary and lasting impression.

What an eminent instance is this of the power of divine grace! It would have been *manly* to be heart-broken under such a blow, but it was the power of God that sustained a parent's heart in the midst of the bitterest grief. Few men would be able thus to meet their neighbors and friends, and improve such a scene, by offering them the gospel, as the ground and only consolation in the sorrows of a sinful world. They came to comfort him, and to mingle their tears with his. But he cries to them, as Jesus did to those that followed him on the way to Calvary, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children."

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### ***Old Humphrey on Fits.***

THOUGH no doctor, I have by me some excellent prescriptions; and as I shall charge you nothing for them, you cannot grumble at the price. We are most of us subject to fits; I am visited with them myself; and I dare say that you are also, so now for my prescriptions.

For a fit of passion, walk out in the open air, you may speak your mind to the winds, without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself a simpleton.

For a fit of idleness, count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a man.

For a fit of extravagance and folly, go to the work house, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of the jail, and you will be convinced

**Who makes his bed of brier and thorn  
Must be content to lie forlorn.**

For a fit of ambition, go into the church-yard and read the grave-stones. They will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed-chamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and sister.

For a fit of repining, look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden and afflicted, and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your light afflictions.

For a fit of despondency, look on the good things, which God has given you in this world, and at those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For all fits of doubt, perplexity, and fear, whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head or the heart, the following is a radical cure which may be relied on, for I had it from the great Physician: "Cast thy burthen on the Lord, and he will sustain thee."

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### ***God may be Trusted.***

A MILITARY officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his lady, who was sitting near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity, that she cried out, "My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a storm?" He arose from a chair lashed to the deck, and supporting himself by a pillar of a bed-place, he drew his sword, and pointing it to the breast of his wife, he exclaimed, "Are you not afraid?" She instantly replied, "No, certainly not." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined the lady, "I know the sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me." "Then," said he, "remember I know in whom I have believed, and that he holds the winds in his fist, and the waters in the hollow of his hand."

### *The Reward of Benevolence.*

BEING engaged in a public agency during the winter of 1824-25, I happened to arrive at the town of Athens, N. Y., a few hours before the stage was ready that was to take me to Catskill. I determined to spend the intermediate time in visiting Elder M——, of the city of Hudson, on the opposite side of the river. It being early in the spring, and the navigation of the river much impeded by floating ice, I crossed in a barge with some fifteen or twenty passengers. Among them, I noticed in particular, a young man of about twenty-one or two years of age, of a very prepossessing countenance, though pale and emaciated, like one just recovering from a long and painful illness. He also appeared abstracted and thoughtful, inasmuch that I could hardly refrain from inquiring the cause of his dejection. Fearful, however, of being thought inquisitive, I forbore to question him, though my eyes were fixed with intent upon his movements. On reaching the opposite side of the river, as I was taking some change from my pocket to pay the ferryman, I accidentally dropped a twenty-five cent piece upon the pier, which falling into the aperture between two planks disappeared, and I supposed it to be lost. A thought, however, immediately crossed my mind, that if I found it again, I would bestow it upon the first object of charity, that came in my way. I accordingly applied a stick to the aperture and raised it, and while still holding it between my fingers, I saw the young man before mentioned shake from his purse a sixpenny-bit, which he offered the ferryman, to pay his passage.

"This is not enough," said the ferryman: "We charge a shilling for foot passengers at this season." "It is all I have," said the young man, in a suppressed tone of voice, "and I have brought this forty miles, expressly for the purpose of paying my passage."

"Very well," said the ferryman, and the young man turned away. Still holding the piece in my hand, I thought to myself, this now, is the object of charity: and following him a little out of the crowd, I inquired of him, whether he was destitute of money?

"I am," he answered, "though I wish not to trouble others with my wants, if I can help it. I went into the

western country for the purpose of purchasing land, last autumn, and after paying out my money, was taken ill with a fever, of which I have been confined for several months. 'Three days ago," he continued, "I sat out to return, and am now within a day's journey of home, which I hope to reach to-day, though to own the truth, I have eaten nothing since yesterday morning." I put the piece of money in his hand, when turning to thank me, he burst into tears, and we parted.

I then went to the house of Mr. M——, where I had been but a few moments, when one of the members of his church came in to inform him that a female of his congregation, who had recently lost her husband, was in a suffering condition, and requesting his influence in raising a little sum to alleviate her necessities.

Mr. M. went to his desk, and taking out a five dollar note, handed it to the person, saying, "Take this and carry it to her, and tell her that I am engaged to-day, but to-morrow I will do something more effectual."

"And you would have me give you credit for this," said he, "on the treasurer's book?" "No," said Mr. M., "I will charge it to the Lord, who has ever been to me a good paymaster." From this remark our conversation turned on deeds of charity, and Mr. M. maintained that he had never in his life performed a deed of charity, for which he had not received at least four-fold from some unexpected source.

"That may be," said I, "still the promised reward ought not to be the ruling motive." "True," said Mr. M., "still, as our Heavenly Father has held up the promise of a reward to stimulate us to deeds of charity, it is only an act of faith in us to look to him for the performance of his promise."

I then related to him the circumstance already mentioned, of dropping the piece of money, and of meeting so soon a deserving object of charity. "It was," said Mr. M. "a providential occurrence: There was a fellow creature in distress, and you were the means by which Jehovah chose to bring about his promise. There was a providence in your dropping the piece of money, as much as in those thoughts coming into your mind. It was providence also, who put it into your heart to bestow this little

sum upon him. Now, carefully observe the dealings of Providence for a few days to come, and see whether you do not receive at least four times the amount from some unexpected source."

This was on Thursday morning, and during the day, I set out for New-York. On Saturday following, I went on board of a sloop, bound, as I supposed for Albany; but after getting under way, I found I had made a mistake, and had gone aboard of a sloop belonging to Mount Pleasant; I was not aware when I went on shore that there were any people in the place of the religious denomination to which I belonged. At any rate, I determined to spend the coming Sabbath at this place, and after making myself known, was introduced to one of the deacons of B—— church, by whom I was very hospitably entertained. I was invited to preach a part of the day, though their pastor was at home; and considered myself well paid for my poor services with the kind and hospitable treatment that I received. But on taking my leave of the interesting family with whom I had stopped, deacon M., on shaking hands with me as we parted, dropped something into my hand. I thanked him, and when a few rods from the house looked at my present and found it to be a five dollar note. This, thought I, is the promised reward mentioned by Mr. M.; and on my way up the river I called on him again, and related to him the circumstance. He smiled as he replied, "You will now, I trust, believe me, when I tell you that God is a good paymaster, when he promises;" and then taking from his pocket book a hundred dollar bill, said "This I received yesterday, inclosed from a lady in Philadelphia, as a parting present, being about to sail for England; so you see I have been as richly paid for my five dollars, as you were for your twenty-five cents."

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### *The Brewer's Sign.*

A GENTLEMAN in Philadelphia told his son Philip to go to the corner of a street near their house, and tell him what name was on the sign of a brewery that was situated on that street. Philip went, and soon came back and told

his father that the name was SECKEL. He then directed his son Richard to go to another spot, and look at the same sign, and bring him word. He ran off, and on his return, said that Philip was very much mistaken, for the name was PEPPER. Both the boys insisted that they had looked at the same landing; both said it was a new sign with large letters, and neither could be mistaken. "Well, Henry," said Mr. Baldwin to a third son, "do you go right opposite to the brewery, and see which of your brothers are right." Henry came back out of breath, and in the greatest astonishment declared that the name was neither Pepper nor Seckel, but SMITH. The boys were surprised. There was but one brewery in the street, and but one sign on it, and each said it was impossible he could be mistaken. Their father, at last, said, that the only way to decide the question was, for them all to go together and discover the truth.

Accordingly, the three boys accompanied their father, each very eager to show him that his brothers were wrong, and he right. Upon getting to the corner, the brewery was in sight, and upon looking up they all beheld, as plainly as could be, the name Seckel. "There," said Philip, "did not I say so?" Richard and Henry were too much astonished to speak. Their father however, walked on with them towards the brewery, and when they came opposite to it, he told them to look up at the sign. They all did so, and exclaimed as they now read it. "Is Smith!" Henry was now greatly pleased to find he had not been entirely wrong, though he was very much puzzled. However they went on a few yards further, and then stopping once more, they all turned back to see the wonderful sign, and behold the name was plainly Pepper!

The boys were now more perplexed than ever, until their father showed them the whole history. Instead of the sign being composed of one board, as is usual, it had upon it slats so arranged and painted, that three different names were read, according to the position in which the reader stood. One name was on the board, and this only was seen when looked upon from the opposite side of the street. Another name was painted on one side of the slats, and a third on the other, so that the name was ~~the~~

ferent, according to the direction from which the sign was looked at.

Curious as it was, the thing was now very plain, and upon their reaching home, Mr. Baldwin said, "now, my sons, let me tell you why I sent you out to different points to look at this singular sign. It was to give you a caution against being *too confident* in what we suppose ourselves to know. Persons who speak very positively, and are ready to contradict without ceremony, are often ashamed by finding they have been entirely mistaken for want of more learning the truth. We are very apt to look at a subject hastily, and then conclude we know all about it. And so, in forming our opinions, we are in great danger of looking at one side only, and of adopting the opinion that we first hear, without taking the pains of careful examination. Had each of you examined the sign *from all sides*, you could not have been so certain that you were right."

"You may remember too," continued Mr. Baldwin, "that many things which appear very mysterious can be easily explained. You often hear accounts that would encourage foolish and superstitious notions, but which would not be wonderful if their real cause were known. The brewer's sign may be said to have deceived your very eyes; yet now it is perfectly plain to you. *Examine a matter carefully and thoroughly before you give it up as beyond your comprehension.*

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### ***Children's Prayers Answered.***

As related by their Grandfather.

I HAD a son who was once the pride of my heart, and whom I fondly thought would be the solace of my declining years. But he has for some time been addicted to the habit of intemperance, with its train of evils, which had well nigh brought my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. About two months ago, his children, (of whom he has five,) were reading in the Herald, an account of a revival of religion written by Rev. Lewis Bates, in which he observed that lisping infants, as well as gray headed



sinners, were converted. He told them also that Jesus was once himself a child, and that when he became a man he took little children in his arms and blessed them; and that he is now in heaven, and hears little children when they pray, and answers and blesses. "Then," said one of the children, "we will pray to Jesus to convert father, so that he may pray with us, and work and get bread and clothes for us, as grandpapa does." Early next morning they began to pray; when, in the midst of their exercises, their wretched father awoke from his fit of intoxication, and heard his children praying most earnestly to Jesus, that he would convert his soul, and make him a good father; so that he might not come home, as he did last night.

Their words went like daggers to his heart, and he cried out in the bitterness of his soul, "Jesus have mercy upon me—God be merciful to me, the vilest of sinners." He immediately forsook his evil practices, set about the work of reformation in earnest, and is now an humble, penitent, praying soul. And I can say, as did one of old; "now, O Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

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### *An Indian Commentary.*

Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.

SOME years ago one of the preachers of the Mohegan tribe of Indians, (a tribe situated on the Thames between Norwich and New London, in Connecticut,) was preaching on the above text. To illustrate his subject and enforce the doctrine of charity, he brought forward a circumstance that transpired in his early days. To use his own language, he observed—"A certain man was going from Norwich to New London with a loaded team; on attempting to ascend the hill where Indian lives, he found his team could not draw his load, he came to Indian and got him to help him up with his oxen, after he had got up, he asked Indian what was to pay. Indian told him to do as much for somebody else. Some time afterward Indian wanted a canoe—he went up Shetuck river, found

a tree and made him one. When he got it done, he could not get it to the river. Accordingly he went to a man, and offered him all the money he had, if he would draw it to the river for him. The man observed he would go. After getting it to the river, Indian offered to pay him. "No," said the man; "don't you recollect so long ago helping a man up the hill by your house?" "Yes." "Well, I am the man—there, take your canoe and go home." "So I find it after many days."

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### ***Dr. Adam Clark in his Youth.***

AN interesting fact led, with other circumstances, to his leaving his friend and patron, Mr. Bennet. It seems that one day, Mr. Bennet and young Adam (as he was then called) were busily employed in measuring out some linen for the Dublin market. One of the pieces wanted about two inches of the requisite length. "Take hold of the piece," said Mr. Bennet, "and pull against me; and we shall soon make it come up to the yard." But Mr. Bennet knew not with whom he had to deal. Adam dropped the linen, and stood and looked at his master, as though petrified with astonishment. At last he said, "sir I cannot do it." "Why not?" Inquired his master, "it is what is done every day; the process the linen has passed through has caused it to shrink a little." But Adam was firm, and Mr. Bennet gave it up for a lost case. This, Mr. Moore observed, might be thought a little thing; but it was a proof of the tenderness of his conscience, and was highly illustrative of his character. After a time, other things occurred, in which Mr. Bennet and Adam could not exactly agree, and Mr. Bennet at length said to him, "I honestly tell you that I don't think that you are fit for business: look out for something that is more to your mind, and I will do all I can to assist you?" Adam then left business, and went on learning and teaching, till he ultimately became Dr. Clark, living and dying an honor to the denomination to which he early united himself.

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**The Blind Sailor.**

AT a meeting convened in Liverpool, (Eng.) in March last for the purpose of establishing a Marine Bible Society, for the purpose of supplying the numerous sailors resorting to that seaport with the Holy Scriptures. After the gentleman who opened the business, had taken a luminous view of the subject, and pointed out the duty of adopting measures for the attainment of this great object, he said he should not call on any individual to second the resolution; satisfied, as he was, that some sailor in the room would feel it to be his duty to support it. He had scarcely resumed his seat when a *blind sailor* in the middle of the meeting, rose, and in a manner peculiarly impressive, addressed the chair as nearly as I can recollect, in the following words. "Mr. Chairman, there is not in the present assembly, nor in the world, a more proper person to second this motion, than myself. I was a sailor and, like too many of my messmates, I led a wicked and profligate life. Totally careless of the future, I thought only of present time. I plunged into every species of sin; I lived without God in the world. Thus I continued for several years, until it pleased God to strike me blind. Being no longer qualified to perform the duties of a seaman, I was discharged and returned home. But though I could no longer indulge in some of my daring vices, I pursued with increased avidity those which I could practice. One of my pleasures was to hear novels and romances read by my friends and relatives. One of them, whose heart God had touched, called on me one day, and told me he had brought a book to read to me. I asked him if it was a new book. He said that it was the oldest in the world, but always new; and began to read the BIBLE to me. It was then I found, that though God had seen meet to draw a veil of darkness over my natural sight, he could pour a flood of light upon my heart. My friend often came to read to me; he took me to hear the Bible explained, and the God of the Bible was graciously pleased to open this heart. I saw my lost condition, and was mercifully enabled to see that my only hope of restoration and salvation was in Jesus Christ. And now, Mr. Chairman, let me ask whether there be in this room, or

in the world, a more proper person to second a motion for establishing a society for giving Bibles to seamen?"

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### ***Happy Allusion.***

AT a meeting of a Missionary Society in Plymouth, Eng., a speaker thus alluded to the *Life boat*.

"The world (he exclaimed) is a wreck! We have all been overboard, contending with mighty billows: but glory be to God, He sent us the Life Boat! We were taken into it—some half dead, and others gasping for life—and were safely brought to land. And now, what shall we do with the Life Boat? Shall we not send it off to the wreck, and try to save the rest of the crew? Or shall we be so hard-hearted as to say, 'Let them save themselves as they can: some on a hawser, others on a plank; or let them go to the bottom?' Far be this from us! No, Sir. We are come hither on purpose to man the boat, to victual and provision her afresh, and to send her off again, to endeavor to pick up and save all the rest of the crew."

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### ***Conflict and Victory.***

AT a late anniversary of a Bible Society in South Carolina, a man was present who had been in the habit of intemperance for many years. He had wasted a fortune, and his amiable family were now sharing with him the poverty, the disgrace, the domestic disquietude, which the slave to this chief of all vices, if he be the master of a family, can never suffer alone, but into which he drags also the excellent partner of his better days, and their offspring. In the evening a director of the society saw this man in a state of intoxication, and presented him a Bible. The drunken man returned him thanks, confessed that he had no such book at home, and promised to keep it for himself and family to read. Unable to reach his house, he slept by the road-side, and in the night awoke, finding his Bible in one pocket, and a bottle of brandy in the oth

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er. He said to himself, "It will not do to carry both home together, and I do not know which to throw away. I have now come to the crisis, and this is the turning point of my life. The one I keep decides my character. I believe, as I am alive, that the good and the bad spirit have met this night to draw lots for me; but I have the casting lot still. If I throw away the Bible I shall die a drunkard, and the Devil has me; if I throw away the bottle I give the lot to God Almighty, and I shall die a good man." He paused for reflection, and allowed the convictions of duty to contend against habit and inclination. The conflict was a terrible one. Often he resolved to throw away his bottle and reform his life, and the tears flowed plentifully when he contrasted what he had been, with what he then was. Often did he even raise his hand to throw away from him the Bible, drink his life out and let the Devil take him. At last, conscience prevailed, and taking the bottle he dashed it against a tree.

He reached home at the dawn of the day, called his family together, told them what he had done, and what he was resolved to do. The morning was spent in reading his new book with the family, and late on this very same morning, they all kneeled around the domestic altar to offer to Heaven their first united petition. The trembling voice and broken expressions of the father, unaccustomed to pray; the half suppressed emotions of his lovely children, too deeply felt to be silently held in their bosoms, and the loud weeping of his heart-broken companion, overcome with joy and gratitude at the unexpected scene, made an impression upon that family, which will not be forgotten in eternity.

This man now possesses the confidence of the neighborhood, is exemplary in his morals, is an humble and active Christian, the Lord is crowning his temporal affairs with prosperity, and a family, lately wretched, are now truly happy.

### ***The Word in Season.***

OVER twenty-two years ago, the writer took passage from Portland to Bath in a small packet. The weather was fine, and a gentle breeze wafted us along favorably, to arrive before the Sabbath. Sitting in the cabin with other passengers, near the companion-way leading out aft, his ears were perpetually stunned with the horrid oaths of a fellow passenger, talking with the Captain at the helm. After enduring it for a while, and pondering what to do, he stepped up and said to the sailor, "Friend, I wish you would not swear any more during the rest of the passage." Here a profound silence ensued, when he stepped back again to his seat. The amazed sailor started off to the bows of the packet, as though vengeance filled his heart and murder nerved his arm. But his sturdy arm was soon unstrung, and his direful heart was stung with thoughts of home and a mother's prayers. He returned, but slowly, to the cabin door, descended the steps, and took a seat by my side. "Friend," said he, "why do you address *me* rather than the Captain?" "Only because you took the lead in swearing," said I. "I do not know that I swore much!" "No! I suppose you were not sensible of it, for when the habit is fixed, men do not know how much they do swear. If I had kept account, I suppose your oaths would have numbered a thousand already!" "I have been out in the frigate Constitution," he said, "and just arrived at Portsmouth from the Mediterranean, and it is a common thing for men to swear, and I suppose I am in the habit of it. I have a good mother in Bath, who would be greatly hurt to know that I swore so much."

Here I saw the quick sensibility of one so rough, so wicked in the sight of God. He then wished to know where I should preach the next day, (it being the Sabbath) for he intended to go and hear me. I was not then a preacher, this I assured him, but could scarcely convince him of the fact. I regret that I did not ascertain his name, or his future history; but not another oath escaped his lips during the passage, and he clung to my side, both on deck and below, till we landed at Bath.

If the admonition and conversation were of no saving

benefit to the sailor, yet, about six months after, two of our fellow passengers joined Dr. Payson's church, dating their conviction of sin from these very circumstances, and hearing of me in Portland, sent for me to their house to relate the fact. But the sailor—the sailor and his pious mother's grief at the profanity of her son, and he, aware of the pangs of that pious heart, created, too, by his wickedness! Is this the only sailor who has a pious mother! Is he the only one that ever grieved such a mother? Is he the only one that ever felt sensible of the wound made in her heart? No, there are many, I fear, and strewn along the coast, throughout its length and breadth, and scattered over the ocean almost as the stars of the sky for multitude. Look them up, ye mariner's chaplains—ye benevolent men, too, who constitute the mariner's society—ye landlords and merchants—ye landamen, who sail in the packets—look them up from among the profane and the profligate, from merchant ships and the navy. Yes, ye men of wealth, look them up, by proxy; “make to yourselves friends of (or with) the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.”

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### *An honest Lawyer's Fee.*

It is now five years since the widow Stiles called on me, one morning before breakfast and asked me to recommend her to some lawyer, as she thought her friend Stubbs was less correct than he might be. I asked her to step into the parlor, and went myself to my breakfast, and to my wife, whose advice I always asked on such points. We had known Mrs. Jared Stiles many years. Her husband was a great land owner in a goodly town of the western country, and with a disinterested love that deserved some better aim, ever pressed it on his helpmate, as the first rule of life, to get all she could, and keep all she got. He died, and Mrs. Stiles became more religious and almsgiving, but also more and more fond of wealth, and sensible of the admirable advice which her husband had given her.

I stated the fact to my wife, and awaited her opinion.

"Well, William," said she, after drinking a cup of coffee upon my story, "I fear the old lady has some money-getting claim in view; you know she has of late given all her affections to getting more wealth. I would therefore recommend her to the most honest and conscientious lawyer in town, and not to the most acute and thorough one. She relies on your judgment; use it: not for her *seeming* but her *real* good."

I counted my legal acquaintance over—twice over—before I hit on one answering to the terms, "honest and conscientious," in the sense in which I knew Ellen used them. At length I found him, and taking my hat, walked with the widow to his office.

We found Mr. Sawyer at his desk; he arose and gave us chairs, and awaited Mrs. Stiles' statement. But before I go on in this point, let me say a few words of this phenomenon—this man with his head under his left arm, close to his heart—this honest lawyer, in the broadest, highest sense of the term. He was a man of thirty-five; he had studied law because he liked the study, and began the practice because he had to get a living; and now he continued in the profession, in spite of bad opponents, and bad courts, because he thought he had done, and might yet do much good by his labors; not alone by saving the innocent and needy from the strong and cruel; but preventing strife, putting a stop to half knavish practices, and dissuading men and women from unjust suits, and passion rousing quarrels. Mr. Sawyer thought it not only proper for him to refuse acting for those whose claims he thought dishonest, but he counted it also a duty and privilege, nay, a mere Christian charity, to strive to persuade them to forget such claims. He sought fame and extensive practice as means whereby to exert a *moral* influence over the community. He thought a lawyer bound to serve, not his client only, but God and country; and looked on him, who for gain would prosecute a suit which he thought unfair, as a traitor to his country and his religion, in *act*, whatever he might be in intention. In short as Bill Blunt once said, "Sawyer was such a fool as to think it an attorney's business to help the parson make men good Christians."

And now we shall let Mrs. Stiles state her business.



It seems that her husband had sold and conveyed several lots, which her father had left in trust for her, and in such a form that she, meaning to release her fee in the lots, had in term, merely released right of dower. These lots she understood she could get back—

"Did you receive the money for them?" said Mr. Sawyer.

"Certainly, Sir."

"Was it a fair, full price for the land?"

"It was all we asked, sir."

"Did you sign the deed willingly?"

"Of course; do you think Jared would have driven me to do it?"

"Did you mean to convey a full title in fee, Mrs. Stiles?"

"Beyond doubt; but as we didn't, they tell me the land never passed."

"Suppose, Mrs. Stiles, the money had been paid before you had drawn the deed, should you have thought it honest, after getting the money to refuse to give the deed?"

"Why, lawyer, that would have been theiving right down."

"Well, Mrs. Stiles, you have not yet given the deed, shall I draw one for you to sign?"

"Why, bless your soul, Sawyer, that is the deed you have got in your hand."

"Mrs. Stiles, if you had given the man, when he paid you money for the lots, a sheet of blank paper, and he had not looked at it, would that have been a deed?"

"Of course not."

"But you meant to give a full title in fee?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is not such a title any more than a sheet of blank paper; you have not yet given the deed. Shall I draw a quit claim deed for you to sign?"

Mrs. Stiles looked at me, and looked at the window; looked very much puzzled, and somewhat abashed. At last she said: "But don't the law say the land's mine 'quire?"

"We can't tell that," said Mr. Sawyer, "till the case is tried. First let us get things s'raight, and have the law

gain complete; and then, if you please, we will go to law about it."

The widow was fairly caught in a corner. At length, with a gasp, she asked how much he would ask for a quit claim deed; this charge, the attorney told her, the other party would willingly pay, he had no doubt, and taking down a blank proceeded to fill it. Before we left, the bargain was complete; the deed was signed, witnessed, and acknowledged.

"And pray," said the widow, as we walked home, "what sort of a lawyer do you call this man? I verily believe he has cheated me out of all them lots! I have a great mind to go back and tear that deed all to flinders."

I assured her that not only was it too late, but that she had done the proper thing under the circumstances, and advised her in future to employ no one but Mr. Sawyer. Much to my surprise, she took my advice, and thenceforth that gentleman was her solicitor and counselor.

Last week the widow Stiles died, leaving me her executor. After the funeral we opened her will, and found it, to our astonishment, in her own hand writing:

"Know ye all," it began, "that whereas I'm going to give something to my attorney. I write this myself; that is, I, Jane, relict of Jared Stiles, being of sound mind and body,—Know all men, that whereas said attorney, to wit, videlicet: James Sawyer, of this said town that I'm of, namely, the town of Jackson, whereas I say, first led me to see the folly of giving my old age to the heaping up of filthy lucre, and caused me to turn aside from a course that was, as I have seen, wholly wrong, for which be he blessed in this life and forever. Therefore, know ye, that as a small token of respect and love, for said attorney, to wit, namely, James Sawyer, who has of late, been unfortunate, and much distressed in worldly matters, I do hereby, by these presents, give, bequeath, will, transfer, make over, and pass unto the aforesaid Sawyer, every cent I've got in the world; goods, chattels, land, money, books, dress and jewels, for his and his heirs' good; leaving it to him to give to my several friends such articles as are marked with their names.

Witness my hand and seal, November 20th., 1836.

JANE STILES

Knowing, as I did, Mr. Sawyer's troubles in these hard times, I shook his hand most joyfully.

"It is a fee, my friend," said he, "that I must thank you for."

"She must leave \$50,000," I replied.

"I was thinking," answered he, "not of the money, but the change of life and heart; *that* is the fee I prize."

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### ***Danger of Keeping Bad Company.***

THE danger of keeping bad company arises principally from our aptness to imitate and catch the manners and sentiments of others. In our earliest youth, the contagion of manner is observable; in the boy, yet incapable of having any learning instilled into him, we easily discover from his first actions, and rude attempt at language, the kind of persons with whom he has associated; we see the early spring of education or the first wild shots of rusticity. As he enters farther into life, his behavior and conversation take their caste from the company he keeps.

Manners and behavior are not more easily caught than opinions and principles. In childhood and in youth, we naturally adopt the sentiments of those about us. As we advance in life, how few think for ourselves; how many of us are satisfied with taking our opinions at second hand!

The great power of custom forms another argument against keeping bad company. However shocked we may be at the approach of vice, the shocking appearance vanishes upon an intimacy therewith; custom renders the most disgusting objects familiar to our view. Indeed, this is a kind of provision of nature, to render labor and danger, which are the lot of man, more easy to him. The raw soldier, who trembles at the first encounter, becomes fearless in a few campaigns. Habit renders danger familiar.

But habit, which is intended for our good, may, like other kinds of appointments of nature, be converted into mischief. The well-disposed youth, entering first into bad company, is shocked at what he sees, and what he

hears. The principles which he had imbibed, ring in his ears an alarming lesson against the wickedness of his companions; but, alas! this sensibility is of short continuance; the next jovial meeting makes the horrid picture of yesterday more easily endured; virtue is soon thought a severe rule, and restraint inconvenient. A few pangs of conscience now, and soon it is seared, and in a short time he is ruined. Let the young beware of bad company.

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### *The Fisherman.*

I was sometime since walking upon a wharf, where a fishing boat lay, and as I was passing, and repassing, the master of the boat was uttering the most tremendous oaths. At length I turned to him, and standing beside his boat, said, "Sir, I am unacquainted with your business, what kind of fish are these?" He replied, "They are cod-fish." "How long are you usually out in order to obtain your load?" "Two or three weeks," was the answer. "At what price do you sell them?" He informed me. "Well, have you not hard work to obtain a living in this way?" "Yes—hard work," said he. I enquired, "with what do you bait these fish?" "With clams." "Did you ever catch mackerel?" "Yes." "And I suppose you bait them with clams, too?" "O no," said he, "they will not bite at clams." "Then you must have different kinds of bait for different sorts of fish?" "Yes." "Well, now, did you ever catch a fish without any bait?" "Yes," said he, "I was out last year, and one day, when I was fixing my line, my hook fell into the water, and the fool took hold of it, and I drew him in." "Now, sir," said I, "I have often thought that Satan was very much like a fisherman. He always baits his hook, with that kind of bait which different sorts of sinners like best; but when he would catch a profane swearer, he does not take the trouble to put on any bait at all; for the fool will always bite at the bare hook."

He was silent, his countenance solemn; and after a moment's pause, as I turned to go away, I heard him say to one standing by him, "I guess that's a minister."

### ***.1 Beautiful Argument.***

To a young infidel, who was scoffing at Christianity because of the misconduct of its professors, the late Dr Mason said:—"Did you ever know an uproar to be made because an infidel went astray from the paths of morality?" The infidel admitted that he had not. "Then don't you see," said Dr. M. "that by *expecting* the professors of Christianity to be *holy*, you admit it to be a holy religion, and thus pay it the highest compliment in your power?" The young man was silent.

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### ***Dr. Owen.***

DR. OWEN was for a time exercised, at an early period of his Christian course, with many perplexing doubts about his spiritual state, which joined with outward discouragements, brought him into deep despondence, and he remained, for a length of time, in a comfortless state of mind. Being in London, he went one Lord's day with a friend of his, to hear Dr. Calamy, one of the most eminent preachers. He waited for his coming up into the pulpit, but at length it was known that Dr. C. was prevented by some extraordinary occasion. Upon this many went out of the Church, but Mr. Owen resolved to abide there, although his friend would have persuaded him to go, and hear another eminent minister of that city, as it was not certain there would be any person to supply Dr. Calamy's place. At length, there came up a country minister to the pulpit, a stranger not only to Mr. Owen, but to the congregation. Having prayed fervently, he took for his text these words, "*Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith.*"—Matthew viii. 26. The very reading of the words surprised Mr. Owen, upon which he secretly offered a prayer that God would please by him to speak to his condition. His prayer was heard for in that sermon the minister was directed to answer the very objections, which he had commonly formed against himself. And though he had formerly given the same answer himself, without any effect; yet now the

time was come, when God designed to speak peace to his soul. And this sermon, though otherwise a plain familiar discourse, was blest for the removing of all his doubts and laid the foundation of that solid peace and comfort, which he afterwards enjoyed as long as he lived. It is very remarkable that Dr. Owen could never come to the knowledge of this minister, though he made the most diligent inquiry.

A Mr. Davies, being under religious impressions, opened his mind to Dr. Owen. In the course of the conversation, Dr. Owen said, "young man, pray in what manner do you think to go to God." Mr. Davies answered, "through the Mediator." To which the Dr. replied, "that is easily said; but I assure you, it is another thing to go to God through the Mediator, than many, who make use of the expression, are aware of. I, myself preached some years, while I had but very little, if any acquaintance with access to God through Christ, until the Lord was pleased to visit me with sore affliction, by which I was brought to the brink of the grave, and under which my mind was filled with horror, and I was for some time in the depths.—But it pleased God to relieve my soul, by a powerful application of Psalm cxxx. 4. 'But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.' From this text I received special light, peace, and comfort in drawing nigh to God, through the Mediator, and on this text I preached after my recovery." Perhaps to this exercise of mind, we owe his excellent exposition of that Psalm.

The last work which Dr. Owen wrote and committed to the press, was that "On the Glory of Christ." He died August 24th. 1683. Mr. Payne, who was instructed by Dr. Owen to put his last performance to the press, came in to see him on the morning of the day on which he died, and told him, "Doctor, the last of your book on the glory of Christ is now put in the press." To this the Dr. answered, "I am glad of it," and then lifting up both his hands and eyes as in a kind of rapture, he said, "but, O, brother Payne, the long looked for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever yet, or was capable of doing *in this world*."

*Are you a Mother?*

ONE other virtue it is due to the present state of public feeling to present: it is that of training your children to temperance. The records of the great day will probably reveal that woman has had more to do with the business of intemperance than has been set down to her account. The love of strong drink, physicians tell us, is sometimes hereditary. It is imbibed with the very commencement of existence. It is often thoughtlessly and unhesitatingly given in early infancy. It is administered as a medicine and with medicine. Habits of love for it are formed, perhaps in the very dawn of being, and the child grows up pleased with the unnatural taste, not having learned to call it poison. It has been the case, that the child at the house of a mother has partaken of it at her parties of pleasure; from the sideboard, or the closet, or amid the company of those more advanced, who deemed it no dishonor.

Woman may do much to check this evil. She may and could keep it from her children, in all stages of childhood, as a medicine, unless administered by a physician who will not suffer her to do otherwise. She may teach them early lessons on the subject, and depict the way by which men have become drunkards. She may direct them to books and facts which strongly exhibit the evil. She may keep her children from the places of temptation and the society of the dissolute. And there is one power which she holds, and which she is bound to exercise to the full limit of her authority: it is the power of keeping her children, of either sex, and especially of her own, absolutely from the society of the intemperate. It is not, I believe, unfit to the dignity of the place to say, that the mother who encourages addresses to her daughters from young men, whose characters are not beyond suspicion on this subject, may be planting thorns in her own dying pillow, and probably preparing unmingled wretchedness and woe for her child. It is timely and proper to speak out plainly on this point. It should have been done long ago. It is treason of the highest and foulest order, and guilt of the darkest and deepest dye, to commit a child to the charge of one who totters on the verge of intemperance.

Perhaps more may be done by firm and independent

females in staying the progress of this sin than has yet been accomplished. Woman, in the march of this pestilence, has bled at every pore. Whoever is the drunkard, she is the sufferer. Thousands have sighed and groaned in vain; thousands bound to profligate husbands, still weep and wail: bound to putrid death, and expecting deliverance only when God commits the offensive burden to the grave. Here her power may yet be seen. And by frowning on it in the bud, and opposing it in its first advances, she may drive intemperance from social intercourse, from poisoning the pride of her family, and ultimately from the world. She has frowned profaneness from her society, and she is equally in her sphere, when she frowns indignantly on the drunkard, and shuts every avenue that leads to her abode from his approach.

The possibility that in a congregation so large as this, there may be, unknown to myself, one single such mother as I am about to describe, justifies the remark, which I feel it my duty to make. The very thought that these walls embrace, and that yonder grave-yard is soon to entomb, one single intemperate mother, is sickening to the very soul. No combination presents so much that is unnatural and loathsome as an intemperate mother. The soul turns from it with abhorrence. In describing an intemperate man, we are on lawful ground. We see him and know him. He is public. He publicly drinks, and is a fair object of public reproof. We must warn him, and tell him of his sins and dangers. But we shrink from speaking thus of woman. We would draw a veil on the disgusting fact, and hide from the world the melancholy truth, that one such mother treads the earth. Be it buried, forever buried. Let it not be told in Gath that a single such mother pollutes the air and beholds the heavens. Be it among those truths, painful truths, of which the world would not speak; the loathsome and melancholy facts, which for the credit of man, we wish to hide from every mortal gaze, and bury deep, and forever, in the unbroken sleep of death. Tread lightly on her memory when she dies, and let it be speedily blotted from the recollection of mankind, that a drunken mother lived. Let no marble tell the cause of her dying, and speak not to the *stranger at her grave* of the manner of her living.



***Golden Rule.***

**"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye, even so to them."**

A Poor widow, with a family of children to support, earned a scanty living by selling, near one of our market houses, on a table, various little fancy articles. Some friends advised her to rent a small store that was vacant close by, and open in that with a larger assortment. After hesitating long, with much fear and trembling, she at last rented the store, and by the aid of a few friends, got a neat little stock of goods. Every market day she set out her table as before, and with what she sold, both in this way and in her shop, she soon began to do very well, and to be tolerably easy in her mind. Just at this period in her affairs, another poor widow woman, struggling for a support for her children, set out a table on the opposite corner, to get the custom of the market people. As soon as the widow who had the store as well as the table, saw this, she immediately took in her table, and to a friend who asked her the reason said, "I am doing very well with my store, and she has but a table; I will divide the custom, for I know how hard it is to support a family of children with only the sales of a single table."

***An American Lady's Kindness to a Soldier.***

ON my first arrival here I inquired for private F., having known him at Sackett's Harbor. I knew him to be a well informed, well educated man. Desiring he should become what he might if he chose, (but I learned to my regret that he was still a *drunkard*,) I sent for him, conversed plainly with him, and told him I only wondered, that with his habits, he was still in the land of the living, and it was a mercy God had spared him so long. I asked him if he *really loved* that poison he took so freely? He answered, no. I asked him why he drank it? He said he could not live without it. I told him he was mistaken; that he could not live long, if he pursued the course he then did, and that I believed he was rapidly going to the grave, and to the world of despair. He listened with respectful attention, and was silent. I then asked him a

ardent spirit was necessary either to his existence, or happiness. He said, it was not. I then asked him, if he would make me one promise? He asked what it was? I answered, promise me, F., that you will not drink another drop for six months. "Miss ——," said he, "I cannot make that promise. I will promise not to drink so much." "No," said I, "that will not do ;" *you must give it up entirely*, or you are a ruined man for this world, and the world to come."

A few days after this, I saw him again, and asked him if he was still determined to drink? He answered that it made but little difference, whether he lived a longer or a shorter period, &c., but looked very solemn. I then told him that I had sent for him once more, and it would be for the last time; that I not only felt anxious that he should become a *sober* man, but anxious also that he should become a *Christian*. At this he seemed to start; he looked at me with astonishment. "Miss ——" said he, "I did not know there was a being in the world, who cared whether I was drunk or sober, whether I was respected or despised, whether saved or lost. I knew not there was one, who could take a sufficient interest in my welfare, as even to spend so much time in conversing with me; or who would condescend to advise me for my best good." He said no one cared for, or respected him. Of course he thought it was of little consequence how he appeared, how he lived, &c. I then conversed with him more faithfully, feeling at liberty to do so, as he belonged to my brother's company. I laid before him the awful consequences of leading such a life; the influence he was exerting over others; the tremendous fate that awaited him, and all those who lived and died as he would, unless a speedy reformation took place. I left him after repeating, that I never wished again to see or speak with him, while he continued a practice so destructive to soul and body both. Now, Mr.—, think of the goodness and mercy of God, in interposing. In less than one week after the last conversation, F. did make resolutions, and such resolutions as he has never since broken. It is now more than three months, since he has tasted ardent spirit; he has never for once been tempted to take it, and it has become hateful to him. And I am sure you will think it a wonder of won-

ders, when I tell you further, that he is a Christian. I could fill pages to you concerning his first awakening, his strong convictions, his deep sense of sin, the enormity of his crimes, his views of the justice of God in casting him off forever, his apparently sincere repentance, his deep contrition of soul for sin, his perfect hatred of it, and of the course he had his whole life pursued; and his atonement at the long suffering and forbearance of God, towards him, when he had sinned with so high a hand.

The Bible, which he says had hitherto been a sealed book to him, now opens to his mind new truths, and he discovers new beauties, which until lately were entirely hid. Though, probably, he never read the Bible much, he says it was a task; now it is his delight, and in prayer and communion with God, he finds the highest enjoyment. Indeed, he seems already to have made great advances in the knowledge of his own heart. He says nothing can exceed the depth of the wickedness and entire depravity, the sink of iniquity and corruption, which he has discovered. He wonders that God has spared such a sinner so long; it seems to him that the justice of God required his eternal destruction. He has altogether new views of the Savior, and the way of life and salvation through him. "Oh?" he says, "what a glorious and perfect way!" The old man is emphatically and radically changed. Never, perhaps, was anything more visible. His looks, his conversation, his whole appearance, are changed.

How admirable the labors, and complete the success of this pious young lady. O, that Christian females would exert themselves to do good among sailors and soldiers. What a melancholy and affecting acknowledgement did private F. make, that he thought no one cared for him. Christians, awake to the deathless interest of perishing soldiers and sailors.

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### *A British Soldier.*

At the battle of Toulouse a multitude of brave men were slain; and many who survived that dreadful conflict, narrowly escaped with their lives. Among the lat-

ter was a soldier belonging to the seventy-first regiment which had so nobly distinguished itself during the war in the Peninsula. The following account of his preservation has been published by himself.

After having given a vivid description of the commencement of the battle, and many exploits of valor performed by the British army on that day, he says: "I shall ever remember an adventure that happened to me towards the afternoon. We were in extended order, firing and retiring. I had just risen to run behind my file, when a spent shot struck me on the groin, and nearly took my breath from me. Lord, receive my soul!" I said, and sat down resigned. The French were advancing fast. I laid musket down, and gasped for breath. Being very sick, I put my canteen to my lips, but could not taste the water; however, I washed my mouth and grew less faint. At this moment of helplessness, the French came up. One of them made a charge at me, as I sat on the ground, pale as death. In another moment I must have been transfixed, had not his next man pushed the point of the bayonet past me. "Do not touch the good Scott," said the brave soldier, and then addressing himself to me, added, "Do you remember me?" I feebly answered "No." "I saw you at Sobral," he rejoined. Immediately I recognized him to be a soldier whose life I had saved from a Portuguese, who was going to kill him as he lay wounded. "Yes, I know you," I replied. "God bless you," said the brave warrior, and giving me a pancake out of his hand, moved on with his companions in arms."

Thus the merciful man obtained mercy; and as we deal with others God will deal with us. From this short narrative, we may see how necessary it is to embrace every opportunity of performing acts of kindness. Such a conduct, while it is pleasing and acceptable to God, will prove highly beneficial to ourselves. By doing good to others, we shall dispose and engage them to return our kindness. In many respects, men are dependent on each other. We cannot tell what may befall us in future life; we may be placed in such situations as to be glad of the assistance of those whose talents we may be tempted to despise. No merciful man will object, in a qualified

sense, to that part of Pope's Universal prayer, whers he says,—

“Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see;  
What mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.”

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### *An Example for Teachers.*

A TEACHER in a Sabbath school having labored some time without seeing any of his class converted, began to feel that there was something wrong in his manner of teaching. He could not believe that, when a teacher makes proper efforts for the conversion of his pupils, he will remain long without success. He was led to be more constant in prayer. During the week, he daily and fervently presented the case of each scholar before the throne of grace. When the Sabbath came, he found himself possessed of an unusual desire for the conversion of the children. He was more faithful to them than he had been before. He applied the truths contained in the lesson to the heart and conscience of each one. He told them what his feelings had been respecting them, and requested them to pray for him every day during the week, that he might be aided in his efforts to make them wise unto salvation. As the scholars were on their way home, two of them walked along by themselves, for some time without saying a word.

At length one said: “Our teacher felt a good deal of interest in us to-day.”

“Yes,” said the other, “and what do you think of his asking us to pray for him? I told him I would, and I mean to be as good as my word.”

“Well, so do I,” said his companion; “and why can't we pray together?”

They immediately turned aside from the road and in a retired spot fulfilled the promise they had made to their teacher. One of the boys went home and asked the lady with whom he lived, to forgive him. He knew he had been a bad boy, and he desired her to pray for him. The serious impressions that were made on the minds of these

boys, became more deep, and in a few days they were rejoicing in the liberty of the gospel. In a few weeks after, they were baptized and joined the church. And, says the gentleman who first gave this account, a deacon of the church to which they belong, "two excellent brethren they are." All the other boys in the class have since become pious, and adorn the Christian profession.

How loudly does such a fact call upon teachers to be faithful to their trust. What is their trust? Nothing less than immortal souls, whose future weal or woe depends upon the characters they form in this life. Teachers, contemplate the example that is here set before you. Have you labored long and had none of your class converted? Be not satisfied. Inquire diligently into the cause; and possibly you will find you have yourself been to blame. Remember, it should not be the main object of your labors to render your pupils intelligent or moral. It is more. You should never stop short of their conversion. Let this be your constant aim. Seek to have it effected immediately, and you shall be successful.

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### ***The Little Girl and the Dark Grave.***

IN the speech of the Rev. Mr. Plumer, before the meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions, as reported by the New York Observer, is the following affecting incident:

There were in the southern country, a father and mother who had a lively little daughter of three or four years of age, their only child. She began insensibly to pine away, and all efforts employed by her physician seemed to be unavailing, until at length he was compelled to communicate to her distressed parents, his conviction that the child could not long survive. The little one herself began to suspect the same thing, and one day as her father sat by her bedside, she fixed her eyes on his face, and said: "Papa, does not the doctor think I shall die?" The father did not conceal from her the truth; and on learning it her little countenance immediately fell. After an interval of silence, she said:

"Papa, the grave looks very dark. O, it is very dark indeed! Papa, won't you go down with me into it?"

The father was much moved, but endeavored, as well as he could, to make her comprehend the impossibility. She then said,

"Papa, won't you let mama go with me?"

To this question he had to give a similar reply, on which the little sufferer turned her face to the wall and wept. But while she wept like Hezekiah, she had also learned to pray like him; and, after having in her own simple way, poured out her heart to God, she turned to her father with a cheerful countenance, and said:

"Papa, the grave is not dark now. I know that you and mama can't go with me, but Jesus will go with me into the grave."

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### *A Name above every Name.*

WHEN the pious Bishop Beveridge was on his death-bed, he did not know any of his friends, or connexions. A minister with whom he had been well acquainted, visited him; and when conducted into his room, he said: "Bishop Beveridge, do you know me?" "Who are you?" said the Bishop. Being told who the minister was, he said that he did not know him. Another friend came who had been equally well known, and accosted him in a similar manner. "Do you know *me*, Bishop Beveridge?" "Who are you?" said he. Being told it was one of his intimate friends, he said he did not know him. His *wife* then came to his bedside and asked him if he knew *her*. "Who are you?" said he. Being told she was his wife, he said he did not know *her*. "Well," said one, "Bishop Beveridge, do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?" "JESUS CHRIST." said he, reviving, as if the name had upon him the influence of a charm. "O! yes, I have known him these forty years. Precious SAVIOR. HE IS MY ONLY HOPE."

***The Blacksmith.***

A CONSCIENTIOUS blacksmith, soon after becoming savingly acquainted with Jesus Christ, was tried by the customary applications to do little *necessary* jobs, as they called, on Sunday; and at length came to a determination to do no work on that holy day, except such as, from inquiry into the case, should appear in his own opinion to be necessary. He was soon after called upon by a traveler on Sunday morning, to replace a shoe for his horse. "Friend," said the blacksmith, "this you know is the Lord's day; and I do not feel at liberty to do any work on this day, except of necessity and mercy. You will excuse me therefore, for inquiring whether your journeying on this day is necessary?" "Why as to that," answered the traveler, "I don't know that it is *absolutely* necessary; but if I keep on, I shall get home to-night, and put an end to those ——— tavern bills and expenses." "So, my friend, you think *to save a few shillings* is a sufficient excuse for you to break the Lord's day; and of course to *earn* a few shillings, would be a sufficient reason for my doing the same! Such an excuse, I assure you, will not quiet conscience in the sight of God, and therefore *I cannot shoe your horse.*"

Immediately after this, a carriage stopped at his door, and a gentleman accosted him with a request to repair a bolt, which had just broken. "Sir," said the blacksmith, "I am just preparing with my family, to go to the house of God; and I do not feel at liberty to break off from the proper employments of this holy day, for the accommodation of travelers, without urgent and real necessity." "Such," replied the gentleman, "is my case. I am as reluctant as you very justly are, to violate this day of sacred rest. But I am conveying a dying friend from the country, where she has in vain sought the recovery of her health, to her own home, where she wishes to die. We cannot proceed unless the carriage be repaired; and if detained on the road to-day, there is a probability of her expiring before she reaches home." "In this case," answered the blacksmith, "I cannot hesitate." He accordingly exchanged his dress, went to his shop, kindled his fire, and performed the necessary repair. The gentleman



with thanks, gave him a compensation ; which, it is needless to add, he put upon the contribution plate, as belonging to Him, whose time he had consumed in earning it.

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### *Importance of Prayer.*

THE following anecdote is recorded in the diary kept at Frerdensburg, a settlement of the Moravians, in Saint Croix, a Danish West India Island.

In March, 1819, Mr. Bell, a captain of a ship from Philadelphia, who is a religious man, living some time in this island, paid us several visits. One day he brought with him another captain, from Baltimore, of the name of Boyle. Having for some time conversed on religious subjects, the latter inquired whether any of our family were on board an English vessel, with only six guns, and twenty two men, which in the year 1814 was attacked by a North American privateer of fourteen guns, and one hundred and twenty men, on her voyage to St. Thomas ; and which after a most desperate conflict beat off the enemy. He added, that he supposed very fervent prayer had been offered up on board that vessel. Sister Ramuch answered, that she was on board the English vessel, and could assure him that there was. "That I believe," replied the captain, "for I felt the effect of your prayers." He then informed us that he was the captain who commanded the privateer. "According to my way of thinking at that time," said he, "I was determined to strain every nerve to get possession of the British vessel, or sink her ; but she was protected by a higher power, against which all my exertions proved vain." This disappointment and defeat astonished him ; but when he afterwards heard that missionaries were on board the English vessel, it struck him that their fervent prayers to God had brought them protection and safety. This led him to a farther thought about these things ; and at length by God's mercy, to a total change of mind. On his making this statement, we joined him in thanking the Lord for his goodness. From this authentic fact, we learn that under all circumstances, however bad and hopeless, it is the christian's duty to pray and not to faint ; to exercise faith and

hope in that Almighty Jehovah, 'whose ear is never heavy that he cannot hear; nor his hand shortened that he cannot save; for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few,' 1 Sam. xiv: 6. While then the christian can joyfully say, "Is there any thing too hard for the Lord?" let him hold fast his confidence in his God. When the pious Moravian missionaries saw a ship, so superior in force, coming against their poor little vessel, they did not cast away their anchor of hope in the promises of God; they did not sit down in despair, when it was the very time for their "God, who doeth wonders," to make his power to be known; but they called to mind his wonders of old time, and exercised that faith which has given them such wonderful success in the preaching of the gospel of his Son. That faith in God which had called forth his power to the subduing of kingdoms, stirred up these righteous men to effectual, fervent prayer; and their spiritual weapons were too mighty for the carnal weapons of their powerful and determined enemies. They had but one refuge to flee unto; but that refuge was the mighty God of Jacob; the God to whom salvation belongeth; and because they trusted in his power, he caused them to rejoice in his mercy. Well might they exclaim one to the other, as they saw their enemies retreating with shame and confusion from contending any longer with their little vessel, "O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvelous things; his right hand and his holy arm hath gotten the victory."

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### ***Praise-worthy Respect for the Sabbath.***

WHEN the King of England was about to visit Scotland, a special messenger was sent to order arrangements at the place in Edinburg for his reception. The messenger arrived the second time to inspect the works, late on Saturday evening. Early on Sabbath morning, he found some parts of the works very wrong, and must be taken down and rebuilt; and the King was expected on Monday, or Tuesday. He sent for the workmen and directed them to go to work, urging the necessity of the case. They all *refused, as it would be a violation of the Sabbath* Dan-

ble and treble wages were offered in vain. He appealed to their loyalty. They were ever ready to obey the lawful commands of their sovereign; but here they had the commands of ONE, to whose power, even the King must bow. They proposed to commence labor immediately after midnight, and work night and day till the alterations were completed. This proposal was accepted, and they were permitted to hallow the Sabbath day.

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### ***Father, why don't you Pray?***

A MIDDLE-AGED man, who had been for many years successfully engaged in a business, which has taken him for months together to a distance from home, from Christian society, and from all the means of grace, and whose habits and feelings were such, and so fixed, that to all human appearance, he was far, very far, indeed, from the kingdom of God, has been deeply awakened, and hopefully converted to holiness by the instrumentality of his own daughter, a little girl about seven years old. One evening, toward the close of the last year, she came in from school, and seated herself beside her father. As she was later than usual, he inquired where she had been. Her reply was, "I have been in at one of our neighbor's, where I have heard the father of the family *pray*." With the artless simplicity and affection of a little child, she then looked up into her father's face, and imprinting a kiss upon his lips, said, "Father, why don't you *pray*? I love to hear prayers, I pray every night for you and mother that we may be happy, and love one another." It was too much; the father was overcome, burst into tears, and hastened out of the room. These remarks from this child, says the writer of the letter, have effected what I thought never would have been accomplished, a complete change in the father. He determined to commence the New Year with family prayer, and to continue it while he lived. On the morning of the new year, he addressed his wife with tenderness, told her of his resolution, knelt down in his chamber, and fervently poured out his supplications at the throne of grace. He has since continued firm in his resolves, and bids fair to become

ornament to society, and a worthy member of the church. The pastor of one of the Presbyterian churches has since called on him, at his own request, for serious conversation, and he will soon make a public profession of religion. Such is the narrative, and thus has God, in this instance, ordained strength out of the mouth of a babe.

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### *The wise Coachman.*

AN old gentleman in the county of Herts, having lost his coachman by death, who had served him many years advertised for a successor. The first who applied, giving a satisfactory account of his character and capacity for such a place, was asked how near he could drive to the edge of a wood, where a sloping bank presented danger. He replied, "to an inch." The old gentleman ordered him to be supplied with suitable refreshment, and to leave his address, adding, that if he wished for his services, he should hear from him in a day or two. Shortly afterward, a second applied, who underwent the same examination as the former, and replied to the last question, that he could drive "to half an inch," and had often done it; he also received the same dismissal with the same civilities as the former man. Soon afterward a third applied, and on being asked the same question, namely, how near he could drive to the edge of a sharp declivity, in case of necessity, coolly replied, "Really, I do not know, sir, having never tried: for it has always been my maxim to get as far as possible from such danger, and I have had my reward in my safety, and that of my employers."

With this reply the old gentleman expressed his entire satisfaction, and informed the man if he could procure a proper recommendation, wages should not part them, adding, "I am grown old and timid, and want a coachman on whose prudence and care I can rely, as well as his skill."

Would it not be well if those who are engaged in commercial pursuits, would avoid as carefully as this prudent coachman did, the edge of the precipice? In this case, *balmy sleep* would oftener light on the eyelids of persons *so employed*, and the shipwreck of fortune would not so

often occur. But let the *professor of godliness* especially remember this true and useful story. A faithful pastor being asked how far a person might go in sin, and yet be saved, replied, "It is a dangerous experiment to try." Ah! do not too many study to find out how little grace they may have, and yet go to heaven? Instead of this, let us all treasure up in our hearts the words of Christ: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." O, let us keep as far as possible from sin and hell, and "cleave to the Lord with full purpose of heart."

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### *Anecdote of George IV.*

A FEW years ago, when George IV. visited Ireland, he remained some time in Dublin, its capital. As it was expected that he would attend divine service, an eminent clergyman was appointed to preach before him. When the time approached, the clergyman fell sick, and it became necessary to appoint another to perform that duty. Dr. Magee, author of a work on the Atonement, being in Dublin, he was solicited to preach before his Majesty. He accepted the invitation. The Doctor was a warm, zealous churchman, of enlightened views, and liberal, evangelical sentiments. When the Sabbath came, he read the prayers, ascended the pulpit, and gave out the following text, Acts xvi. 31: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." In this discourse he expatiated on the necessity of repentance, faith, and holiness. The command to believe—the object of faith, (the Lord Jesus Christ)—the character of him, on whom we are called to believe—the importance of doing so for our own safety, and as an example to others, but particularly our own house; with the individual, local, and national advantages of religion, were all eloquently and honestly presented to his Majesty, and his court present on the occasion. After he had held forth the doctrine of justification by faith, he powerfully insisted on a change of heart, without which it was impossible for any individual to arrive at heaven. His boldness and earnestness surprised and alarmed the courtiers of his Majesty,

who had not been accustomed to such plain dealing. All were looking for reproof from the sovereign for the boldness of the preacher ; but though his sermon was a subject of general conversation, his Majesty alone retained a total silence respecting it, never alluding to the circumstance for several months.

During this time, the archbishop of Armagh, primate of Ireland, died, and Right Rev. Lord John Beresford, archbishop of Dublin, was appointed to succeed him. The see of Dublin being in the gift of the crown, a list of candidates were nominated to his Majesty for each, of whom powerful interest was made. Dr. Magee not being a favorite on account of his evangelical sentiments, was neglected. When his Majesty proceeded to make the appointment, he inquired the name of the faithful, able, and eloquent preacher who had delivered a discourse before him in Dublin. He was told it was Dr. Magee. "Then," said he, "the man that fears not to preach the whole truth before his king, shall be honored, and Dr. Magee shall be archbishop of Dublin." After saying this, he took his pen, and filled the blank in the deed of gift with Dr. Magee.

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### ***Jeremiah Evarts and the Lay Professor.***

I WAS sitting at the fire side of a very respectable gentleman in one of the largest cities of the west, says a traveler, and enjoying the hospitalities of his excellent family, when the conversation turned on the subject of the Sabbath mails, which was then before congress, and agitating not only that city but the whole country. My friend was then a member of a presbyterian church in the city, and a few years before had belonged to one of the most orthodox churches in New England.

He reasoned very much like the author of the notorious report on Sabbath mails, and repeated a good deal of his sophistry and slang. He insisted on the *necessity* of running the mail on the Sabbath, and talked just as if that holy day were a thing that might properly be set *aside whenever* personal convenience, or pecuniary in-

terest should require. He ridiculed the idea of a man's being so scrupulous as to leave a stage or steam-boat, through fear of violating the Sabbath. He did not think *any Christian* would do so, and deemed it altogether inconsistent with his *duty* to sacrifice so much time and money as would be lost by such a *superstitious* regard to the Sabbath. "I will tell you," said he, "what I once did myself, and see what you think of it. I wished to transact some business on Monday morning, fifteen or twenty miles from the city; and as I could not reach the place in season, without traveling on the Sabbath, I attended church in the morning, and started in the afternoon. Now what do you think of this?" "Why was it necessary for you to *go at all*?" "I wished to purchase some goods, which were to be sold at a particular hour of the day." "Could you not have started early enough on Monday to reach the place in season?" "Not without a good deal of inconvenience to myself and my family!" "Well, what would you have lost by not getting there as soon as you wished?" "Probably a good bargain." "It seems then that you consider a good bargain, or the inconvenience of yourself and your family a sufficient reason for violating the Sabbath!" "But is it not my *duty* to take care of my family, and attend to my business. Was not the Sabbath made for man?" "True; but does God leave us at liberty to regard or neglect the Sabbath, just as suits our convenience?" "Why, sir, you are very strange in your notions. Some of the *best Christians* in this city do not scruple to start off in steamboats on the Sabbath; and I have heard of some *elders* in the church at ——— paying their workmen, and making bargains in their counting-rooms on Sunday. Now would you reproach a man for continuing to ride in the stage or steamboat on the Sabbath?" "I will tell you an anecdote, sir, that will illustrate my views. Mr. Evarts Secretary of the American Board, was once, on his return from a visit to the Missionary Stations among the Indians, passing up the Mississippi in a steamboat. Just before Saturday night, he told the Captain that it was not his custom to travel on the Sabbath, and requested to be left at some convenient village, on the banks of the river. The Captain was surprised at a request so un-

usual, and began to reason with Mr. Evarts, and tell him that it was altogether uncertain, when another boat would come along. But Mr. Evarts told him, he could not travel on the Sabbath. It was soon rumored among the passengers, who were more surprised than the Captain had been. They looked upon Mr. Evarts as almost beside himself, and tried to dissuade him from his purpose by telling him that he might stay there a whole fortnight before another boat come along. "No matter for that," was Mr. Evarts' laconic reply; "Providence will take care. Duty is mine; consequences I must leave with God." Finding his passenger fixed in purpose, the Captain landed him. On the Sabbath Mr. Evarts conducted a religious meeting in the destitute villiage, at which he stopped; and early Monday morning, another steamboat came along, and brought him to the place of his destination almost as soon, as if he had continued in the first boat. "There," said I, "was a *proper* observance of the Sabbath; and I think every enlightened Christian in the land would approve the conduct of Mr. Evarts." "Well," said he, if I had done so, and run the risk of being kept away from my business and family a whole fortnight, I should have thought myself fit for a mad-house."

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### ***Brothers and Sisters.***

If your Father in heaven has blessed you with such relations, you must be very grateful for his kindness. Treat them with the most affectionate regard. If they are older and wiser than you are, take their advice, and follow their example. If they are yonger, do all in your power to teach them good. Never speak unkindly, or indulge anger toward them. Remember if they should be taken from you by death, how unhappy such remembrances would make you. There was once a little boy, who was often seen at the grave of a brother younger than himself, who suddenly died. He used to sit down upon the grave and weep bitterly. A friend led him away, and asked him why he mourned so long for his brother. He answered, sobbing, "because I did not love



him more when he was alive." If you are out of patience with a brother or sister, remember how you would wish to have treated them, should death take them from you, or you from them. It is a great misfortune to have no brother or sister. Some children have no such companions, and grow up in loneliness. When they study their lessons, there is no older brother or sister to explain or encourage them. When they come home from school, there are no little feet to run and meet them; no glad voice to say, "how glad I am to see you, dear brother, or sister," and no sweet babe for them to take in their arms and kiss. And when they grow up, and are sick and sorrowful, there will be none to whom they can say, "My sister," or "my brother," when they pour out the burdens of their hearts.

Kindness and affection between children of the same family, is delightful to an observer. I never knew it more sweetly displayed than by two little deaf and dumb sisters. Their names were Phœbe and Frances Hammond. When the youngest began to walk, the other was always by her side to assist her tottering steps. When they were permitted to play out of doors, Phœbe took care of Frances, who was two and a half years younger than herself. If she saw any thing coming, which she feared would hurt her, she clasped her in her arms with the utmost tenderness. She was never out of patience with the little one, or tired of performing any labor for her. They were not able to speak, because they were deaf and dumb, but they looked at each other with the sweetest smiles, and by the signs which they invented, and the tender language of the eyes, understood each other's wants, and sorrows and pleasures. If one received a gift, she divided it with the other: or if it could not be divided, it was considered as the property of both. So entire was their love, that it seemed, as if one heart animated two bodies. When the youngest was but seven years old, they were both sent many miles from their parents, to the Asylum for the deaf and dumb, in Hartford, Conn. Here they were left among strangers. But they took their seats pleasantly with the one hundred and forty pupils. When the lessons of the day were over, they comforted each other with their sisterly love

Phœbe tried to be a mother to Frances. She taught her to keep her clothes without spot or stain, and to put every article she used in its right place. She led her by the hand wherever she went, and if there were any tears on her cheeks, she kissed them away. Little Frances looked up to her with the most endearing confidence. When they went home to spend their vacations, the affection of these sweet silent sisters was admired by every one. In 1829, Phœbe was taken sick of a consumption. She was obliged to leave the asylum, and go to her parents. She wished every day to be carried into a room and left alone, that she might pray to her Father in heaven. "I am so weak," she said, "that I shall die. I pray to go to heaven. I wish Frances to love God. She is my good sister." When asked if she wished to be restored to health, she replied, "No, I would see Jesus." And in quietness and peace she departed to be with the Lord. Now the constant affection which gave so much happiness to these little silent sisters is a good example to those who are blessed with the power of hearing and speech. Let all, therefore, who have brothers or sisters, perform their duty to them, and the God of love will bless them.

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### *An Affecting Narrative.*

Two little boys, decently clothed, the eldest appearing about thirteen, and the youngest eleven, called at the Lodging House for vagrants in Warrington, Eng. for a night's lodging; the keeper of the house very properly took them to the Vagrant Office to be examined; and, if proper objects, to be relieved. The account they gave of themselves was extremely affecting; and no doubt was entertained of its truth. It appeared, that but a few weeks had elapsed since these poor little wanderers had resided with their parents in London. The typhus fever, however, in one day, carried off both father and mother, leaving them orphans in a wide world, without a home and without friends. Immediately after the last mournful tribute had been paid to their parents' memory, having an uncle in Liverpool—poor and destitute as they were, they resolved to go and throw themselves upon his protection.

Tired therefore and faint, they arrived in this town on their way. Two bundles contained their little all. In the youngest boy's was found neatly covered and carefully preserved, a Bible. The keeper of the lodging house addressing the little boy, said, "You have neither money nor meat, will you sell me this Bible? I will give five shillings for it." "No," exclaimed he, (the tears rolling down his youthful cheek,) "I'll starve first." He then said, "There are plenty of books to be bought besides this; why do you love the Bible so much?" He replied, "No book has stood my friend so much as my Bible." "Why, what has your Bible done for you?" said he. He answered, "when I was a little boy about seven years of age, I became a Sunday Scholar in London; through the kind attention of my master, I soon learned to read my Bible; this Bible, young as I was, soon showed me that I was a sinner, and a great one too; it also pointed me to a Savior; and I thank God that I have found mercy at the hand of Christ, and am not ashamed to confess him before the world." To try him still further, six shillings was then offered him for his Bible. "No," said he, "for it has been my support all the way from London: hungry and weary, often have I sat down by the way side to read my Bible, and have found refreshment from it." Thus did he experience the consolations of the Psalmist, when he said, "In the multitude of sorrows that I had in my heart, thy comforts have refreshed my soul." He was then asked—"What will you do, when you get to Liverpool, should your uncle refuse to take you in?" His reply may excite a blush in many established Christians—"My Bible tells me," said he, "when my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." The man could go no further, tears choaked his utterance, and they both wept together. They had in their pockets, tickets, rewards for their good conduct, from the school to which they belonged and thankfulness and humility were visible in all their deportment. At night these two little orphans, bending their knees by the side of their bed, committed themselves to the care of their heavenly Father—to Him whose ears are ever open to the prayers of the poor destitute; and to Him who has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will relieve thee, and thou shalt glorify me." The nex

morning these refreshed little wanderers arose early, addressed themselves to their Maker, and set out for the town of Liverpool; and, may He who hears the ravens when they cry, hear and answer their petitions, guide them through time, and bless them in eternity.

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### *A Rare Combination.*

WE have the following singular and interesting facts from a gentleman of our acquaintance now residing in the city of N. York, who was acquainted with the persons and the circumstances mentioned below.

During the past winter, owing to the depth of the snow and the severity of the weather, the price of wood reached the enormous sum of twenty-four dollars a cord, and consequently there was much of severe suffering among the multitude of the poor in that city. A call was made upon the benevolent to contribute for their relief. Individuals had their different districts assigned them, and a call was made at every house. So that those who were able might have an opportunity to contribute, and that those who were in want might be searched out and relieved. One of the gentlemen thus employed in the upper part of the city, called at the hut of a man of color, who was well known there, from the circumstance of his driving a single cow before a cart, guiding her with reins,—obtaining a living by the employment, which he found in the business of a carman. The gentleman as he entered, noticed in a back yard a considerable quantity of hickory wood, and inquired of the occupant whether it was his, and being told that it was, proposed to purchase some of it. But he refused to sell. The price at which wood was then selling was offered and urged upon him; but no, he would part with it at no price. The gentleman told him the object for which he wanted it, and mentioned the distress of the numerous objects of charity in the city at that inclement season. The negro after a little conversation told the applicant, that if it was to be given to the poor, he might send for nine loads, for which he should take no pay, and that he might have nine loads more for the same price which he paid for it in the fall—being about one

half what it was then bringing in the market. The offer was accepted. The surprise of the gentleman may well be conceived—and the negro with the cow and cart, and his donation of forty dollars worth of wood for the relief of the poor, will not soon be forgotten. Instances of great wealth concealed under appearances of abject poverty, have occasionally been found, but never before have we heard of a single case where that industry and frugality which enabled the individual to obtain it, were united with such a noble spirit of genuine philanthropy and charity as was here exhibited.

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### *Hume, the Infidel.*

HUME, the celebrated infidel philosopher, and author of a History of England, was dining at the house of an intimate friend. After dinner, the ladies withdrew, and in the course of conversation, Hume made some assertion which caused a gentleman present to observe to him, "If you can advance such sentiments as those, you are certainly what the world gives you credit for being, an infidel."

A little girl, whom the philosopher had often noticed, and with whom he had become a favorite, by bringing her little toys and sweetmeats, happened to be playing about the room unnoticed; she, however, listened to the conversation, and on hearing the above expression, left the room, went to her mother, and asked her,

"Mamma, what is an infidel?"

"An infidel! my dear," replied her mother, "why should you ask such a question? An infidel is so awful a character that I scarcely know how to answer you."

"O do tell me, mamma," returned the child, "I must know what an infidel is."

Struck with her eagerness, her mother replied,

"An infidel is one who believes there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no hereafter."

Some days afterwards, Hume again visited the house of his friend. On being introduced to the parlor, he found no one there but his favorite little girl. He went to her and attempted to take her up in his arms to kiss her, as he had been used to do; but the child shrunk with horror from his touch.

“My dear,” said he, “what is the matter? Do I hurt you?”

“No,” she replied, “you do not hurt me; but I cannot kiss you, I cannot play with you.”

“Why not, my dear?”

“Because you are an infidel.”

“What is that?”

“One who believes that there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no hereafter.”

“And are you not sorry for me, my dear?” asked the astonished philosopher.

“Yes, indeed, I am sorry!” returned the child, with solemnity; “and I pray to God for you.”

“Do you indeed? And what do you say?”

“I say, O God, teach this man that thou art.”

What a striking illustration of the words of sacred writ, “Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the avenger.” Ps. viii: 2.

The infidel confessed himself so much struck with the seriousness and simplicity of the child, that it caused him some sleepless nights, and days of sharp mental conflict; however, it is to be lamented that he stifled his conviction, and went to the very borders of eternity, vainly flattering himself that he should prove “like the beasts that perish.”

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### ***The two Decisions.***

SOME years since, two individuals of about the same age and in similar circumstances in life, left the house of God one evening under deep conviction of sin. The scenes of a coming retribution seemed to them an overwhelming reality, and their weal or woe for eternity to depend on the decisions of that hour. Their pastor had invited those who were anxious for their souls, to meet him after the services, in the lecture room for conversation and prayer. Some thirty or forty accepted the invitation, and these two individuals felt a strong inclination to be among the number. But they had never entered a meeting of inquiry; and to appear there as wretched, miserable sinners, to ask after the way of life, was deeply humiliating.

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### *The First St*

No man is

A young lawyer, with connexions of the highest respectability, and talents to secure for him an elevated rank in his profession, married a lovely woman, and entered on life with the brightest prospects of success and happiness. The increasing expenses of a family demanded an increasing income, and as business did not advance as rapidly as he desired, in an evil hour he placed the names of some of his best friends to a note, and drew a sum of money from the bank. He promised himself that before it was due, he should be ready to meet it, and his crime would never be known. The note was renewed by forgery. It was an easy mode of raising money, and became easier the oftener he employed it. For a season he was successful, but when was dishonesty the best policy in the end.

His guilt was discovered. He fled from justice and was hunted through the woods in winter like a beast. His young wife woke almost in madness, to the consciousness that she was the wife of a felon. His retreat was, at length, cut off. He was arrested, but escaped again.

He flew to the chamber of his wife. The embrace was short and full of agony. He wept; and she wrung her hands, but uttered no reproach. She loved him too much even in his shame. He must fly again. He did fly, and was again arrested and brought to trial. The case was a plain one. There was no defence—there could be none. He was sentenced to the State Prison for a term of years. His measure of infamy was full. Now and then an old acquaintance looked in upon his cell, where he pursued his solitary toil, but he never looked up. They said he was pining away, and they made an effort to procure his pardon and release. But death was before them, and he went from prison to judgment.

I went into the hospital of the prison at Sing-Sing, some years ago, and there lay, in the last struggles of life, a man of fine form and noble countenance. He was raving in delirium and soon died mad. I asked his name and history, and found that he was a young lawyer from the city of New York, who had begun his course of crime by stealing paltry articles of clothing from his associates:



soon he laid his hands on money ; and by and by he was detected when far advanced in guilt. His end I have just mentioned. He was a child of luxury, and had never known want. And when he lay dying in that prison hospital, cut off from the tenderness and sympathy that would have softened a death-bed in the house of parental love, I thought how truly, "the way of the transgressor is hard."

A clerk in a store, a teller in a bank, an agent in his office, constantly handling the money of others, is tempted to apply a little to his own use, with the promise *made to himself* that he will restore it, and speedily. But he finds it easier to borrow than to pay, when no one calls him to an account. The more he takes, the more he wants to take. He begins a course of extravagance, and falls into sins that require money to secure the indulgence. He speculates, in hopes of paying all back at once ; every plunge increases his embarrassments ; his guilt breaks out ; he flies from justice, a lost, self-ruined man. What to him are the arrows that have pierced the fond hearts of too confiding friends. He planted those arrows, but can never draw them.

Now there was a time, when that man was what the world calls virtuous. He would have trembled at the thought of crime ; and he did tremble and turn pale when he committed his first offence. It disturbed his sleep that night, and when he met his employer the next morning he thought he was suspected and trembled again. But that step taken, the next was easy.

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### ***Illustrations for Children.***

I ONCE saw a preacher trying to teach the children that *the soul would live after they were all dead*. They listened, but evidently did not understand it. He was too abstract. Snatching his watch from his pocket, he said, "James, what is this I hold in my hand?"

"A watch, sir." "A little clock," says another.

"Do you all see it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know it is a watch?"

"It ticks, sir."

"Very well, can any of you hear it tick? All listen now." After a pause—"Yes, sir; we hear it." He then took off the case, and held the case in one hand, and the watch in the other.

"Now, children, which is the watch?—you see there are two which look like watches?"

"The little one, in your right hand, sir."

"Very well, again; now I will lay the case aside; put it away down there in my hat. Now let us see if you can hear the watch tick."

"Yes, sir; we hear it," exclaimed several voices.

"Well, the watch can tick, and go, and keep time, you see, when the case is taken off and put in my hat. The watch goes just as well. So it is with you, children. Your body is nothing but the case; the soul is inside. The case—the body may be taken off and buried up in the ground, and the soul will live and think, just as well as this watch will go, as you see, when the case is off.

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### ***Pastoral Visits.***

MR. JONES was the pastor of a church in a small country village. One pleasant morning he set off, as was his custom, to visit the families of his charge. He first entered the house of an humble family, the mother of which was a member of his church; but the father was an irreligious man, and but seldom seen at public worship. He had conversed a few minutes with this pious mother, when her husband entered, and with the well meaning air of a very blunt man addressed him thus:

"Good morning, sir; happy to see you. I had the pleasure of hearing you preach yesterday afternoon, sir."

"Yes! I observed that you were at church, and was pleased to see it."

"Well, Mr. Jones, I'm a plain man, and you must excuse me if I am somewhat plain in my way of talking. If you always preached as you did yesterday, I should go to meeting oftener. You preached without notes yesterday, and that is what I call preaching. Where a man

know when you are going to always come and hear you. to go and hear men *read* ins little further conversation Mr. ing, and continued his walk.

The next door he knocked whose manners and conduct distinctly that he had a most

"Good morning, Mr. Jones tleman, in slow and courteous see you this morning, and telling you how much we were noon sermon yesterday," (place the word *forenoon*.) "That which elevates the people; it cultivates their taste. A discourse *carefully written* is substantial if clergymen have not time to week, they had better exchange so that they will never be unde ex tempore."

Mr. Jones was a man of such remarks, but under the

and useful, but want of humility was his infirmity. Mr. Jones inquired of him if there was any thing interesting of a religious nature among his neighbors. "Why, yes, sir," said the farmer, "yes sir, I think things look more encouraging. My neighbors are more ready to talk upon the subject than they have been for a long time. It appears to me that forcible appeals to the heart are all that we want now. I know there are some persons who like doctrinal sermons, and I suppose they are important in their place; but the trouble with our people is, that they know their duty, but they won't do it. It isn't *enlightening* that they want, it isn't *instruction*, but melting appeals to the heart, to make them *feel*. That is my view of the matter, Mr. Jones."

"There is certainly some good sense in what you say; but a man cannot *feel* unless he *believe*. We must convince a man of his danger before he can *feel* it."

"True, sir, true; but if I may be so bold it appears to me that you preach doctrinal sermons *a little too much*, Mr. Jones. I have been reading some of Whitefield's sermons lately, and I am taken with them mightily; all heart, sir, all heart. And only see how successful he was. It is really astonishing."

Mr. Jones continued the conversation a little longer, and then went on his way. As he was passing the door of his aged deacon, he thought he would step in a moment. The deacon was eighty years of age, a man of old fashions, and deeply versed in theological lore. The good old man gave his pastor a cordial greeting, for he loved him, but he thought the times sadly degenerate. He took from his shelf a volume of sermons, preached some fifty years ago, and placing it in the hand of Mr. Jones, said,

"There is an interesting volume which I have been reading lately. It is a real treat to me to get hold of good old-fashioned doctrinal sermons. The fact is, Mr. Jones, you modern preachers are altogether out of the way. The *doctrines* are the very marrow of the Gospel. And it is *doctrinal preaching* that we want, to enlighten the public mind. Now I have lived eighty years, Mr. Jones, and have seen the effect of all kinds of preaching, and you *may depend upon it*, that the great thing needed is, to *have men well 'indoctrinated.'* I do think it would be a

great improvement if you would preach doctrinal sermons rather more. Shall I not lend you this volume, sir? perhaps you would like to look it over."

Mr. Jones smiled at the *delicate hint* which his good deacon supposed he was giving, and taking the book endeavored to lead the conversation to subjects of practical godliness; and after uniting with his venerable deacon in prayer, continued his parochial visits.

In the middle of this little village there was a milliner's shop, where Mr. Jones occasionally called. As Mr. Jones entered the door, he heard the voice of a female exclaim:

"Well don't you think it is very improper for a minister's wife to dress as Mrs. Jones does? Last Sabbath she had two large bows on her bonnet."

"Why, Mary," said another, "I was working last week at Mrs. Bently's, and she said that she thought it was too bad for Mrs. Jones to dress so meanly. She was finding fault with that very bonnet, and said that Mrs. Jones acted as though she thought there was sin in every pretty color."

"Well," replied Mary, "I cannot help what Mrs. Bently thinks, but I think that a minister's wife ought to avoid every ornament whatever; and if I have a good opportunity I shall make bold to tell Mrs. Jones my mind on the subject."

Mr. Jones was an unwilling listener to this conversation, and endeavored by walking about the shop to make a noise and attract their attention. But those who were talking were in the back shop, and were too much interested in the discussion to hear him. He therefore quietly left the shop and went on his way.

He walked home to his study, discouraged rather than animated by his morning walk. Hardly had he entered when a parishioner called who had been for some weeks absent from town. "I have come," said he, "to tell you the good news from Harlow. Oh they have a most precious minister there. He is the most faithful, active man I ever saw. He is all the time visiting from house to house. It appears to me that such activity and zeal as he possesses, must be successful any where. People cannot be unconcerned when the importance of religion is urged so incessantly upon them in their houses."

As Mr. Jones did not consider it necessary to enter upon

a defence of his views of duty, his good parishioner supposed that he had been rather too obscure in his hints, and was growing more personal in his allusions, when he was interrupted by the entrance of another visiter.

Mr. Henry, who last entered was a gentleman of sincere piety, and of a refined mind. He was fond of close reasoning and shrunk from every thing which was not perfectly in good taste. After the usual salutations, he said, "I had the pleasure, Mr. Jones, of hearing Dr. Simpkins preach last Sabbath. He certainly is a most eloquent man. He is a most indefatigable student. You always find him in his study. I understand that he generally studies twelve hours a day. And now he has risen to be one of the most eminent men in the country. How wretchedly those ministers mistake who fritter away their time in running about from house to house. There is the minister of Harlow, for instance; they say that he is a very friendly man, and talks very pleasantly in the family, but it is no matter what text he takes, he always preaches the same sermon. The men who live in the study and who devote their energies to the pulpit are the men who do the most good."

Now Mr. Jones, though he loved his study, thought it his duty to devote a portion of his time to parochial visiting; and as the two visitors eagerly engaged in dispute, he pleasantly suggested to them the propriety of embracing some other time and place for their discussion.

As they withdrew, Mr. Jones resolved, as he had done a thousand times before, that he would do that which appeared to him to be right in the sight of God, and most for the spiritual good of his people, and leave others to think and say what they pleased.

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### ***Be a Good Neighbor.***

A MAN wished to drain a marshy pool in his garden, and very impudently turned the water in, under the fence, to his neighbor's garden. The man whose rights were thus invaded was a christian. He said nothing, but immediately employed a man to dig a trench and provide for the removal of the water. He greeted his neighbor as

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he daily met him with his accustomed cordiality, and was more careful than ever to set him the example of integrity and high-minded generosity. Whether the man who was guilty of this meanness ever felt ashamed of his conduct we cannot tell, but this we know, that the harmony which had existed between the two families remained uninterrupted; and they lived, side by side, year after year, in perfect peace.

Said another one, who lived near by, and witnessed this transaction, "It is an outrage which I would not tolerate. I would build a strong dam by the side of my fence, and drive the water back again upon him." This is the spirit of the world. Let us see how this plan would have worked. In the first place it would have enraged the individual thus frustrated in his sordid undertaking. And the more fully conscious he was that he was in the wrong, the more would his malignity have been excited. We can better bear the injuries which others inflict upon us than the consciousness that it is our own dishonorable conduct which has involved us in difficulties. He immediately would have adopted retaliatory measures, and either have thrust his bar through the opposing wall, or have contrived some other scheme by which he might annoy his adversary. Provocations and retaliations would have ensued in rapid succession. A family feud would probably have been at once enkindled, extending to the children as well as the parents, which might never have been extinguished. Immediately there would have ensued a train of petty annoyances, leading eventually to an expensive law-suit, and embittering years of life.

As it was, the christian governed his conduct by the principles of the Gospel. He submitted to the wrong; and probably, by submitting to it in the spirit which christianity enjoins, converted the event into a blessing to himself, his family, and his neighbor. The occurrence was forgiven, and in a few days forgotten; and the family lived years, side by side, in friendship, and prosperity, and perfect peace. Is it not better to follow the advice God gives, than to surrender ourselves to the dominion of our own passions?

*A Mother's Last Hours.*

I WAS standing by the bedside of an aged and venerated mother, whose frame had been emaciated by a long and distressing illness, and whose mental powers were weakened. Life was rapidly spending. The shades of evening had set in, and ere morning should arrive, she might be no more. I had taken her hand—that hand, which in my infant days had supported my tottering steps, which had rescued me in the moment of falling—or, if fallen, had raised me up, and wiped away my tears—that hand, now feeble and cold, I had taken, and was endeavoring to impart to it the warmth of my own, when the door was softly opened, and the sound of vocal music was heard. I did not suppose she attended to it, for it was faint, and was excluded as the door again closed. But she inquired, what sound she heard; and, on being told that her daughters were singing, she requested that they might be called to sing by her bedside. They were soon present, when she inquired what tune they were singing. “Your favorite tune,” one replied, “and in your favorite words”—“The Lord my shepherd is.” “They have been comforting words to me,” said she—“will you sing them?”

Accordingly, gathering round, they began, and sung the first stanza, during which she lay listening with deep attention; but on commencing the second, she joined in, and in a faint but melodious voice accompanied them through it.

Never shall I forget the scene, the soft and plaintive air, the softened and almost suppressed voice of my sisters, that we might hear a mother once more sing a song of Zion—the occasional dying away of her voice, and then, as if animated by the sentiment, gathering strength, and gently rising on the higher notes, and prolonging the sound—never shall I forget the scene. A mother—my own mother—one whom I had loved with all the filial fondness with which a son could love a mother—so fondly—may I tell it?—that a shawl which *she* had worn would lull me in my childish days to sleep—that mother now on the verge of the grave, and her eyes soon to close in death, awaking once more, and accompanying her weeping, yet joyful children, in a song of praise.



The sound of her voice I still seem to hear, as she accompanied in still another stanza :—

While he affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear ;  
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,  
My Shepherd's with me there.

Contrary to our expectations, that night was not her last. She lingered on a few days longer—but the night came which made me motherless. Before her departure—a half hour only—and while I was again holding her hand, she opened her eyes, and lifting them to God, recited the words :—

Cast me not off when strength declines,  
When hoary hairs arise ;  
And round me let thy glory shine,  
Whene'er thy servant dies.

That mother is no more here. I *hope* I may one day see her again. I loved her, and she was worthy of my love. I believe I was kind to her ; yet, with how many children, must I say, while a mother is sleeping in the grave—“ *How much kinder I might have been !*”

### ***First and Last Visit to a Dram Shop.***

TIMOTHY TRUESDELL is the name we shall assign to a very worthy, industrious, and thriving mechanic of New-York, who became a burden to himself, a curse to his family, and a nuisance to society at large. A writer, in strong language, says of him, that during his devotion to strong drink “he would have uncorked the bottle amid the quakings and thunders of Mount Sinai, and drained it by the crater of exploding Vesuvius.” Yet this miserable and abandoned drunkard was cured—cured by a woman's love mingled with a woman's independence.

Timothy Truesdell had a wife and five beautiful children ; yet he neglected his work, squandered his earnings, which daily grew smaller, and spent his time at the pot-house, till the nigh prostration of all his faculties, or the distasteful words “no more trust!” warned him to seek the shelter of his wife's care and protection. His children could not go to school, because learning was dear and



First and Last Visit to a Dream-shop.



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rum was cheap; the landlord dunned for his rent, and Mrs. Truesdell was obliged to keep at home, as she had no dress fit to appear abroad in, having pawned the last to pay a fine imposed upon her spouse by the police court. Misery, utter destitution, and famine, stared the unhappy family in the face. It is impossible to exaggerate the picture, even had we room or inclination. Mrs. T. was a heroine, though not of romance. She loved her worthless husband, and had borne his neglect, the tears of her children, the gripe of famine, and the railing of the drunkard without repining. Never had her exertions slackened—never had a harsh word passed her lips. At night, when she put her children to sleep, she wept and watched for his coming, and when he did come, drunk, as usual, she undressed and assisted him to bed, without a murmur of reproach. At length, her courage well nigh exhausted, she resolved upon one last, desperate effort.

At night, having disposed of her three oldest children, she took the two youngest by the hand, and bent her steps to the groggery her husband was accustomed to frequent. She looked into the window, and there he sat, in the midst of his boon companions, with his pipe in his mouth and his glass in his hand. He was evidently excited, though not yet drunk. Great was the astonishment of that bad company, and enormous Mr. Truesdell's dismay and confusion, when his wife, pale as marble, and leading two tattered and barefooted babes, stepped up to the bar, called for three glasses of brandy toddy, and then sat down by his side.

"What the devil brings you here, Mary?" said he, morosely.

"It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied the meek wife. "There is no company like yours, and as you cannot come to me, I must come to you. I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this!" expostulated Tim.

"No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary. "Whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." She took up the glass of spirit.

"Surely you are not going to drink that?" asked Tim, in huge astonishment.

"Why not? You say you drink to forget sorrow, and if brandy has that effect, I am sure no living creature has so good an excuse for drinking, as I. Besides, I have not eaten a mouthful to-day, and I really need something to support my strength."

"Woman! woman! you are not going to give the children such stuff as that!"—cried Tim, as she handed each of the children a glass of liquor.

"Why not? Can children have a better example than their father's? Is not what is good for him, good for them also? It will put them to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children; this is fire, and bed, and food, and clothing. Drink—you can see how much good it does your father."

With seeming reluctance, Mary suffered her husband to conduct her home, and that night he prayed long and fervently, which he had not done before for years.

The next evening as he returned homeward with a steady step, he saw his oldest boy run into the house and heard him exclaim, "O mother, here comes father, and he is not drunk!" Tears coursed down the parent's cheek, and from that hour he has not tasted strong drink. He had never been vicious or unfeeling, and as soon as his emancipation from the thralldom of a debasing appetite became known, friends, employment, and prosperity, returned to him. As for Mrs. Truesdell, she is the happiest of women; and never thinks without joy and gratitude, of her first and last visit to the dram shop.

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### ***"If I was only."***

"If I was only rich, how much good would I do with my money!" We are not so sure about the great good you would do. We will present a scriptural statement, and lay a fact out of history by the side of it. "He that is unjust in that which is least, is unjust also in much." Now for the fact. Every body knows that every penny that escapes out of your pocket into the charity-box has a hard run for it. In other words, you do not do the good you might with what you do possess; nor anything like it. It would be but a decent expression of your benevo-

ence if you should quadruple your donations at once. We are afraid your head would be no higher above water in charitable matters than it now is, if you should become rich. Indeed, we have known people *sink*, and be absolutely drowned in the deep sea of covetousness, by the weight of their riches.

"If I only had health," says an invalid, "how happy I should be to be engaged in doing good!" But you poorly improve your present opportunities. There are twenty paths of usefulness, wide open before you, but you have not set your foot upon one of them. You have formed the habit of making your ill health a plea for neglecting many ways of doing good, fairly accessible. You are not cultivating a cheerful and happy resignation to the will of God. You are not improving your affliction to increase the spirituality of your own mind. You are not, therefore, showing to others the sustaining power of religion, and making the happy impression you might, in behalf of the value of piety. Your seclusion from the activity and bustle of life, gives you some important advantages to cultivate a heavenly mind, and the ills you suffer are divinely appointed agents of your increased sanctification. But if present opportunities of usefulness to your own soul, and of glorifying God in the sight of others, are neglected, what reason have you for discrediting the divine declaration, "he that is unjust in that which is least, is unjust also in much."

"If I was only distinguished, and had office and honor among men, I would make my influence felt on the side of religion." You have now one of the highest and most important offices in the universe; certainly there are none higher in this world. You are a professor of religion—that is an office. The King of kings has created it, and put you into it. You belong to the Great Monarch's household. You are one of the royal family. You would not get any higher glory by becoming a statesman or an emperor. "But I should have a larger sphere of usefulness." But you do not fill your present sphere according to its full claims. You dare not affirm that you are every thing a member of Christ's family ought to be. You had better not pine for a continent when you cultivate an *acre so poorly*. If eternal realities now exert so small an

influence over you, we fear that by rising to the pinnacle of human greatness you would lose sight of them altogether. The scenery of eternity is not best viewed from these heights. It is out of sight entirely to most that ride upon the high places of the earth.

"If I was only,"—pardon the intrusion—but we should like to fill out the sentence for you. "If I was only a better dresser of the vineyard I now occupy—a more faithful servant in the use of what the Lord has already entrusted to me, I should not want for honor or happiness." No. The fact is, that the cravings of your mind for some other sphere, are a proof that you are not faithfully occupying the one now allotted you. Due attention to that would so take up your heart that it would have no time for the absurd vagaries and groundless fancies in which you now indulge. "This is the raving, sickly humor of our minds," says Leighton, "and speaks their weakness, as sick persons that would still change their bed, or posture, or place of abode, thinking to be better. But a *staid* mind applies itself to the duties of its own station, and seeks to glorify him that set it there, revering his wisdom in disposing of it so. And there is a certainty of a blessed approbation of this conduct, be thy station never so low. It is not the high condition, but much fidelity that secures it. *Thou hast been faithful in a LITTLE.*"

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### *Coming to Christ.*

Do not some of you, my young readers, feel unwilling to come to the Savior, because you think that you do not feel a sufficient interest in the subject. You know that you are sinners, and would like to be free from sin. You would like such a friend as I describe the Savior to be, but you have no sufficiently strong conviction, and you think the promises are not for you.

Or, perhaps, some of you, though you feel a deep interest in the subject, may be discouraged and disheartened by the sins you feel constantly committing, and by your repeatedly broken resolutions. You think the Savior must be wearied out with your continual backsliding

and sins, and you are ready to give up the contest, and to think that final holiness and peace are not for you.

Now there are, throughout our land, vast multitudes who are vainly endeavoring to make their hearts better, in order to recommend themselves to their Savior's care. You must, indeed, endeavor, by every effort, to make your heart better, but not as a means of recommending yourself to the Savior. Come to him at once, just as you are, and seek his sympathy and assistance in the work.

Inquirers after the path of piety, are very slow to learn that the Savior is the friend of sinners. They will not learn that he comes to help us while we are in our trials and difficulties, not after we get out of them. How many say in their hearts, I must overcome this sin, or free myself from that temptation, and then I will come to the Savior. I must have clearer views of my own sins, or deeper penitence, or awaken true love to God in my heart, and then, but not till then, can I expect Christ to be my friend. What? do you suppose that it is the office of Jesus Christ to stand aloof from the struggling sinner, until he has, by his own unaided strength, and without assistance or sympathy, finished the contest, and then only to come and offer his congratulations after the victory is won. Is this such a Savior as you imagine the Bible to describe?

At the door of one of the chambers in which you reside, you hear a mourning sound, as of one in distress. You enter hastily, and find a sick man writhing in pain, and struggling alone with his sufferings. As soon as you understand the case, you say to him,

"We must send for a physician immediately, there is one at the next door, who will come in a moment."

"Oh, no," groans the sufferer, "I am in no state to send for a physician. My head aches dreadfully. I am almost distracted with pain. I fear I am dangerously ill."

"Then we must have a physician immediately," you reply. "Run, and call him," you say, turning to an attendant, "ask him to come as soon as possible."

"Oh, stop! stop!" says the sick man, "wait till I get a little easier. My breath is very short, and my pulse very feeble, and besides, I have been growing worse and worse *every half hour* for some time, and I am afraid there is



no hope for me. Wait a little while, and *perhaps I may* feel better, and then I will send for him."

You would turn after hearing such words, and say in a gentle voice to the attendant, "He is wandering in mind. Call a physician immediately."

Now Jesus Christ is a physician. He comes to heal your sins. If you wish to be healed come to him *at once*, just as you are. The soul that waits for purer motives, or for a deeper sense of guilt, or for a stronger interest in the subject, before it comes to Christ, is a sick person waiting for health before he sends for a physician. Jesus Christ came to help you in *obtaining these feelings*, not to receive you after you have made yourself holy without him. You have, I well know, great and arduous struggles to make with sin. Just as certainly as you attempt them alone, you will become discouraged and fall. Come to the Savior before you begin, then, for I do assure you, you will need help.

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### ***The Generous Indian.***

ABOUT the year 1784 or 1785, Mr. Andrew Rowan, uncle of the present Hon. John Rowan, of Louisville, embarked in a barge at the Falls of the Ohio, where Louisville now stands, with a party, to descend the river. The boat having stopped at the Yellow Banks, on the Indian side, some distance below, Mr. Rowan borrowed a rifle of one of the company, stepped on shore and strolled into the bottom, probably rather in pursuit of amusement than game; for, from always having been of a feeble constitution and averse to action, he knew not how to use a rifle, and besides had with him but the single charge of ammunition which was in the gun. He unconsciously protracted his stay beyond what he intended; and returning to the spot where he had landed, saw nothing of the boat nor the company he had left. It being a time of hostility with the Indians, and suspicions of their approach having alarmed the party, they had put off and made down the stream with all possible haste, not daring to linger for their companion on shore.

Mr. R. now found himself alone on the banks of the

Ohio, a vast and trackless forest stretching around him, with but one charge of powder, and himself too unskilled in the use of the rifle to profit even by that, and liable at any moment to fall into the hands of the savages. The nearest settlement of the whites was Vincennes, (now in Indiana) distant probably about one hundred miles. Shaping his course as nearly as he could calculate for this, he commenced his perilous and hopeless journey. Unaccustomed to traveling in the forest, he soon lost all reckoning of his way, and wandered about at a venture. Impelled by the gnawings of hunger, he discharged his rifle at a deer that happened to pass near him, but missed it. The third day found him still wandering, whether toward Vincennes or from it, he knew not—exhausted, famished, and despairing. Several times had he laid down, as he thought, to die. Roused by the sound of a gun not far distant, betokening, as he well knew the presence of the Indians, he proceeded towards the spot whence the report had proceeded, resolved as a last hope of life, to surrender himself to those whose tender mercies he knew to be cruel.

Advancing a short distance he saw an Indian approaching, who, on discovering him—as the first impulse was on any alarm, with both the whites and the Indians on the frontiers, in time of hostilities—drew up his rifle to his shoulder, in readiness to fire. Mr. R. turned the butt of his, and the Indian, with French politeness, turned the butt of his also. They approached each other. The Indian, seeing his pale and emaciated appearance, and understanding the cause, took him to his wigwam, a few miles distant, where he cooked for him several days, and treated him with the greatest hospitality. Then learning from him by signs that he wished to go to Vincennes, the Indian immediately left his hunting, took his rifle and a small stock of provisions, and conducted him in safety to that settlement, a distance from his cabin of about eighty miles.

Having arrived there, and wishing to reward well the generous Indian to whom he owed his life, Mr. R. made arrangements with a merchant of the settlement, to whom he made himself known, to give him three hundred dollars. But the Indian would not receive a farthing

When made to understand by Mr. R., through an interpreter, that he could not be happy unless he would accept something, he replied, pointing to a new blanket near him, that he would take that; and added, wrapping his own blanket around his shoulders, "when I wrap myself in it, I will think of you."

Where was there ever a white man, that even in time of peace, would have so befriended an Indian?

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### *A Temptation.*

I HAD the pleasure, a short time since, of passing a few days with a friend of my earlier years, whom, for a long time, I had not seen. In the interval, he had become settled, and had now a family of six fine children growing up around him. The eldest was a daughter, who might be fourteen or fifteen years of age; the youngest, a son about four.

My friend and his wife were both professors of religion, and appeared desirous, so far as I could judge, of exemplifying in their lives the spirit of the gospel, and especially of bringing up their children "in the fear, nurture, and admonition of the Lord."

The day following my arrival was the Sabbath. Its morning was appropriately spent in reading the Scriptures, in family prayer, and religious conversation. Not long after breakfast, the youngest child, the little boy above mentioned, was suddenly found to be missing. Inquiry was made for him, but as it proved unsuccessful, a degree of solicitude, at length, began to be felt, and the search became more vigorous. He had on several occasions strolled away to a neighbor's, where a child of his own age lived, and more frequently had gone unattended, to pay his aged grandmother a visit, who lived at no great distance down the hill. To one of these places, it soon occurred, that he might have wandered, though it was unusual for him thus to play truant on the Sabbath. The father, taking his hat, said he would step abroad, and fetch him home.

Before the father's return, however, the little absentee was found. He had purloined an orange belonging to

his eldest sister; and, conscious of the trespass he was committing, had secreted himself quite securely in an adjoining room behind a bed. He had heard the call of his mother, and the inquiries of the other members of the family; but, either from a sense of guilt, or too much engrossed with the pleasure of his lucious feast, he had paid no attention to the oft repeated summons. At length, a little sister, a couple of years older than himself raising the vase made the important discovery. It was immediately announced by her shrill tones, and delighted exclamation; and almost in the next moment the whole group of children were peeping under the vase, which the discoverer still held raised. There cross-legged sat the thief at his meal. For a moment, he paused, as was natural, and joined in the good-natured titter of the well-pleased throng. But it was only for a moment that he consented to any interruption; but now ate the faster, evidently wishing to prolong the pleasurable feast he was enjoying, and yet conscious that its approaching termination was at hand.

"Ah! you rogue—you rogue," exclaimed one of the sisters.

"Whose orange have you got?" Inquired a second.

"He looks cunning enough," said the little sister, who had discovered him—"why John!"

At this moment, the mother, who had been in search of her boy in a different direction entered the room. Being myself quite at home in my friend's house, and attracted by the interesting scene going on, I ventured to look in upon the actors myself.

"See here, mother, see here"—exclaimed the above little girl, "we've found him—here he is, under the bed"—again drawing aside the vase.

The mother stooped, as was necessary to see him; and, hastily stepping forward, I imitated her example. I shall not soon forget the sight. He was a fat little figure, with a fine plump face, and had quirked himself up in the corner, and with his orange in his grasp looked much, I could fancy, like a young squirrel in the woods. He had nearly eaten up the "golden apple"—but the liquid juice of the remnant, under the pressure of his hands, and his lips, was running in currents on each side of his mouth

"Don't he look cunning, mother?" said the delighted little sister—"I'm sure he does."

It was impossible to repress a smile, as he crept forth from his hiding place, at the bidding of his mother; who now taking his hand led him into the sitting room.

Thinks I to myself here is a difficult case to manage. Some of "sterner stuff" may think otherwise; but in my own mind it required no little decision and parental faithfulness to treat it as it deserved. There was a cunning about the whole transaction, especially in his looks and actions when discovered, which was calculated to disarm a fond parent. Many a parent, I doubt not would have accorded with the expression of John's little sister, and felt that it was "too cunning a trick" to admit of being censured. A gentle reproof—"you are a naughty child"—or "you must not do so again"—would perhaps by most parents have been deemed sufficient. And this reproof would have been accompanied by a half-surpressed smile—a kind of mingled expression of admiration and reproach; but the admiration so predominating as to have entirely neutralized the censure, and virtually to have operated as a stimulus to future transgression.

But it was not so managed in the present instance. On reaching the sitting room, she bid the children be seated, and began to inquire—

"John, my son, was that your orange, which you were eating?"

"No ma'am," said John.

"Whose was it?"

"Caroline's."

"And did Caroline give it to you?"

He hesitated, and the question was repeated—

"Did Caroline give you the orange, my son?"

"No ma'am."

"And how came you to take it?"

"I wanted it, ma'am."

"But you had no right to it. It was not yours. Had Caroline taken your orange, would you have thought it right? You are quite a small boy, but you have done wrong; and now tell me, my son, do you not feel that you have done wrong?"

es, ma'am," said he—now hanging his head and trying to twist his little fingers in his mouth.

es, my child you did very wrong. The Bible says "thou shalt not steal," and it bids us "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy," but you have not done so; you have offended God and you have displeased me, and you have set a bad example. And besides you knew you were doing wrong; you felt guilty. and because you felt guilty you hid yourself behind the bed, and I called you, you did not come: and here again I gave another command, which says, "children, obey your parents." Your little sister thought you looked angry: but I hope that little sister will never think so. You tried by your looks and actions to smooth over the bad deed,--Ah! you have done very wrong. Your father will be home soon, and I must tell him. I am sure he will be displeased; but what he will think or be done, I cannot say."

and remained in the room thus long, and had attended with great satisfaction to the appropriate manner in which this faithful mother had treated a delicate case. Thinking it no longer courteous to stay, especially as the father was now at hand, and might wish to be alone with his family, I retired to my chamber. As to the proper discipline I was not informed; but from the lessons of maternal faithfulness which I had witnessed, and the reference of the matter to the father, I could not but feel that the occasion was seized to administer appropriate discipline and advice.

On reaching my chamber, I could not but reflect on the numerous similar occurrences in almost every family, and upon the importance of parental faithfulness in relation to them. They indeed often appear trivial; and connected as they not unfrequently are with a kind of cunning, bespeaking more than complicity in the child, are wont to be passed by, not without censure, but even with applause. Yet, more minutely examined, instead of appearing trifling, they will wear the aspect of serious evils. We are apt to be amused with show. We forget that the most beautiful weed may send forth a beautiful flower; that the most attracting exterior may lurk the darkest

designs. So behind the curtain of these pretty infantile tricks, these amusing transgressions, may lie the germ of all future disobedience. They may be the prelude to a wide departure from the path of truth and duty, the first overflowings of a fountain which will ultimately send forth bitterness and death. Let it not be thought, then, that these early transgressions are small matters. They are an indication of the "man of sin" within ; true, that man may be yet ungrown, but give him exercise—ad minister aliment, and he will attain, in process of time, to the strength and daring of Goliath of Gath. The small theft of an orange, unrebuked in a child, may lead that child in maturer years to crimes to be expiated only in the solitude of a prison, or by the infamy and agony of the gallows. It was an humbler fruit

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—whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe.

Parents cannot, therefore, be too sagacious in marking the early actions of their children, which involve violations of the principles of truth and honesty and uprightness ; nor too faithful in counteracting the strong tendency to such violations, which they will ever perceive in their children. No more sacred duty exists ; no greater parental obligation can be imposed. The faithful discharge of this duty may be connected with the eternal weal of our children. Kindly and conscientiously performed, the attended blessing of God may be anticipated with nearly the same certainty, that if wheat be sowed, wheat will be harvested ; but if neglected, tares only will grow—vicious fruit only succeed, unless a Providence more kind than parental apathy, shall itself sow a better seed, and cultivate a neglected soil. He that sows to the flesh—to the carnal mind of his child—shall as surely reap corruption in respect to that child, as he will in respect to himself. If we would reap everlasting life for ourselves and our children, we must sow unto the *spirit*.

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### ***The Converted Husband.***

**IN a village in one of the New England States, some**

years since, at the commencement of a powerful revival of religion, among other individuals who came to converse with their minister upon religious topics, was a Mrs. B., the mother of a large and interesting family. Two of her children were already grown to maturity. She informed her pastor that she had entertained a hope of an interest in the Savior for sixteen years; but that she had been induced to defer uniting herself to the people of God by the remonstrances of her husband. By his great kindness, he had acquired such an ascendancy over her affections, that to please him, had been, she feared, the chief object of her wishes and pursuits. Within a few weeks, her eyes had been opened to perceive the superior claims of the gospel. She now realized for the first time that her husband and children were traveling the broad road together. They had never reared a family altar.

Although from custom they frequented the house of God on the Sabbath, yet the truths of the Bible had never found a lodgment in any of their hearts. She now felt satisfied that it was her duty to take up her cross, and to follow Christ. "I have been deluded," said Mrs. B., "by the belief that my way was hedged up by an insurmountable obstacle. I have substituted the good opinion of my husband for the approbation and smiles of my Savior." "I advise you to converse with your husband on the subject," said her minister. Mrs. B. replied, "I have of late repeatedly urged my husband to yield his consent; but he says if I profess religion, he will never live with me another day. Though I fear the consequences of going forward in the way that my conscience dictates, may be painful, yet I fear still more the evils that threaten my family, if I continue to neglect a known and positive duty." Her minister promised to propound her for admission.

On returning home from worship, on the day that she was received into the church, Mr. B. told his wife, as she knew his mind on the subject of her professing religion, he should be consistent with his former declarations, and ordered separate lodgings to be prepared for him that night. His wife silently and implicitly acceded to his wishes.

The next morning he told his family that imperious business called him from home to be absent for a few days.



His horses and carriage were soon in subdience, and he hastily and abruptly left his dwelling.

Mrs. B. now felt the necessity of exercising that faith which is an anchor to the soul. But she said within herself, "Shall a man complain for the punishment of his sins?"

Immediately on Mr. B.'s leaving home, Mrs. B. requested her eldest daughter to manage the household concerns in the best manner she was able, that she might herself enjoy the privilege of retiring, with her Bible, to her closet. The day was spent in fasting and prayer, and in reading lessons of heavenly wisdom from the word of God.

To her great joy, every page seemed to be illumined as with a sunbeam. She now felt that she could endure the loss of all things for the sake of him who bore her sins in his own body on the tree. Her soul, though elevated above the perishable things of time and sense, was in heaviness at the thought of an eternal separation from him she so dearly loved—from the companion of her youth, and perhaps too, from her beloved children. She upbraided herself as an accessory, if not the guilty occasion of their life of worldliness; for had she fulfilled the sacred obligations imposed by an early hope of reconciliation to God, her husband and her children might, long since, have been devout worshippers in the courts of the Lord.

It was nearly sunset, when the noise of rattling wheels arrested her attention. Till now, no external object had disturbed her thoughts. The door suddenly opened, and her husband stood pale and trembling by her side.

"My dear wife," he exclaimed, "can you forgive your misguided husband? I have learnt by sad experience this day, by the way side, that my opposition against you originated in hostility to the claims of God. Can you forgive me, and will you supplicate the forgiveness of God for me? for I have no cloak or excuse for the least of my sins."

Under an overwhelming sense of the goodness of God, in thus subduing and enlightening the mind of her dearest earthly friend, they prostrated themselves in the attitude of prayer, and wept, and confessed before the Lord their sins of heart and life. Mr. B. informed his wife, that on

leaving her in the morning, he went in direct opposition to the dictates of an enlightened conscience; that her silent and acquiescent conduct proved to him indubitably the efficacy of religion; and when contrasted with his own feelings, then "lashed into a storm," his soul was filled with shame and remorse. At times he expected to be dashed to the ground; twice he alighted from his carriage, and falling upon his knees, he would have confessed his sin and guilt; but his mind was dark and his heart was hard. He faintly ejaculated, "God be merciful to me a sinner." But on resuming his seat in the carriage, with an involuntary grasp he held the reins, as if his horses were hurrying him forward with uncommon velocity. His business was at M., sixteen miles distant from his home. At eleven o'clock he had progressed but eight miles on his way. Under a horse-shed he tried to compose his mind, but in vain; he found himself wholly incapable of attending to any worldly business. He endeavored to rid himself of such uncomfortable reflections as crowded upon his mind with a force which he was unable to resist. For several hours, he felt like the guilty murderer flying from justice. At length he perceived that his opposition to God had manifested itself by the indulgence of ill will towards his affectionate wife. He resolved at once to return home, and ingenuously confess to her, and ask her forgiveness. On doing so, the scales of unbelief fell from his eyes, and tears of gratitude and penitence flowed in abundance.

Mr. B. immediately resolved on a religious life, which he determined to commence by rearing a family altar. But he had a stammering tongue; and so slow was his speech, that he trembled, lest, in his attempt to honor God, he might expose himself to the ridicule of his grown up sons, and other adult members of his family. He hesitated and delayed. His business at M. yet unaccomplished, was really pressing, and demanded immediate attention. He retired to his closet to ask the Lord to assist him in the duty of family prayer on the following Friday. But his mouth was shut. How could he ask the Lord to assist him to do a duty on Friday, which he might not live to perform then, and which was manifestly a present duty? He saw the inconsistency of such

a petition. He rose from his knees, went in pursuit of Mrs. B., and related to her the exercises of his mind. He then told her, that if she would bring out the little stand, and the great Bible, and would assemble the family, he would try to perform the duty of family worship, let the sacrifice of feeling be what it might. Mrs. B.'s emotions of gratitude and joy were indescribable. She hastened to execute this glad commission.

As this father bowed himself, with solemn awe, before the majesty of heaven and earth, a breathless silence pervaded the youthful spectators of this affecting scene, and for the first time in their life, they realized a present Deity. The Spirit of the Lord came down and sat upon their hearts, the effect of whose operations was like that of the refiner's fire, and of fuller's soap. Who can measure the extent of that change, which, within a few days, had been wrought in a family whose hearts had so long been wedded to their idols? The tongue of the stammerer, now unfettered, was employed in anthems of praise for redeeming love and mercy; and the exclamation rose involuntarily to the lips of every beholder; "What hath God wrought!"

Mr. and Mrs. B. were now, with one heart, as sedulously and as perseveringly engaged in their efforts for the salvation of their whole family, as they had formerly been to secure for them a portion in the perishable things of time; and their efforts were not in vain in the Lord.

On learning the subsequent history of this family, who will not rejoice in view of the timely *decision* of Mrs. B.? Both parents, and all the children except two, have in rapid succession paid the debt of nature, leaving behind them satisfactory evidence that they had experienced the grace of God, which bringeth salvation, in answer to the prayers of a *decided christian* mother.

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### *Ministerial Authority a Hundred Years Ago.*

In a certain town in the State of Connecticut, about a hundred years ago, the following usage prevailed. When

ever a child, or youth, was discovered playing, or in any way disturbing the order of public worship, the minister would pause, and calling him by name, would publicly direct him to repair to his house on Monday morning, to give an account of his conduct. In the study of the minister, the offence with its aggravating or mitigating circumstances, was canvassed, and such admonition and discipline imparted to the offender, as the overseer of his flock deemed wise. So well established was this order of things, that few if any parents demurred sending their children; nor would a child have presumed to decline obeying the summons of the sacred functionary.

It happened one Sabbath, that a certain boy named Charles ———, then about twelve years of age, played during divine service. The eye of the minister caught the action;—he paused, and audibly pronouncing his name, directed him to come to his house on Monday morning, at nine o'clock. His parents were present, and were witnesses, if not of the offence, of the solemn summons.

What was said by them to their son after service, is not stated but it was at once admitted that the call must be obeyed. Accordingly, the following morning, his mother directed him to put on his Sunday suit, and prepare to go to Mr. C——'s. When ready, and about to go, she thus addressed him:

“Charles, you now see what you suffer for being a naughty boy, and for playing at meeting. You have grieved your father and mother, and greatly displeased Mr. C——. Go to him, my son, and confess your fault; and more than all, ask forgiveness of God, whose command you have broken. I know you feel bad, but you deserve to suffer. Your conduct no one can justify, and you yourself would condemn in another what you have done.”

“Mother,” said Charles, “will you not go with me?”

“No, my child,” she replied, “you must go alone; and tell Mr. C—— that neither your father nor mother wish to screen you, and do you submit to whatever punishment he may inflict upon you.”

With a heavy heart, Charles proceeded to Mr. C——'s. *Having reached the house he went round to the back*

door, and gave out or two gentle taps. Then he did as he afterwards said in the hope that no one would hear him, and that he might be able to say, that he knocked and found no one to admit him. There was he tempted to screen himself; but the rap, gentle as it was, was heard heard by Mrs. C——, who happened to be near by, and who opened the door. Before her stood Charles—she knew him well, and immediately inquired:

"Charles, is it you? and what do you want?"

"Mr. C—— told me," said the guilty boy, "to come and see him this morning."

"Oh! you are the boy that played at meeting yesterday; are you? Mr. C—— is in his study; I will speak to him."

Accordingly, advancing to the chamber stairs, she called to her husband. "Mr. C——, here is Charles——, who played at meeting yesterday, come to see you."

"Tell him to come up to my study."

Charles soon stood in the presence of the kind-hearted, but now somewhat stern Mr. C——. Laying aside his pen, he cast a severe look upon the offender; but noticing his meek and humble mien, immediately relaxed all appearance of the judge, and gently drawing Charles towards him, mildly inquired:

"Charles, can you repeat the fourth commandment?"

"Yes, sir. *Remember the Sabbath day,*" &c.

"And did you not break this commandment yesterday, when you played in meeting?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, and are you sorry that you broke one of God's commands?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you feel willing to ask God to forgive you?"

"Yes, sir."

Other questions followed, and were answered by Charles to the acceptance of Mr. C——, who was satisfied, as well he might be, of the sincere repentance and good resolutions of the offender. At length Mr. C—— inquired:

"Charles, who sent you here?"

"My mother."

“And was she not sorry that her son should play on God’s holy day, and that in the house of God?”

“She was ; and she told me to tell you, that neither she nor father wished to screen me.”

“Charles,” said the worthy divine, “Charles, you should be thankful for such a mother. Can you repeat the fifth commandment?”

“*Honor thy father and thy mother,*” &c.

“Well, now look at it, Charles ; when you play on the Sabbath, you offend God, who says, ‘*Remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy* ;’—and you offend your parents, and then you break the fifth commandment, which says, ‘*Honor thy father and thy mother*.’ Are you willing to promise, that you will never play in meeting again?”

“Yes, sir ; I never will.”

“Now, my son, you may go ; and remember your promise.

Upon this, Mr. C—— arose, and opening the study door, called with quite a strong voice—

“Mrs. C——, here is Charles coming down ; give him a piece of cake. He says he is sorry for playing yesterday at meeting, and has promised that he will never do so again.”

Charles took his cake and retired. In after years he often related the above incident ; and always added that his interview with Mr. C—— was, through the grace of God, blessed to his good. At first, his distress, which was great, arose from the fear of the man ; but the kind and affectionate manner of Mr. C——’s address, added to the serious questions which he asked, at length convinced him of the dishonor which he had done to God. Never afterwards did he exhibit a light or irreverent manner in the sanctuary ; and in maturer years, and upon other occasions, the faithful dealings of Mr. C—— had its influence upon his conduct.

Such was the custom a hundred years ago in the town of ———. Who admits not that it was a salutary custom ? What friend to the order of divine worship, and the proper observance of the Sabbath, would not wish it had descended to the present time ?

Ministers have no such authority in these days. So

influence and authority? C  
diminution? Are ministers le  
merly? Are they less holy  
more ready to sanction light a  
house of God?

Who will pretend it? Yet  
choly truth, that ministers ha  
such authority, as in the days c  
for ourselves, we trace their lo  
parents themselves.

Who believes not that it is in  
and guardians of any town in t  
establish the above custom in a  
a minister was assured of the co  
the parents and guardians of h  
practice—would he hesitate?  
happy results be anticipated?  
land the firmness; and let me  
mother of Charles; especially  
would our churches be so ofte  
But in the present state of societ  
prevails, what clergyman migh  
who should summon by name a  
the presence of the audience to  
his conduct?

and irregularity ; besides, "how decent and how wise" for parents and children to sit *together* at the feet of Jesus—the former by their serious deportment and attention, to show the latter in what estimation they regard the Sabbath, the sanctuary, and the truth of God.

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### ***The Real "Temperance Cordial."***

"WELL," said Andrew Furlong to James Lacey, "well! that ginger cordial, of all the things that I ever tasted, is the nicest and warmest. It's beautiful stuff, and so cheap."

"What good does it do you, Andrew? And what want have you of it?" Inquired James Lacey.

"What good does it do me?" Repeated Andrew rubbing his forehead in a manner that showed he was perplexed by the question; 'why no great good, to be sure; and I can't say I've any want of it; for since I became a member of the Total Abstinence Society, I've lost the megrim in my head and the weakness I used to have about my heart. I'm as strong and hearty in myself as any one can be, God be praised! And sure, James, neither of us could turn out in such a coat as this, this time twelvemonth."

"And that's true," replied James, "but we must remember, that if leaving off whiskey enables us to show a good habit, taking to 'ginger cordial,' or any thing of that kind will soon wear a hole in it."

"You are always full of your fun," replied Andrew. "How can you prove that?"

"Easy enough," said James. "Intoxication was the worst part of a whiskey drinking habit; but it was not the only bad part. It spent TIME, and it spent what well managed time always gives, money. Now, though they do say—mind I'm not quite sure about it, for they may put things in it they don't own to, and your eyes look brighter, and your cheek more flushed than if you had been drinking nothing stronger than milk or water—but they do say that ginger cordials, and all kinds of cordials, do not intoxicate. I will grant this, but you cannot deny that they waste both time and money."

"Oh, brother!" exclaimed Andrew, "I only went with



—a glory and an honor.  
silver shilling into coppers  
a stone of potatoes—that's  
manage to keep things cool  
won't have the heart to men  
with a sly smile, "that I ca  
parance cordials myself."

"You!" shouted Andrew  
are to be blaming me, and th  
taken to them yourself. B  
hole in your coat? Oh, to  
good manager?"

"Indeed," answered Jame  
good manager eighteen mont  
I was in rags, never at my w  
dom on Tuesday. My poo  
Mary, often bore hard words;  
own it, I fear still harder blow  
my senses. My children we  
creatures, disputing a potatoe  
to keep to pay the rent, well I  
it. Now——"

"But the cordial?" interrup  
Sure I believe every word of  
is as true as the gospel; ain'  
stands, at this moment

A heavy shadow passed over James's face, for he saw that there must have been something hotter than even ginger in the "temperance cordial," as it was falsely called, that Andrew had taken, or else he would have endeavored to save lost time, not to waste more; and he thought how much better the real temperance cordial was, that, instead of warming the brain, only warms the heart.

"No," he replied after a pause; I must go and finish what I was about; but this evening at seven o'clock, meet me at the end of our lane, and then I'll be very happy of your company."

Andrew was sorely puzzled to discover what James' cordial could be, and was forced to confess to himself that he hoped it would be different from what he had taken that afternoon, which certainly had made him feel confused and inactive.

At the appointed hour the friends met in the lane.

"Which way do we go," inquired Andrew.

"Home," was James' brief reply.

"Oh, you take it at home?" said Andrew.

"I make it at home," answered James.

"Well," observed Andrew, "that's very good of the woman that owns ye. How, mine takes on so about a drop of any thing, that she's as hard almost on the cordials, as she used to be on the whiskey.

"My Mary helps to make mine," observed James.

"And do you bottle it, or keep it on draught?" inquired Andrew; very much interested in the "cordial" question.

James laughed very heartily at this, and answered:

"Oh, I keep mine on draught—always on draught; there's nothing like having a plenty of a good thing, so I keep mine alway's on draught; and then James laughed again, and so heartily that Andrew thought surely his real temperance cordial must contain something quite as strong as what he had blamed him for taking.

James's cottage door was open, and as they approached it, they saw a good deal of what was going forward within. A square table placed in the centre of the little kitchen, was covered by a clean white cloth—knives, forks and plates for the whole family, were ranged upon it.

they had done that day.  
had achieved the heel of a  
father to come and see how  
cabbages; while another at  
tion, and volunteered to do  
which he had just cleaned.  
more real than it does in a  
wasted in large rooms; it is  
love in a small space; a gr  
narrow walls, and compress  
Is it not a blessed thing that  
come enlarged by the affection  
ant within his sphere is as  
lasting as sweet, as the love o  
best and purest affections will  
poorest worldly soil? And th  
be happy?

James felt all this and more  
tage, and was thankful to God,  
and taught him what a number  
were within even his humble  
without sin. He stood, a poor,  
the sacred temple of his home  
warm heart of an Irishman, beati  
ing with joy.

"I told you . . .

temperance cordial ? And is it not always on draught, flowing from an ever-filling fountain ? Am I not right, Andrew ; and will you not forthwith take my receipt ; and make it for yourself ? You will never wish any other ; it is warmer than ginger and sweeter than annisseed. I am sure you will agree with me, that a loving wife, in the enjoyment of the humble comforts which an industrious, sober husband can bestow ; smiling, healthy, well-clad children ; and a clean cabin, where the fear of God banishes all other fears—make the true temperance cordial !”

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### ***Dr. Payson and the Lawyer.***

A LADY, who was the common friend of Mrs. Payson and of the wife of a distinguished lawyer of Portland, was sojourning in the family of the latter. After the friends of the respective families had interchanged several “calls,” Mrs. ——— was desirous of receiving a formal visit from Mrs. Payson ; but to effect this Mr. Payson must also be invited ; and how to prevail with her husband to tender an invitation was the great difficulty. He had been accustomed to associate experimental religion with meanness, and of course felt or affected great contempt for Mr. Payson, as if it were impossible for a man of his religion to be also a man of talents. He knew by report something of Mr. Payson’s practice on such occasions, and dreading to have his house the scene of what appeared to him a gloomy interview, resisted his wife’s proposal as long as he could, and retain the character of a gentleman.

When he gave his consent, it was with the positive determination that Mr. Payson should not converse on religion, nor ask a blessing over his food, nor offer a prayer in his house. He collected his forces and made his preparation in conformity with this purpose, and when the appointed day arrived, received his guest very pleasantly, and entered at once into animated conversation, determined, by obtruding his own favorite topics, to forestall the divine. It was not long before the latter discovered his object, and summoned together his powers to defeat it. He plied them with that skill and address for

which he was remarkable; still, for some time victory inclined to neither side, to both alternately. The lawyer not long before had returned from Washington city, where he had spent several weeks on business, at the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Payson instituted some inquiries respecting sundry personages there and among others, the chaplain of the house of representatives.

The counselor had heard him perform the devotional services in that assembly. "How did you like him?" Not at all; he appeared to have more regard to them around him than he did to his Maker." Mr. Payson was very happy to see him recognise the distinction between praying to God and praying to be heard of men, and let fall a series of weighty observations on prayer, passing into a strain of remark which, without taking the form, had all the effect on the lawyer's conscience of a personal application. From a topic so unwelcome he strove to divert the conversation, and every few minutes would start something as wide from it as the east is from the west. But, as often as he wandered, his guest would dexterously and without violence bring him back; and as often as he was brought back he would wander again. At length the trying moment, which was to turn the scale, arrived. The time for the evening repast had come; a servant had entered with the tea and its accompaniments; the master of the feast became unusually eloquent, resolved to engross the conversation, to hear no question or reply, to allow no interval for "grace," and to give no indication by the eye, the hand, or the lips, that he expected or wished for such a service. Just as the distribution was on the very point of commencing, Mr. Payson interposed the question—"What writer has said the devil invented the fashion of carrying round tea, to prevent a blessing being asked?" Our host felt himself "cornered," but making a virtue of necessity, promptly replied—"I don't know what writer it is; but if you please, we will foil the devil this time: "Will you ask a blessing, sir?" A blessing of course was asked, and he brooked as well as he could this first certain defeat, still resolved not to sustain another by the offering of thanks on closing the repast. But in this too he was disappointed. By some well-toned sentiment of his reverend guest, he was

brought into such a dilemma that he could not, without absolute rudeness, decline asking him to return thanks. And thus he contested every inch of his ground till the visit terminated. But at every stage the minister proved too much for the lawyer. He sustained his character as a minister of religion, and gained his point in every thing; and that, too, with so admirable a tact, in every way so natural and unconstrained, and with such respectful deference to his host, that the latter could not be displeased, except with himself. Mr. Payson not only acknowledged God on the reception of food, but read the scriptures and prayed before separating from the family—and did it, too, at the request of the master, though this request was made, in every successive instance, in violation of a fixed purpose.

The chagrin of this disappointment, however, eventually became the occasion of his greatest joy. His mind was never entirely at ease, till he found peace in believing. Often did he revert with devout thankfulness to God, to the visit which had occasioned his mortification; and ever after regarded with more than common veneration and respect the servant of God, whom he had once despised, and was glad to receive his ministrations in exchange for those on which he had formerly attended.

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### *Habit.*

A GENTLEMAN, one day, overtook a traveler moving slowly along under the great inconvenience of a heavy stone in his pocket. "My friend," said the gentleman, as he observed the stone weighing his coat down on one side, and greatly impeding his progress, "why do you travel with such a heavy burden at your side, I perceive you travel with much difficulty?" "What! this stone in my pocket," said he, "I would not part with it for anything." "Would not! why?" said the other. "Why?" said he, "because my father carried it before me; they got along very well with it, and I wish to follow in their steps." "Do you derive any benefit from it?" asked the gentleman. "None, that I know of, only keeping up the good old custom," said he. "Did they derive any?" ask-

ed the other. "I don't know, only they always carried it," said he, "and so will I."

The gentleman walked on, saying to himself, "I love, indeed, to see the good old customs of our fathers honored if it was only out of respect to their memory, but, really, if my father had carried a stone in his pocket, I think I should pay greater respect to his memory in laying it aside, and saying nothing about it, than by carrying such a testimony to his frailty with me through life." As he still walked on, he began to think, "now this man, unwise as he seems, is not more so than many others, perhaps not more than myself." So he began to cast about in his mind, what habits he had, which were no better than stones in his pocket. "Here, in the first place," said he, "is the use of tobacco, chewing, smoking, taking snuff—old habits—old habits—of what use are they to me? Mere stones in my pocket—worse than that—they injure my health, render me very disagreeable, are the very opposite of neatness: I'll away with them all. Here is the snuff-box—stay—it bears my father's name. Well, the snuff may go to the four winds. The box I will lay aside; but tobacco, in any of its forms, I will use no more. Thanks to a protecting Providence, my father left no tipping habits to ruin me and stain my memory. Now there is one stone thrown away, and if I have any more bad habits kept up for custom's sake, how much soever I may have become attached to them, I desire they may share the same fate."—

Reader, would it not be profitable to thy body and soul to follow the above example?

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### *Look Up.*

AN old man on Long Island had occasion some years ago to lay up some money. Being exceedingly afraid that he would lose it if he trusted his treasure with any of his friends, he concluded at last that he would *bury* it. Accordingly, he went out in the woods one night, and selecting a large tree under which to make his deposit, he dug a large hole, carefully looked around him to see if any one was near, buried his money, replaced the earth,

strewed the leaves over the spot, that it might appear that all was as usual, and returned to the house secure in the belief that his gold was safe.

In those days deer were abundant on the Island, and it was common to shoot them in the night. The deer had places of resort, and the hunters being familiar with those places, would select a neighboring tree, and, climbing it before nightfall, would quietly await the coming of their game. It so happened that a friend of the old man, for this purpose, climbed the very tree to which he came to bury his money ; and being disposed to see what the old man would do, he remained perfectly quiet, and when ready to go home, descended, dug up the bag, replaced the leaves, and carried off the treasure.

The old man performed a frequent pilgrimage to the tree, and perceiving every thing as he had left it, suspected no evil. After a long time he had occasion for his money, and to his consternation discovered that it was gone. This loss almost turned his head and broke his heart. He was ashamed to have it known that he was so miserly as to bury money, and therefore concealed his loss. But it weighed deeply upon him, deprived him of his rest, and finally sunk his spirits so low, that in his despondency, he began to doubt *his hope*, and to despair. A settled religious melancholy followed, and in his distress he went to his friend for counsel and sympathy. His friend had understood his case perfectly, and was ready to administer the right sort of consolation. He inquired cautiously, whether some domestic troubles had not occasioned his distress—to some arrangement in his business—but not being able to bring the old man to a voluntary confession, he asked him distinctly, if he had not met with some heavy loss of property. Thus cornered, he was compelled to tell the tale of his hid treasure, but was not willing to believe that *that* had any connection with his despondency. His friend invited him to his house, and delivering into his hands the lost bag, thus addressed the delighted man :

“When you buried this money, you looked all around to see that no one was near to watch your movements ; but you forgot to *look up*. Had you looked up, you would have seen me a few feet above you, and would then have



sought a safe place, and not lost your money. Hereafter never fail when about to engage in any work, to *look up*

The advice thus given was useful to the man who received it, and is of easy application. The man who is about to embark in an important business, if possessed of common prudence, will carefully examine the subject on *all sides*, that if any danger or difficulty is in the way, he may easily foresee and avoid it, or abandon the undertaking. But it is more important that he should *look up*. From above cometh down the wisdom that man needs to guide him in doubt and distress, and he who has sought from heaven assistance, will seldom fail in his enterprise.

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### ***The Rev. Henry Venn.***

A YEAR or two after the publication of the "*Complete Duty of Man*," Mr. Venn, when traveling in the West of England, observed while sitting at the window of an inn, the waiter endeavoring to assist a man who was driving some pigs on the road, whilst the rest of the servants amused themselves only with the difficulties which the man experienced from their frowardness. This benevolent trait in the waiter's character induced Mr. Venn to call him in, and to express to him the pleasure which he felt in seeing him perform this act of kindness. After showing him how pleasing to the Almighty every instance of our good-will to our fellow-creatures was, he expatiated upon the love of God in sending his Son from the purest benevolence to save mankind, he exhorted him to seek for that salvation which God, in his infinite mercy had given as the most inestimable gift to man. He promised to send him a book which he had himself published; and taking down the direction of the waiter, who was very anxious to give it, he sent him upon his return to London, a copy of "*The Complete Duty of Man*." Many years after this, a friend, traveling to see him, brought him a letter from this very person, who then kept a large inn in the west of England; having married his former master's daughter.

This friend told him that coming to that inn on Satur

day night, and proposing to stay there till Monday, he had inquired of the servants whether any of them went on a Sunday to a place of worship. To his surprise, he found that they were all required to go, at least one part of the day; and that the master, with his wife and family, never failed to attend public worship; that they had family prayers at which all the servants, who were not particularly engaged were required to be present. Surprised by this uncommon appearance of religion, in a situation where he little expected to find it, he inquired of the landlord by what means he possessed such a sense of the importance of religion.

He was told, that it was owing to a work which a gentleman had sent him several years ago, after speaking to him, in a manner which deeply interested him, of the goodness of God, in giving his Son to die for our sins. On desiring to see the work he found it to be "The Complete Duty of Man." Rejoiced to find that his guest was going to pay a visit to Mr. Venn, he immediately wrote a letter to him, expressing in the fulness of his heart, the obligations which he owed him, and the happiness which himself, his wife, and many of his children and domestics enjoyed daily, in consequence of that conversation which Mr. Venn had had with him, and the book which he had sent him, which he had read again and again, with increasing comfort and advantage.

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### *Immorality in London.*

A SERMON preached in London a few years since, in aid of the London City Mission, by Rev. John Harris presents us with some startling statistical facts—and shows the importance of well directed efforts to root out, or at least diminish to some extent, the scenes of vice and infamy which abound in that city. Of its million and a half of inhabitants, it is believed that from 500,000 to 800,000 live in utter disregard of all religious ceremonies or duties. Of this class, it is computed from facts, collected with great care, that there are 12,000 children always training in crime, graduating in vice, to reinforce and perpetuate the great system of iniquity: 3000 per-

sons are receivers of stolen property, speculators and dealers in human depravity; 4000 are annually committed for criminal offences; 10,000 are addicted to gambling; above 20,000 to street beggary—and 30,000 are living by theft and fraud. And, adds Mr. Harris, that this dreadful energy of evil may not flag from exhaustion, it is supplied and fed with 3,000,000 pounds sterling worth of spirituous liquors annually—15,000 are habitual gin drinkers—23,000 persons are annually found helplessly drunk in the streets. The number of persons of both sexes, who have abandoned themselves to systematic debauchery and profligacy, is not less than 150,000—80,000 females receive the wages of prostitution—of whom 8,000 die every year! Gaming houses, dens of infamy and guilt, and public houses, gin palaces, and beer shops, abound throughout the city.

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### ***Labors of a Tract Visiter.***

IN my communication a few weeks since, I mentioned the conversation of two mothers. On the following month, a Catholic, on whom I had urged the necessity of a change of heart, became dangerously ill. He was advised to send for his priest, that he might receive absolution; but this he utterly refused to do. He had received light enough to convince him that none could “forgive sins but God only.” He therefore sent for the Tract Visiter, whom he now considered as his best friend and counselor. His friends, of course, objected to this; but he was firm, and told them they must cease disturbing him on that subject, or stay away.

The visiter saw him almost daily during his sickness, praying with and for him, and pouring upon his dark mind the simplest truths of the gospel, which he eagerly received, and which became the joy of his heart. With humble gratitude and lively faith, his soul rested upon the Lord Jesus Christ as his only mediator and all-sufficient sacrifice. He rejoiced in the Lord, and joyed in the God of his salvation.

His Catholic friends were astonished, not less at the doctrines inculcated, than at their happy effects. Soon

they began to come in every evening to hear the conversation and join in prayer, and were ready to say with one voice, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Having given up his priest, he requested the visits of a Protestant clergyman, who was delighted at his child-like simplicity, and sincere love of the truth. He once said to the minister, "Talk to me as my *father* does," meaning the Tract Visiter, "like as a father he has intructed me in the simple truths of the gospel of the blessed God."

In this state of mind he continued for many weeks; while the outward man was failing, the inward man was renewed, day by day, till at length, with joyful hope of a resurrection to life everlasting, he "fell asleep." "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

This instance shows us that the condition of those who are enveloped in the thickest darkness of error, and fortified by the strongest prejudices, is not utterly hopeless. "Speaking the truth in love," we may approach them and gain access to their hearts. It is not by bitter controversy, by reproach and invective, that this class of persons are to be brought to embrace the true faith. We must show them the superiority of our doctrine by its happy influence upon our own hearts and lives. They must see our faith in our works. If this course was generally pursued by christians, I have no doubt that our success would be greatly increased.

The following illustrates the power of the gospel to reach another class of persons :

Early one evening I was called upon by a young man, who was evidently agitated by deep and solemn feeling. "Will you go with me to see a friend?" said he. I accompanied him. On our way he made me acquainted with the character of the person to be visited. He had been a play-actor, and was a deist. This young man, while sitting up with him the previous night, believing he would never recover, asked him, "Do you ever pray?" "O yes," said he, "I pray to God." "I fear he will not hear you." "At once," said the young man, "I felt my own lost condition, and that it was the blind leading the blind. Now, sir, I want you to instruct my poor friend and myself." We entered the house and room of the in

valid. The Lord had prepared the way. He listened to the truth, and engaged heartily in prayer. It was a solemn scene. The friends and wife of the sick man as well as himself, seemed to apprehend the plan of salvation, and to feel that their only hope was in Christ. One is gone to give up his last account. The other two yet live, and are now consistent members of the church, ascribing their conversion, under God, to the continued efforts of the Tract Visitor.

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### *A Mother's Dying Love.*

THE plague broke out in a little Italian village. In one house the children were taken first. The parents watched over them, but only caught the disease they could not cure. The whole family died. On the opposite side of the way, lived the family of a poor laborer, who was absent the whole week; only coming home on Saturday night, to bring his scanty earnings. His wife felt herself attacked by the fever in the night. In the morning she was much worse, and before night the plague-spot showed itself. She thought of the terrible fate of her neighbors. She knew *she* must die, but, as she looked upon her dear boys, she resolved not to communicate death to them. She therefore locked the children into the room, and snatched the bed-clothes, lest they should keep the contagion behind her, and left the house. She even denied herself the sad pleasure of a last embrace. O think of the heroism which enabled her to conquer her feelings, and leave home and all she loved—to die. Her oldest child saw her from the window. "Good bye, mother," said he, with his tenderest tone, for he wondered why his mother left them so strangely.

"Good bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching his little hand out of the window. The mother paused. Her heart was drawn towards her children, and she was on the point of rushing back. She struggled hard, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, at the sight of her helpless babes. At length she turned from them. The children continued to cry "Good bye, mother." The sounds sent a thrill of anguish to her heart; but she

pressed on to the house of those who were to bury her. In two days she died, recommending her husband and children to their care, with her dying breath.

O that mothers were as careful not to impart the worse contagion of sin to their children.

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### *General Burn's Allegory.*

I THOUGHT I was sitting, a little before daylight in the morning, with my deceased brother, on the wall of the parish Church-yard. We remained silent for some time, and then he asked me if I would not go with him into the church. I readily consented, and immediately rising up, walked with him towards the porch, or outer gate, which I thought was very large and spacious; but when we had passed through it, and came to the inner door that led directly into the body of the church, some way or other, but how I could not well conceive, my brother slipped in before me; and when I attempted to follow, which I was all eagerness to do, the door, which slid from the top to the bottom, like those in some fortified towns on the continent, was instantly let down more than half way, so that I now found it requisite to bend myself almost double before I could possibly enter. But as I stooped to try, the door continued to fall lower and lower, and consequently the passage became so narrow that I found it altogether impracticable in that posture. Grieved to be left behind, I determined to get in, if possible, and fell down on my hands and tried to squeeze my head and shoulders through; but finding myself still too high, I then kneeled down, crept, wrestled, and pushed more eagerly, but all to no purpose. Vexed to the last degree, yet unwilling to be left outside, I came to the resolution of throwing off all my clothes, and crawling like a worm; but being very desirous to preserve a fine silk embroidered waistcoat which I had brought from France I kept that on, in hopes of being able to carry it with me. Then laying myself flat on my face, I toiled, and pushed, and strove, soiled my embroidered waistcoat, but could not get in, after all. At last, driven almost to despair, I stripped myself entirely, and forced my body between the door and the ground,

till the rough stones and gravel tore all the skin and flesh upon my breast, and (as I thought) covered me with blood. Indifferent, however, about this, and perceiving I advanced a little, I continued to strive and squeeze with more violence than ever, till at last I got safely through. As soon as I stood upon my feet on the inside, an invisible hand clothed me in a long white robe; and as I turned round to view the place, I saw a goodly company of saints, among whom was my brother, all dressed in the same manner, partaking of the Lord's Supper. I sat down in the midst of them, and the bread and wine being administered to me, I felt such joy as no mortal can express. I heard a voice call me by name, saying I was wanted at home. My joy was so great and overcoming, that it soon broke the bonds of sleep, and made me start up in bed, singing the high praise of God.

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### ***The Time to Begin.***

ONE afternoon, in the Autumn of 1839, I rode several miles to visit a family in a remote part of my parish. The mother, a son, and a daughter, were professedly pious. During the interview which I had with the mother—the other members of the family being absent, except two or three quite small children—various Christian duties were presented by one and the other, as subjects of conversation. At length the relation of parents to their children was spoken of. The mother evidently felt the importance of the subject. She was apparently endeavoring to train her children for the “skies.” One question after another was proposed and answered. Among other things, the duty of praying for and *with* our children was referred to. “Mrs. M,” inquired I, “Do you pray with your children?” The tear started in her eye as she replied, “Ah no, sir, with my oldest I do not. I know it is my duty to pray with *all* my children; and I am sensible that the influence of a mother's prayers is great and lasting; but I have not the confidence to go forward in the performance of this duty. This is just what they need; and the salutary effects of such an exercise would be felt and manifested by them, perhaps, when I should be in my

grave: but the cross is great. I have not resolution to take it up. We have no morning nor evening prayers," continued she, "in our family; and I never set the chairs about the table, to sit down and take our meals, but I think of it. My husband sometimes expresses a faint hope in the Savior, but he has never erected the family altar. Could I take my four oldest children into my chamber with me, and there wrestle with God for them, as did the mother of John Newton for her son, and as I trust I now sometimes do for those little ones on the hearth, and for them all when in my closet alone, what a blessed thing it would be!" Her emotions nearly stopped her utterance, as she closed this sentence. "O, that I had begun with my oldest children when they were *small*," said she. "That is the time to begin." Yes, thought I, *that is the time to begin*.

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### ***Superficial Infidels.***

SIR Isaac Newton set out in life a clamorous infidel, but, on a nice examination of the evidences of Christianity, he found reason to change his opinion. When the celebrated Dr. Edmund Halley was talking infidelity before him, Sir Isaac Newton addressed him in these or the like words: "Dr. Halley, I am always glad to hear you when you speak about astronomy, or other parts of the mathematics, because that is a subject you have studied, and well understand; but you should not talk of Christianity, for you have not studied it. I have; and am certain that you know nothing of the matter." This was a just reproof, and one that would be very suitable to be given to half the infidels of the present day, for they often speak of what they have never studied, and what, in fact, they are entirely ignorant of. Dr. Johnson, therefore well observed, that "no honest man could be a Deist, for no man could be so after a fair examination of the proofs of Christianity." On the name of Hume being mentioned to him, "No, sir," said he, "Hume owned to a clergyman in the bishopric of Durham, that he had never read the New Testament with attention."



### **The Way to Settle Difficulties.**

Two neighbors, (who were brothers by marriage,) had a difficulty respecting their partition fence. Although they had mutually erected a substantial fence four and one-half feet in height on the line separating the sheep pasture of one from the grain field of the other, yet the lambs would creep through the crevices and destroy the grain.

Each asserted it to be the duty of the other to chink the fence; after the usual preliminaries of demands, refusal, threats, challenges, and mutual recriminations, they resolved to try the glorious uncertainty of the law. They were, however, persuaded by their friends to the more amicable mode of submitting the defence to the final determination of a very worthy and intelligent neighbor, who was forthwith conducted to the scene of trouble, and in full view of the premises; each party in turn, in a speech of some length, asserted his rights, and set forth the law and the facts; at the conclusion of which the arbitrator very gravely remarked. "Gentlemen, the case involves questions of great nicety and importance, not only to the parties in interest, but to the community at large, and it is my desire to take suitable time for deliberation, and, also, for advisement with those who are learned in the law, and most expert in the customs of good neighbors; in the mean time, however I will just clap a billet or two of wood into the sheep holes;" and in ten minutes time, with his hands, he effectually closed every gap.

The parties silently retired, each evidently heartily ashamed of his own folly and obstinacy. The umpire has never been called upon to pronounce final judgment in the case--so the law remains unsettled unto this day

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### ***An Unclouded Sky.***

In the London Congregational Magazine, I met with the following passage--it is the closing scene of the life of Rev. T. Morell, and it breathes so sweetly the serenity of the dying christian, that the living christian must love the picture.

“On the Sabbath morning previous to his death, he looked with much delight on the unclouded bright sky, saying, ‘What a glorious Sabbath morning,’ and then repeated a line of one of Doddridge’s hymns, ‘Show the bright world, and show it mine.’ In the course of the day, he made the following and similar remarks:—‘Should this be the taking down of this clayey tabernacle, it has been a most merciful dispensation; there is a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.’ ‘A cloud has never passed over my mind; Satan has never been permitted to harass me.’ ‘Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death.’ To his now mourning widow, he once said, on seeing her much cast down, ‘to you I must propose the test which our Savior put to his disciples, ‘if ye love me, you would rejoice because I go to the Father.’ On Monday morning, the last day of his life, he appeared much revived, and heard the fourteenth chapter of John with great interest, remarking particularly the nineteenth verse, ‘because I live, ye shall live also,’ saying, ‘*that* is sufficient, we need no other promise.’ He went down stairs during that day, and no symptom indicated a change till towards the close of it: he did not retire, however, till late, but appearances soon showed that death was approaching. He remained perfectly sensible. To the oft repeated enquiry whether he felt pain, he replied, ‘only oppression.’ ‘Fear not, I am with thee,’ was suggested to him; a faint smile lighted up his countenance, indicating at once, his possession of his faculties, and his enjoyment of the promise. ‘Is it not a dark valley to you?’ ‘Oh no.’ ‘Your mind is calm?’ ‘NOT A RUFFLE,’ was his characteristic reply—‘*Not a ruffle!*’—and with these, his last words, ‘kept by the power of God, through faith,’ ‘*in perfect peace,*’ he ‘fell asleep,’ and ‘entered into his joy.’”

What a contrast is this to the bed-chamber of the dying Voltaire! You hear no half-stifled groan; you see no terror-stricken and trembling frame. Here is the peace that passeth all understanding. Here is the blessedness that the world knoweth not of. I know that few are thus ready to meet death as a child sinks to slumber on a mother’s breast; when joy and peace are equally felt, and

you cannot say which emotion appears the fullest. But if such was the death, what was the life of him of whom we are reading. His biographer says :

"The secret of his calm and happy composure, was his habitual exercise of Christian faith ; I do not deny that he was blessed naturally with a peculiar felicity of constitution and temperament ; but this, of itself was far from being the sole cause of the 'perfect peace' which he habitually enjoyed. It arose partly from the firm and unhesitating manner in which he received the verities of the gospel ; partly from his constantly realizing his own interest in the blessings they secured ; and partly from his viewing every thing in connexion with God, and from the exercise of a *child-like trust* in his wisdom and goodness. I have been with him under various circumstances ; amid some calculated to ruffle and annoy ; in the midst of anxiety ; in the death-chamber, and at the early grave of an only son , I have seen him on his own bed in extreme weakness, pain and danger ; *I always found the same man*. Whatever was passing over the surface of his feelings, there was 'perfect peace' settled in his soul. He took the promises of God as an angel would take them, or as a little child listens to the words spoken by its parent ; he did not know what it was to doubt, or why Christians should be troubled in mind, since God had spoken, and spoken as he has !"

There is the secret of death. This child-like but angelic confidence arms the believer for the last struggle ; it is this that scatters every cloud, lays every wave, and makes his end peace, who is stayed on God.

### ***Our Blessings more than our Crosses.***

CONSIDER that our good days are generally more in number than our evil days, our days of prosperity (such, I mean, as is suitable to our condition and circumstances) than our days of adversity. This is most certain, though most of us are apt to cast our accounts otherwise. How many days of (at least competent) health we enjoy for one day of grievous sickness ! How many days of ease,

for one of pain ! How many blessings, for a few crosses ! For one danger that surprised us, how many scores of dangers have we escaped, and some of them very narrowly ? But, alas ! we write our mercies in the dust, but our afflictions we engrave in marble ; our memory serves us too well to remember the latter, but we are strangely forgetful of the former. And this is the greatest cause of our unthankfulness, discontent, and mourning.

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### *Eternity.*

SUPPOSE some little insect, so small as to be imperceptible to the human eye, were to carry this world, by its tiny mouthfuls, to the most distant star the hand of God has placed in the heavens. Hundreds of millions of years are required for the performance of a single journey. The insect commences upon the leaf of a tree, and takes its load, so small that even the microscope cannot discover that it is gone, and sets out upon its endless journey. After millions and millions of years have rolled away it arrives back again to take its second load. Oh what interminable ages must pass before the one leaf shall be removed ! In what period of coming time would the whole tree be borne away ? When would the forest be gone ? And when would that insect take the last particle of this globe and bear it away in its long, long journey ? Even then, eternity would but have commenced. The spirit then in existence would still look forward to eternity, endless, unchangeable, illimitable, rolling before it. The mind sinks down perfectly exhausted with such contemplations. Yes ! our existence runs parallel with that of God. So long as he endures, so long shall that flame which he has breathed into our bosoms glow and burn ; but it must glow in the brilliance and the beauty of heaven, or burn with lurid flame and unextinguishable woe.

***The Founder of Tract Societies,***

THE Rev. T. Aveling says, in a sermon on the death of Rev. John Campbell: "It was before his visit to the south that passing one day through the streets of Edinburgh, he saw on a book-stall a small pamphlet of a religious character, which he bought and read; and finding it likely to be of great service, he conceived the idea of printing an edition to sell and to distribute gratuitously. This idea he carried out; and meeting with the story of Poor Joseph while in London, he printed that also on his return to Scotland. Thus several thousand of tracts were circulated. It then occurred to a few of his friends, that something more effectual might be done, by a society for the purpose of printing and distributing tracts. The society was established, (at Edinburgh,) and Mr. Campbell was one of the twelve who composed it. This appears to have been the first Tract Society the world ever saw; as the valuable one which is now formed in London, and of which Mr. Campbell was a member (from the year 1804) until his death, was instituted in the year 1799, three years afterwards. To him the world owes much for his first taking the field and commencing those operations which, although comparatively feeble at first are now exerting a gigantic influence on the world. His name deserves to be recorded as one of the founders, if not the originator of Tract societies.

*John Cape.*

In one of the villages of France there formerly lived a man, by the name of John Cape, an honest and industrious File Maker.

In the same neighborhood, there lived another man by the name of Gaufridy. This latter individual held several offices, on account of which he claimed somewhat of influence and attention beyond most other in his vicinity. In a word, he was a proud man, and appeared to feel it to be right that every one around him should act precisely as he said.

It so happened that the File kiln of John Cape struck the fancy of Gaufridy, and from that time he determined to obtain possession of it. Accordingly he made proposals to Cape to purchase it. The sum offered was much below its real value; so Cape thought, and without much hesitation, he refused it. This sorely displeased Gaufridy.

During the winter following, a man by the name of John Sevos, a neighbor of Cape, returned one day from a manufacturing town, at some distance, and entered the village in the dusk of evening. In the morning, the usual inquiries were made for him by his friends, when it was found that his family were ignorant even of his return. As several persons had surely seen him, or thought they had, alarm was soon felt, and the bustle of a search began. The greater apprehensions were entertained about him by his family, from the impression, that he expected to bring back with him a considerable sum of money.

In the course of their search, suspicion of foul play was confirmed. Nothing indeed could be found of the body of Sevos, and no certain tidings were had about him; but circumstances were revealed, which confirmed the worst of conjectures. The ground at a short distance from the place, where he was last seen, was much trodden, as if by men engaged in a mortal struggle, and blood was there, and there too was a hedge-bill\* partially covered with earth, and upon it were some hairs matted with dirt. It was evident that the murderer had not accomplished his work with ease—a struggle had been made, and from impressions in the earth, it was inferred, that

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\* A cutting hook used in trimming hedges.

the victim had staggered ; and, after falling, had dragged himself some feet before the fatal blow was given him. No means existed of discovering the perpetrator, unless by means of the hedge-bill ; but this no one appeared to own, and it had no mark, by which its proprietor could be ascertained. The search was at length given over as a vain one, and the foul deed appeared likely to remain concealed until that day, when all secrets will be disclosed.

Six months from that day, one morning, a party of soldiers, headed by an officer, surrounded the house of John Cape. The terrified inmates, excepting Cape, attempted to escape ; but a bayonet was presented at every passage, and effectually prevented the escape of a single member of the family.

"Is your name John Cape?" demanded the officer, in a rough and thundering voice.

"By what right do you ask such a question, and what means this intrusion?" inquired Cape.

"I did not come here to answer questions," said the officer—"it is my business to ask them, and yours to answer, and now say in a word is your name John Cape?" Without however, waiting for an answer, he cried out, "Guards ! seize your prisoner." In an instant Cape was seized and bound. This done, the officer turned to his wife and said "Madam, your husband has confessed his name—you have not denied you are his wife—and these children, too, are no doubt yours—I am commanded to arrest the whole—soldiers! conduct them to the street!" In an hour, the house had been abandoned to the plunder of a riotous soldiery, and the ponderous door of the dungeon in the village had closed upon John Cape, and his family.

The second day being the 29th of August, he was brought out heavily ironed, and placed in the criminal box of the Court. Antoine De Lorme, a discharged or deserted soldier of the regiment of La Sarre, lately returned from Brest, presented himself as the accuser ; charging Cape with the murder of John Sevos.

The 19th of February, De Lorme said he was in the kiln, or oven room, of John Cape, when the deceased stopped, as he was passing. Cape asked him some ques-

tions, as to the success of his expedition, upon which Sevos exposed a handful of half crowns; boasting that his pockets were so stuffed as to incommode him, and congratulating the other upon his better fortune in being able to travel without such an incumbrance. He added something, which the witness heard indistinctly, but understood the purport of it to be that the hardest way to coin money was to broil it out of his face. What he meant by this, the witness did not know, but Cape appeared quite exasperated, and ordered the deceased to carry his unseasonable jeers, and unnecessary company, somewhere else. Sevos went off laughing, complimenting the prisoner upon his amiable temper and winning manners, which he protested were perfectly irresistible. Cape, after a moment, followed him, and at a corner of the road witness lost sight of them both.

"This" he said (touching the hedge-bill) "I once borrowed of the prisoner. I know it by a particular mark;" (and he pointed to a small cross, cut in the handle, so filled up with dirt as to be hardly perceptible.) That night, he enlisted in the Regiment of La Sarre; and left the country early next morning. Six days since, he returned; and unable, from all he had heard, to divest himself of the belief, that the unhappy Sevos had been the victim of a sorry jest, he had been at some pains to unravel the mystery, of which he said, he then held in his hand the thread.

He concluded by desiring that Claude Maurice and Pierre Vaudon might be put upon the stand.

The latter, the Forrester of M. Varambon, testified that the evening of the alleged murder, he observed a man approaching hastily in a direction from the street, where Sevos had disappeared, towards Cape's house. He seemed disturbed; his dress was disordered, and his whole appearance indicated great anxiety. He had very much the appearance of a man eluding pursuit, for he was looking back every instant. As they met, the prisoner, for it was him, started, and asking some confused question, without any attention to the answer, passed on abruptly. The Forrester thought his conduct strange, and the next morning, when Sevos was found to be absent, his suspicions were confirmed. At one time, he was upon the point of telling what he knew, and sus-



pected, but he feared lest he might be brought into trouble. He was induced, however, to reveal his fears to De Lorme, from hearing the latter express some indirect opinion about the disappearance of Sevos and his probable fate. This was all he knew.

The last witness, Claude Maurice, was called. As he stood at the stand, he turned partly round, and fixed his eyes for a moment upon the prisoner. The latter was observed to turn very pale. "For the love of mercy," he exclaimed, "destroy not an innocent man, and his unfortunate family."

"Silence!" said the Judge; are you in such fear of justice, that you would appeal to the sympathies of your accusers?"

"If I am swearing falsely, said Claude, "that is for me to account for, and not you."

"Go on," said the Judge, "do you think I sit here to listen to your dialogues?"

Maurice began. "A little after night fall on the 19th of February," he said, "he was in the kiln-room, where he usually worked, when his master, the prisoner, came hurriedly in. He seemed restless and disturbed, but supposing the excitement against Sevos had not yet subsided, witness was retiring, when he was struck with the unusual disorder in his master's dress. Looking at him more attentively, he saw spots of blood upon his clothes. The prisoner seemed uneasy under his scrutiny, for he asked me harshly," said Maurice, "if I had ever seen him before?" Witness left the room immediately for that in which he slept, but the unpleasant impression produced by the singular conduct of the prisoner, together with a vague and undefinable apprehension, kept him awake. It was after midnight, when he thought he heard a step in the kiln-room, and rising softly, looked through the crack in the door, where he saw a sight that fixed him to the spot with terror. A man had laid upon the ground a dead body for it neither stirred, nor could he hear it breathe; and then he came cautiously to the door of Claude's room. The latter hid behind it,—and his master pushed it half way open, and there stood appearing to listen attentively an instant, when he retired apparently satisfied with his examination. The kiln was burning preparatory to

putting in the plates. The prisoner took up the dead body, and with some effort, thrust it into the blazing furnace."

"An exclamation of horror escaped me," said Claude, "and in an instant, before I had time to fly, or even to think, the prisoner held a long bladed knife or poinard, for in my fright I could not tell which, close to my breast.

"Detestable spy!" he said, "you have pried into the last secret except one, you shall ever know. If you have a prayer, say it quickly, for you shall bear yonder miserable fool company, whose fate you have taken so much pains to witness.

"I fell upon my knees," said Claude, "and conjured him to spare my life. I swear the secret shall never pass my lips. And remember, Cape, when you was examined after the death of Antoine Duplex, when you was suspected, how I swore on your behalf, and how you escaped by my means. If you murder me now, a righteous providence will make you answer not only for my death, but also for the death of Duplex, whom you know you did murder!"

Claude proceeded. "Whether Cape relented, from motives of compassion, or policy, I do not know; but the prisoner told me to rise and now he compelled me to take a most horrid oath, never to divulge the secret. The oath I took, because I was compelled to take it. But the weight of this horrible secret, my Lord, became an intolerable burthen. I started at my own shadow. I was wasting away with feverish anxiety, and had half resolved to make confession to a magistrate, when Antoine de Lorme came a few days since to the kiln, and by his questions relative to the unaccountable fate of Sevos, determined me in my better resolutions."

He had nothing to add, save that during the former examination of the prisoner, he heard a man say that he knew enough to hang Cape, but had conscientious scruples about volunteering his testimony. Casting another look upon Cape, which he seemed to sustain with difficulty, the witness left the stand.

The prisoner was remanded to his dungeon, to be brought in the morning to hear his sentence.

The next day the Hall of Justice was thronged with an

indignant and enraged populace, the furious rabble loading the miserable victim with every epithet of opprobrium and execration as he passed along; and when the Judge rose to speak, so eager were the spectators, that the Hall was instantly hushed into deep and unnatural silence.

"John Cape," said he, in a slow and solemn voice, "the hours you have to remain on earth are few, and those few are fast numbering. Miserable man! It were a waste of time any longer to doubt your guilt. Your death is decreed. That death will be a poor atonement for your revolting crime. The forgiveness of heaven you may supplicate, for its mercies are unlimited, but the pity of man you dare not ask, and need not hope. I ask you, for the sake of form, whether you have ought to say, why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

Cape slowly rose. His countenance was as pale as death. For a time he seemed incapable of uttering a word. "My Lord," at length he said, "you have pronounced my doom. That is within your power, but it is not yours nor within the power of man to stain my soul with guilt. I protest before God and man, that I am innocent of the crime laid to my charge. Why heaven has been pleased to bring upon me this affliction, I know not, and whether the mystery will ever be unravelled, remains with Him, who knows all things. But it is my dying declaration, that I am innocent of the foul crime for which I am wearing these bonds. I pronounce the whole history of Claude Maurice, who has this day sworn away my life, false and wicked, as the heart that forged it. In the forgetfulness of passion, I once struck him. He swore to be revenged, and bitterly am I discharging his vow. Save this, I know not that I had done harm to any living creature, and wherein I could have excited the enmity of the other witnesses, they know better than I. I had indeed hoped, my Lord, not to go down to a dishonored grave; but heaven permits me to be the victim of hatred and revenge—I am in the hands of power and must submit."

"John Cape," said the Judge, as he placed on his head the fatal cap, "your last hour has come—prepare to meet your fate."

"Stop, stop, my Lord," exclaimed a man among the

crowd in a hoarse loud voice—"you have not the whole case yet—I claim to be put upon the stand."

"Silence," said the Judge.

"But, my Lord," said the same voice, "would you sacrifice an innocent man?"

"An innocent man!" rejoined the Judge, with some warmth, "his guilt is as clear as the light of mid-day."

"*He is innocent!*" vociferated the same man, with a tone and with an emphasis, which demanded attention.

"Come forward" said the Judge, "and disclose what you know, but at your peril trifle not with the power of his majesty's court."

"No trifling," said the man, as he advanced towards the stand—his face half hid by the folds of a shawl, and his forehead covered by a blue handkerchief.

"Who is it?" murmured the excited crowd, pressing forward with the most intense curiosity.

At this moment, a suspicious circumstance took place, and one which had its effect upon those who were acquainted with the hatred, which Gaufridy bore to Cape. The former at this moment was taken so suddenly ill as to be taken from the Hall. The Judge himself marked the circumstance.

By this time, the stranger was upon the stand. The Judge bid him proceed, at the same time warning him to take heed lest he should bring upon himself a still worse fate, than that to which Cape had already been doomed.

The stranger bowed and said: "If I speak not the truth this day, let vengeance come in its direst form as it may. There," said he, pointing to De Lorme, and speaking in tones of high excitement, "there stands the robber, and the assassin of John Sevos. I charge Claude Maurice, and Pierre Vaudon with wilful perjury and I denounce Julien Gaufridy, who has this moment feigned sickness, and fled, as the contriver of this horrible plot, the design of which was the ruin of John Cape, whose implacable foe he had become. It was Gaufridy, who, when John Sevos lay weltering in blood, carried his body to his house, and made its disappearance the ground-work for his wicked contrivances. It was he, who enticed Vaudon and Maurice to perjure themselves to their ruin—it was he, who procured the

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transgressors may be detected; the plot most cunningly devised and most secretly executed may be revealed.

With what caution, then, should we act—not in the commission of sins—but with caution to avoid it entirely. We should not even read such narratives, unless to improve them, and by means of them to guard ourselves against similar awful transgressions. And the only safety is always to set the Lord before us—to remember that he sees us—follows us—and will one day bring us into judgment. Verily there is no darkness, nor shadow of death where the workers of iniquity can hide themselves.

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### ***Whitefield's Preaching.***

THERE was nothing in the appearance of this extraordinary man which would lead you to suppose that a Felix would tremble before him. “He was something about the middle stature, well proportioned, and remarkable for a native gracefulness of manner. His complexion was very fair, his features regular, and his dark blue eyes small and lively. In recovering from the measles, he had contracted a squint with one of them, but this peculiarity rather rendered the expression of his countenance more remarkable than in any degree lessened the effects of its common sweetness. His voice excelled both in melody and compass, and in its fine modulations was happily accompanied by that grace and action which he possessed in an eminent degree, and which has been said to be the chief requisite in an orator.” To have seen him when he first commenced, one would have thought him any thing but enthusiastic and glowing, but as he proceeded, his heart warmed with his subject, and his manner became impetuous and animated, till, forgetful of every thing around him, he seemed to kneel at the throne of Jehovah, and beseech in agony for his fellow beings.

After he had finished his prayer, he knelt a long time in profound silence, and so powerfully had it affected the most heartless of his audience, that a stillness like that of the tomb pervaded the whole house.

Before he commenced his sermon, long, darkening

clouds crowded the bright sunny sky of the morning and swept their dull shadows over the building, in fearful augury of the storm.

His text was, "Strive to enter in at the straight gate, for many I say unto you shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able."

"See that emblem of human life," said he, as he pointed to a shadow that was flitting across the floor. "It passed for a moment, and concealed the brightness of heaven from our view—but it is gone. And where will ye be, my hearers, when your lives have passed away like that dark cloud? Oh, my dear friends, I see thousands sitting attentive, with their eyes fixed on the poor unworthy preacher. In a few days we shall all meet at the judgment seat of Christ. We shall form a part of that vast assembly which will gather before his throne, and every eye behold the judge. With a voice, whose call you must obey and answer, he will inquire whether on earth you strove to enter in at the straight gate—whether you were supremely devoted to God—whether your hearts were absorbed in him. My blood runs cold when I think how many of you shall then seek to enter in and shall not be able. Oh, what plea can you make before the Judge of the whole earth? Can you say it has been your whole endeavor to mortify the flesh with its affections and lusts; that your life has been one long effort to do the will of God? No! you must answer, I made myself easy in the world by flattering myself that all would end well, but I have deceived my own soul and am lost.

"You, O false and hollow Christians, of what avail will it be that you have done many things—that you have read much in the sacred word—that you have made long prayers—that you have attended religious duties, and appeared holy in the eyes of men? What will all this be, if, instead of loving him supremely, you have been supposing you should exalt yourself to heaven by acts really polluted and unholy?

"And you, rich man, wherefore do you hoard your silver? Wherefore count the price you have received for him whom you every day crucify in your love of gain? Why, that when you are too poor to buy

a drop of cold water, your beloved son may be rolled in hell in his chariot, pillowed and cushioned about him."

His eye gradually lighted up as he proceeded, till, towards the close, it seemed to sparkle with celestial fire.

"Oh, sinner!" he exclaimed, "by all your hopes of happiness, I beseech you to repent. Let not the wrath of God be awakened. Let not the fires of eternity be kindled against you. See there!" said he, pointing to the lighting which played on the corner of the pulpit, "'tis a glance from the angry eye of Jehovah! Hark!" continued he, raising his finger in a listening attitude, as the distant thunder grew louder and louder, and broke in a tremendous crash over the building, "it was the voice of the Almighty, as he passed in his anger."

As the sound died away, he covered his face with his hands, and knelt beside his pulpit, apparently lost in inward and intense prayer. The storm passed rapidly by, and the sun bursting forth in his might, threw across the heavens a magnificent arch of peace. Rising, and pointing to the beautiful object, he exclaimed, "Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it, very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with glory, and the hands of the Most High have bended it."

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### *The Parting Kiss.*

"I WAS but five years old when my mother died; but her image is as distinct to my recollection, now that twelve years have elapsed, as it was at the time of her death. I remember her as a pale, beautiful, gentle being, with a sweet smile, and a voice that was soft and cheerful when she praised me; and when I erred, for I was a wild, thoughtless child, there was a trembling mildness about it, that always went to my little heart. And then she was so kind, so patient; methinks I can now see her large blue eyes moist with sorrow, because of my childish waywardness, and hear her repeat, "My child, how can you grieve me so?" I recollect she had for a long time been pale and feeble, and that sometimes there



would come a bright spot on her cheek, which made her look so lovely, that I thought she must be well. But then she sometimes spoke of dying, and pressed me to her bosom, and told me "to be good when she was gone, and to love my father a great deal, and be kind to him, for he would have no one else to love." I recollect she was very sick all day, and my little hobby horse and whip were laid aside, and I tried to be very quiet. I did not see her for the whole day, and it seemed very long. At night they told me mother was too sick to kiss me, as she always used to do before I went to bed, and I must go without it. But I could not. I stole into the room, and laying my lips close to hers, whispered, "Mother, mother, won't you kiss me?" Her lips were very cold; and when she put her arm around me, laid my head upon her bosom, and one hand upon my cheek, I felt a cold shuddering creep all over me. My father carried me from the room, but he could not speak. After they put me in bed, I lay a long while thinking. I feared my mother would indeed die, for her cheek felt as cold as my little sister's did when she died, and they laid her in the ground. But the impressions of mortality are always indistinct in childhood, and I soon fell asleep. In the morning I hastened to my mother's room. A white napkin covered her face. I removed it—it was just as I feared. Her eyes were closed, her cheek was cold and hard, and only the lovely expression that always rested upon her lips remained. In an instant all the little faults for which she had so often reproved me, rushed upon my mind. I longed to tell her how good I would always be, if she would remain with me. She was buried; but my remembrance of the funeral is indistinct. I only retain the impressions which her precepts and example left upon my mind. I was a passionate, headstrong boy; but I never yielded to this turn of my disposition, without fancying I saw her m'd, tearful eye fixed upon me, just as she used to do in life. And then, when I succeeded in overcoming it, her sweet smile of approbation beamed upon me, and I was happy. My whole character underwent a change, even from the moment of her death. Her spirit was forever with me, strengthening my good resolutions, and weakening my propensity to evil. I felt that it would

grieve her gentle spirit, to see me err, and I could not, would not do it. I was the child of her affection; I knew she had prayed and wept over me, and that, even on the threshold of eternity, her affection for me had caused her gentle spirit to linger, that she might pray for me once more. I resolved to become all that she could desire. This resolution I have never forgotten. It helped me to subdue the waywardness of childhood, protected me through the temptations of youth, and will comfort and support me through the busier scenes of manhood. Whatever there is that is estimable in my character, I owe to the impressions of goodness, made upon my infant mind by the exemplary conduct and faithful instructions of my *excellent mother*.

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### *An Incident at Sea.*

AFTER we had been at sea nearly a month, a fine, stout sailor, about twenty-two years old, fell from the side of the ship, whilst engaged in repairing the rigging. He was the pride and "darling of the crew." And the passengers had singled him out as the best man who took his turn at the wheel, or climbed the shrouds. He had a free and noble bearing, an iron frame, a step like an antelope's, and face deeply ruddy and weather-beaten but ever ready for a smile. When the wind was howling heavily and the waves were running "mountain high," and the order was given to reef or take in sail, he was always the first to mount the rocking mast, and the outermost on the trembling upper-yards, bending over their extremities to bind the flapping canvass, that would have dashed a less steady and powerful hand like a feather into the boiling sea.

It was a fine day. The ship was making easy way before a light breeze, and the passengers were on deck. The man whose name was William Hanney, was standing outside of the tafferel near the stern of the vessel, tying a thin cross-bar of iron across the lower part of the mizzen shrouds. Suddenly a splash was heard, and a faint scream, and the piteous cry, "a man overboard," resounded through the ship. We ran to the side, and

looked over, and saw the poor sailor with the bar in his grasp, tossing back his long black hair that hung dripping over his face, as he emerged from his first plunge. He was strong and active, and put forth such tremendous energy as he swam in the wake of the ship, that at every stroke of his arms he rose to his middle above the waves. The captain instantly ordered the helm to be put "hard down," and one of the boats to be lowered. It was, perhaps, four minutes before the boat touched the water, and six of the stoutest hands at the oars, with the chief-mate at the helm, were pulling lustily away from the ship. But the swimmer, who until now had been seen and cheered by the passengers, suddenly disappeared, and the boat passed and repassed in the direction in which he was last visible without any trace being discovered of the object of our search. Whether he had been wounded in the head by the bar, or been attacked with the cramp, or fallen a prey to some wandering shark, that might have been attracted after the ship by the blood of a sheep which had been just before killed, or what had been his fate no one could tell. Many believed that he might be still buffeting the waves at a greater distance from us than it was supposed he could have reached. But whatever was the case with him, after remaining half an hour in search of him, the sails of the Europe were again squared to the wind and our lost mariner was left to his fate.

It was about four o'clock P. M. when the accident happened, and it may well be supposed that the remainder of the day was occupied by the tenants of our ship with melancholy reflections. Many tales of similar casualties were related by the mates and seamen; but all agreed that a better sailor had never found a watery grave.

On opening his chest we found that he was carrying home many little tokens of remembrance to his mother and sister, and a small quantity of superior tea, carefully wrapped up directed to his *grandmother*. Besides, there was a piece of paper certifying that he had eight gold sovereigns (\$40) enclosed in a belt, which he wore under his clothes,—the earnings of his last voyage, laid up for his poor mother. Under his bed was found a very neat floor-mat, woven of strips of cloth, spun yarn, manilla, &c.,

comrade of his told me he had seen Hanney sit at night, when the rest of his watch were sleeping not on duty,) that he might finish quickly, in should have a short voyage. This he had made *rather*. And what was singular, he had completed his watch was called on deck at 12 o'clock, every day on which he was drowned.

less, by some cottage fire in the interior of England where he was born,) his anxious mother and aged father were eagerly expecting his return, and I am they often thought that there was not in all the other another sailor as their own kind and thoughtful.

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### ***The Promise Fulfilled.***

Church of L——, at the close of the public , on the second day of a protracted meeting, during which it was evident that a deep and solemn interest in the assembly, those who were desirous of conversation with the pastor were invited to remain and the congregation was dismissed. A number tarried; among the rest was a little girl, about eleven years of age who evidently had no serious impressions, but had a decided aversion to personal conversation with the subject. I was surprised to find her there with her parents, as none had been invited to remain but who felt anxious about the salvation of their souls. The next day a similar invitation was given, and she was found among the number, and seemed to feel anxiety, though evidently striving to subdue it. Following she was deeply anxious; and from that time three days, she scarcely ate or slept. All the power of her soul seemed to be most intensely occupied on the subject. The time which was not occupied in worship, was almost wholly spent in earnest prayer. She appeared to be very little influenced, by others. Whether they were anxious or not, made no difference with her. She realized her situation, and acted as though there was nothing to be saved or needed to be saved. She

seemed to have a clear understanding of the plan of salvation. Although she remained with other inquirers in personal conversation, yet she did not appear to feel that ministers or Christian friends could give her any effectual help. Her greatest desire was to lie at the throne of grace, pleading for pardon through the blood of Christ. After three days spent in this state of mind she obtained peace and joy. And, truly, *old things were passed away and all things became new*. Seldom have I seen, in any one, brighter evidence of a saving change, or a clearer exhibition of consistent, elevated, and devoted piety. After the close of the meeting, I learned; that, on the first day she remained at the inquiry meeting, she did so much against her own inclination, in obedience to the decided authority of her mother, who required her to stay with one of her companions, that was anxious, and who also became hopefully pious during the meeting; and that it was a word or two spoken by her pastor, at that time, which awakened the first desire for salvation in her mind. When the meeting was appointed, young as she was, she felt a strong opposition of heart against it; and determined not to attend, if, by any excuse, she could prevail on her mother to leave her at home. She said that her great fear was, that, if she attended the meeting, she should become religious, and then should have no more pleasure with her associates. "But," said she, with great simplicity, her eyes filled with tears of joy, "I did not know how easy it is to love God:" meaning that she had no idea how much pleasure and happiness there was to be enjoyed in the love of God. After a suitable time she was received into the church, and continued to exhibit a most lovely example of youthful piety.

From this case let parents learn the importance of bringing their children under the influence of the means of grace—particularly on special occasions. Many parents, under similar circumstances, would have yielded to the desires of the child, and left her at home. But P's mother felt a prayerful solicitude for this child's salvation—the last of her family which had not become pious; and, although young, she was careful to have her beside the pool, waiting for the troubling of the waters. She was brought by parental authority, kindly but firmly

exercised, to the house of God, and sent, with her anxious companion, into the inquiry meeting. Had she been left at home, she might have passed through the revival unconcerned and grown up thoughtless and hardened in sin.

Let youth learn, that there is nothing lost by becoming Christians when young. This young girl, like thousands of others, was disposed to postpone this all-important concern, under the mistaken idea that piety would spoil all her pleasures.

But, when she came to experience the joys of religion, she felt that she had known nothing of happiness before. "They that seek me only shall find me,"—whilst those who postpone, deprive their souls of the delightful foretastes of heaven; and run, every day, with increasing danger, the fearful hazard of endless ruin.

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### ***Permanence of Early Impressions.***

NEITHER parents nor teachers are apt to consider as they ought the *permanence* of the impressions which their stations compel them to affect. *It seems highly probable, from facts occasionally noted, that every idea or thought or emotion, once occupying the mind, though but for a moment, especially in childhood, becomes an integral part of its life:* or, in other words, never so far escapes from memory, but that it may be at some time as vividly present, or even far more actively alive, than at its original existence. Such is the apparently true inference from the following narrative:—"A German servant girl, in the delirium of her last illness, was heard to utter words and parts of sentences from language no known to her attendants. The learned were called in, and the discovery soon made, that she was quoting ancient authors in the Hebrew and Greek languages. Inquiry proved that she had formerly lived in the house of a clergyman, who read his favorite authors walking in an entry adjoining an apartment where she was busied in domestic employments. She had overheard him; and though utterly ignorant of those tongues; her ear had transferred many passages to her mind, and left them

(seemingly,) fixed as the existence of the soul, though unnoticed till the light of a new life rose upon her departure from time to eternity.

Something of this sort is within the province of consciousness, to those who are observant of what passes in their own minds. Facts and impressions, which had not been recollected for years, are called up by some new train of thought, and while they are recognized as old acquaintance, yet we feel certain they would never have reappeared, unless in connexion with ideas, which *might*, for any number of years longer, have failed to occupy our attention. Or, to present the same truth in different words, our memory is sometimes found to contain stores, whose existence we did not suspect, and could not have known in this world, had we died before the occurrence of the particular mental exercises that reproduced them.

The history of dreams may conduct us to the same region of thought. How often do they recall to our minds the long forgotten experience and deeds of the past, thus revealing treasures, or as they will prove to the lost spirit, sources of misery, respecting which the useless cares and distractions of life seldom allow us to think.

From the statements that have now been made, the inference is highly probable, that *what has at any time made an impression upon the mind, even though scarcely the subject of distinct consciousness, may remain forever in memory: and if not awakened for good or evil in this life, may yet do its office in some distant period of eternity producing pleasure or pain according to its original character.* To parents and teachers, then, the caution is due; *teach only truth; hold forth only the example of holiness;* for the everlasting memory of these alone can be pleasant to yourselves or those under your care. Who, if compelled to pass before a mirror that would fix his own image for ever, and keep it always in the eyes of a multitude, would choose at that time to exhibit remarkable deformities of person, of position, or of deeds?

***The Wanderer Brought Back: or, Parental Power.***

A son of pious parents was dedicated from infancy to the service of God in the holy ministry. He was publicly consecrated by baptism; early and faithfully taught the great truths of the Bible; and by all the means that God gives to parents to prepare their children for usefulness here, and glory hereafter, he was trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. His early years gave bright promise, that his future life would yield the fruit of parental watchfulness, and that a father's counsels and a mother's prayers would not be lost on him.

And when he left his father's house to complete his education abroad, there was scarce a fear that the tender-hearted boy, (who could not hear of a Saviour and his love, without a tear,) would ever become a prodigal. Parental confidence was strong that early instruction would exert its appropriate and restraining power. Christian confidence in God assured those anxious parents, that their child would be saved from destruction, though he was going into danger. He went abroad. New scenes opened upon him. He was young and ardent, and the gay companions that surrounded him, welcomed him to their circle, as they spread before him the allurements of pleasure and of sin. He struggled, for a while, against the tempter. But one barrier of virtue yielded to the assault, and another, till he fell. The conquest was not easy, but it was at last achieved: and he plunged headlong into the vortex that has swallowed thousands, and from which few have ever been drawn.

There were those who saw his danger, and who desired to deliver him as a bird out of the hand of the fowler. They called him to their company. They set before him the joys of religion, but it had no attractions for his corrupted heart. They spoke of heaven, but his heaven had been already gained. They spoke of hell, but he feared it not; of Jesus and his dying love, but his eye was tearless and his heart unmoved. Argument, motives, entreaties, were equally vain. The tender-hearted boy was hardened in sin. A coat of mail was on his soul.



"How would your parents feel, should they hear that you had become a Christian?" said a pious friend to him one day, as they were for a moment together. It was an arrow that found its way through the joints of the harness, and reached his heart. The rock was smitten and the waters gushed. The fountains of the great deep were broken up. He fell on his knees and besought his friend to pray. He thought of home, of a parent's prayers and tears, and as early recollections thronged on his mind, he resolved to return. He did turn to God. He renounced the ways of sin, and consecrated himself to the Saviour; and often have those parents' hearts been filled with joy, as they have heard the gospel preached by him whom they had in infancy dedicated to the ministry. Every tie *but their love* was sundered, and that tie drew him back. Parental faithfulness saved him in the hour of his danger.

This is not language too strong. God employs means to accomplish his purposes. In this case, he caused the early instructions of those pious parents to spring up like long buried seed, in the heart of that wayward youth. And such impressions are the most powerful, that human instrumentality can make on the soul. The ties that entwine around the heart, and bind it to the scenes of early life, are the strongest that man can throw around his fellow man. And when the sinner leaves the path of virtue, and wanders into the ways of the transgressor, those impressions grow fainter and fainter, those ties weaker and weaker; but as long as they are not wholly obliterated or broken, there is hope.

Oh yes! there is hope for the vilest prodigal who has not forgotten his father's counsels and his mother's prayers. He may be a thief, a robber, a murderer; he may be a wild, lawless, reckless rover of the seas; his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him; sailing under the black flag of piracy, he may riot like an incarnate devil, in scenes at whose recital the world turns pale; he may strew the decks of his prize with the mangled corpses of his victims, and dance in their warm blood; or slake his foul lust on innocence and beauty that have fallen into a pirate's power! He may be all this; he may do all this; but if that monster, (*I will not call him a man.*)

when the day's work of butchery is over, and he slings himself in his hammock to find repose, then feels the thought of home stealing over him; if the memory of a deserted mother who prayed for him in his infancy calls a tear unbidden to his eye, "unused to weep," there is hope even for him. He is not altogether lost. That thought may be a beacon light in the darkness of his black heart. He is a wanderer on the broad ocean, tossed by the tempests of heaven, and driven by fiercer tempests in his own soul; but that thought of a mother's prayer and a mother's love, that thought, that last expiring ray of hope, may be the polar star that shall lead him back to virtue, home and God.

The return would be more natural than the departure. He would follow the guidance of an impression, which, it may be, the Holy Spirit made on his heart when he sat on his father's knee, or bowed by his mother's side to repeat his evening prayer.

Parents! your power is next to Omnipotent over the children that God has given you. The cords you fasten on their hearts, are the strongest that human power can furnish to hold them back from ruin. Follow them with the ceaseless influence of parental love, from infancy onward to the grave. Make home sweet to the child. Throw around his heart a thousand tender associations that will bind him, as with links of iron, to the home of his childhood; to the parents that nurtured and sheltered him, and wept and prayed for him long ere he knew the meaning of prayers or tears. Impress on his heart your tenderness, your deep anxieties for his everlasting weal; and when he breaks away from your arms, and rushes on in the ways of sin and death, it may be, yes, it may be, that he who would trample on a Saviour's blood, and despise the grace of God, and break his laws and reject his proffered love, may pause, before he crushes beneath his feet *his mother's heart*.

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***Rev. Jonas King.***

AN account of the manner in which this distinguished man commenced his education has been given at page

145. On leaving college, he studied divinity, and was licensed to preach. His reputation for scholarship was such, that soon after he was elected a professor in one of the eastern colleges, on whose account he sailed for Europe. While there, it was deemed important by the American Board of Commissioners, that he should proceed as a missionary under their direction to Palestine. The college, after some solicitation, was prevailed upon to consent to the arrangement, and a letter was written to Mr. King, informing him of the wishes of the Board of Commissioners. This letter reached Mr. King at Paris, and was received for him by the gentleman to whom we have alluded, who was then engaged in mercantile business in that city. This gentleman received a letter at the same time, desiring him to unite with the Board in their endeavors to procure the valuable services of Mr. King, in that most interesting and important field of labor, Palestine. When Mr. King came into the counting-room, the letter was handed to him. He immediately retired with it to a small private adjoining room. He did not return for about three hours. When he came out, reaching his hand he inquired. "What shall I do?" "Go." "Behold," says he, "I go bound in the Spirit to Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there." The gentleman immediately wrote to several friends of the missionary cause in Europe, saying, Mr. King has consented to go to Palestine, I will give a certain sum for so many years, will you do the same? Affirmative answers were returned in every case.

Before he left for Jerusalem, Mr. King requested his friend on his return to America, to go and see his aged parents and administer to them such consolation as their condition should require. This he promised, and this promise he kept, when a few years after he found himself at Northampton, in Massachusetts, and within a few miles of their residence. Knowing that they were still in indigent circumstances, he determined not to visit them without an open hand. It was in the winter season; a sleigh was procured and laden with provisions, and, accompanied by a young man, the son of the host from whom he had procured the sleigh, he started on his long promised errand of mercy. On arriving at

the house he found it as he expected, small and decayed, the inmates of which might well say—

"No beggar soils the knocker of my door,  
The child of rags by instinct shuns the poor."

When that door was opened by the aged mother, in every lineament was seen the features of Jonas King. There was no mistaking the parentage. "I have come," said the ambassador, (for such he may well be termed,) "from your son at Jerusalem." The venerable father rose up to receive him, and after a few hurried questions, said, "Let us pray," and bending down, he returned fervent thanks for his social privileges, and especially, for the opportunity offered him of hearing from his long absent and beloved son. The provisions were brought in. "These," said the ambassador, "are sent by your son, at least I present them in his name." "What," said the aged and simple-hearted mother, "did these things come all the way from Jerusalem?" As the coffee, and tea, and sugar, were successively placed before them, the good old man said, "Of a truth God has this day abundantly blessed us, again let us return thanks," and he bowed the knee and lifted up his voice, and gave thanks to God for his goodness to them. The table was soon spread, and the aged pair, and their son's friend and their benefactor were gathered around it, the lad who had driven the horses was among the number. A blessing was invoked and the meal partaken of, with grateful hearts. When it was over, the day was drawing to a close, and the gentleman signified his intention of returning. Before he departed, the old family Bible was brought forward, and a chapter read. The eyes of the pious old man were dimmed with age, and he regretted their decay, especially, as it prevented his reading the sacred word. Again, the old man said, "Let us unite in prayer," and again he bowed himself, and invoked the choicest blessings upon his son and upon his friend. With a heart filled with love and admiration of the piety of these aged saints, and depositing secretly between the leaves of the old Bible a twenty dollar bill, that friend departed, expecting in all probability never to see their faces again upon the earth. A few years afterwards, the same gentleman was attending a commencement of one of the New England colleges.

After the close of the exercises, a young gentleman approached him, and addressing him by name, said, "You probably do not recollect me, but I am the person who accompanied you on your visit to the parents of Jonas King; I date my first serious religious impressions from that day." That young man was the Rev. Henry Lyman, who was afterwards missionary to India; and whose prospects of usefulness and whose life, were terminated by the melancholy death of himself and associate, by the cannibals of the Island of Sumatra. The good old man has gone to his rest, and by his will left to the friend of his son, the old family Bible.

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### *Dangers of the Theatre.*

It is a well known fact, that a large number of all the young men employed in business in the city of New York, and other large places, come from the country. Here, far from the restraints of home, they are exposed to the strongest temptations. Ardent, susceptible, and inexperienced, they fall an easy pray to the destroyer. A large proportion of them are much injured, if not entirely ruined. This is a fact so well attested, that it is almost unnecessary to adduce any proof of it. But it is a fact equally well attested, that the theatre is one of the principal means of accomplishing this result. "At a place of confinement," says the late Professor Knowles in the "Christian Review," "for Juvenile offenders, in one of our American cities, it was found, on examination, that a large proportion of the boys began their course of crime by stealing money, that they might buy tickets for the theatre!" Of fifteen young men from the country, who had been in the employment of a printer in New York for a few years, thirteen of them were ruined by going to the theatre. A distinguished attorney in the same city has been known to affirm, that of the young men from the country who have studied law in his office, a very few only escaped the general contagion. Ah! who can tell how many hearts have been wrung with unutterable anguish by the wreck of their brightest hopes respecting their children, seduced by the theatre from their allegi-

ance to plety and virtue ! Yes ! of that insidious place,

“Such a tale we could tell,  
As would chill the warm heart.”

We might depicture the simple, warm-hearted boy, the pride of his father, the hope of his mother, drawn gradually and insensibly into the vortex of gay and fashionable amusement, then ingulfed, and finally cast out a hideous wreck upon the desert shore of poverty and shame. We might represent him with a broken constitution, and perhaps a broken heart, returning to his miserable parents to give them the melancholy satisfaction of closing his dying eyes, and following his body with slow and mournful steps, to the grave. Or we might represent him, debased and desperate, wandering in poverty and shame, far away from the home of his early days, and at last lying down to die in the presence of strangers. Is this fancy ? Would to God it were nothing more ! But no ! stern and too frequently recurring facts prove it a melancholy reality. Dr. Jewel, of Philadelphia, gives the following account of a death-bed scene of one “ruined by the theatre.”

“In his youth he was the gayest of the gay—the favored child of favored parents ; he was indulged to a fault ; his every desire was gratified. He grew a handsome boy, polite and easy in his manners, gentle and amiable in his disposition ; at school we all loved him, and in the innocent sports of the play ground he was the ring-leader ; he was always our choice. When the time came for his leaving school and engaging in mercantile business, he mingled with new associates. Early in life he centred his affections upon a lovely girl of his own age ; they were united in matrimony, and for a time, never was there a happier couple. But, alas ! the allurements of company, the theatre, the ball-room, and the tavern, proved temptations too powerful for his unsuspecting heart—the consequences are soon told. Driven from business, excluded from virtuous society, divorced from his broken-hearted wife, deserted by all his friends, he became an outcast and a beggar. O ! methought, while I stood over his dying body, if he had the ability to speak, and the inclination to communicate, he would address me in some such language as this :—

"Beware of the theatre! it first led me in youth, and I was easily led, into immoral indulgences. It is no difficult task to trace the primary step of my destruction to the lobbies of the theatre, and its infatuating connexions, the bar and the coffee room. There I spent my evenings; 'Shakspeare' and 'the British Theatre' became my only reading: actors and actresses my only associates. The tavern, the oyster house, and houses of pleasure, finally drew me into their destructive labyrinths. I strove to avoid the earthly hell I saw myself plunging into; but its fatal chains were riveted too fast, and too strong upon my poor soul. I attempted to plead with myself the innocency of my indulged pleasures. It was the gratification of a harmless desire that induced me for the first time to cross the threshold of the theatre. It would not do. I could not allay the pangs of an already wounded conscience. Well do I remember, when the curtain rose for the first time to my astonished view, how my heart bounded for joy as I viewed the rich and dazzling scenery, and drank in the deceitful representations of the actors. The play was the 'Road to Ruin,' a true semblance of my future destiny; but little did I then think that I had taken the first step towards consequences fraught with my eternal destruction. The glittering attractions of the stage soon drew me there again, and too soon did I become infatuated with its seductive charms. One fatal step led on to another, until I found myself sliding rapidly down the steep abyss of ruin.

"A little restorative which I procured from the distant nurse of the ward aroused for a moment, in the struggling effort to swallow, the dying man from what appeared to be his sleep of death. I again called him by his own familiar name, he again, and for the last time in this world, looked at me; but, O! it was a fearful look! Heaving a deep drawn deathly sigh, he put out his emaciated and cold hand, and attempted to speak; his voice failed him, he recovered himself, and made a second effort, it was a desperate one—'O, W———, calling me by name, 'the theatre,' the first fruits of my transgression, is sending my poor lost soul to hell; O! admonish the, the, the"—young he would have said, but his utterance and his breath were simultaneously interrupted by the death

gurgles. After several ineffectual attempts to breathe freely, during which he firmly, yet insensibly grasped my hand, he gave one long gasp, and was no more—his unfettered spirit had forsaken its earthly tenement, and fled to regions beyond the grave.”

Late hours, which prevent all evening devotion, expose to strong temptations, and shroud in darkness “deeds without a name,” seem intimately connected with the amusements of the stage. Every theatre has a splendid and well furnished bar, or *saloon*, as it is called, where the friends of the drama quench their thirst and inflame their passions. Almost every establishment of this kind is flanked by taverns, recesses and houses of bad fame, which, from their vicinity to the theatre, bring enormous rents to their mercenary proprietors. That habits of intemperance are often acquired as a consequence of attending the theatre, is a fact but too well attested in melancholy history of thousands. Thus late hours, intemperance and licentiousness, dark and melancholy *trio*! appear naturally and necessarily to associate themselves with the amusements of the theatre. And why is it, we may well inquire, that this institution comes so directly into competition with the claims of religion, temperance and chastity? Why should it, like some great centre of moral evil, draw towards it so many influences of an immoral tendency? Why should the blood of the ruined be found upon its walls? Why, in one word, should it be so intimately connected, not only in the minds of good men, but also, in fact, *with all that we hate—with all that we dread*?

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### ***Temptations of Young Men.***

I CAN hardly name a temptation so great, so fearful to a young man, as that of handling money which is not his own: and if I were to offer a special prayer for my son, it would be that he might not be tempted in this way. Few, very few can withstand it. And at the present time it has become so common, I had almost said so fashionable, for men and boys to spend what is not their own, that the moral sense of the community has received a



shock from which, I am afraid, it will not soon recover. If you steal an overcoat, to shield you from the blast, the watchman's rattle will soon make you sensible that you have disgraced yourself, and you are a thief. But if you have taken and used tens of thousands of money not your own, you are not a thief!—you are only a—defaulter! And so common has it become, that the sense of shame is almost gone—and the sense of guilt seems entirely gone. I can now carry back my mind to my college days. There was a youth in the next class, remarkable for his simplicity and economy of dress, and for his republican habits. You would suppose that gold and copper would be alike in his eye. He grows up, enters upon his profession as a lawyer, marries into a very respectable family, and is accounted an honest man! He becomes an officer in a money corporation. You meet him at the Springs, and in the best of society. I take up a paper this very week, and read that ———, Esq., is a defaulter for several times ten thousand dollars! The pure-minded youth, the stern lawyer, who has probably prosecuted many a poor wretch for stealing a few dollars—has been tempted, and who is surprised that he yielded? Who is surprised that he is denominated only a—defaulter! We have almost come to this, that places of trust and of handling money, mean little more than places where those may help themselves who can obtain the posts! and it is almost thought to be cowardly, and hardly worth a paragraph in the daily paper, to be a defaulter for a moderate sum! We shall be told that there are high-minded and honorable men at these posts still. We have no doubt of it. That there are honest poor men who daily handle thousands of money. We do not doubt it. But who does not know that confidence is so shaken between man and man, that the whole community are in unutterable anguish!

Oh! that these young men, just coming upon the stage of action, might take warning from the fearful disclosure now so common! I would have them remember that no man becomes a monster, in any crime, at once—that there is hardly such a thing as the first crime in dishonesty—that he who allows himself to borrow a shilling out of his master's drawer, with the secret determination

to repay it, has begun a downward course from which he will be very likely never to recover—for he that is unjust in that which is least, is unjust in that which is much—and the same heart which to-day prompts you to be a defaulter for the shilling which you hope to pay, but hope in vain, will hereafter, if you have the opportunity, lead you to take tens of thousands which are not your own. How fearfully common is it, to see it announced that such a man, supposed to be a pattern of integrity, of morality, of religion even—who was supposed even by his wife to be upright, and honorable, and affluent, has turned out to have been a knave for years! Oh! never did I understand, till lately, how awfully great is the temptation, when we have the handling of money not our own! Most tenderly do I warn these young men of the danger; most earnestly do I beseech them not to desire to see money not their own; not to handle it; and, above all, never, *never*, NEVER borrow a farthing unknown to the lender, with the secret promise of returning it. 'The first time you do that, you have begun to let out the waters, and you will dig more and more, till you are carried away by the flood, beyond the possibility of ever regaining the shore, and beyond ever returning to the place of innocency—the only safe spot!

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### ***Piety the Same Every Where***

THE similarity of feeling in the experience of the pious has often been remarked, and has been justly considered a strong evidence of the divine origin of experimental religion: for how, otherwise, can this uniformity of the views and feelings of the pious, in all ages and countries, be accounted for? Enthusiasm assumes a thousand different shapes and hues, and is marked by no uniform characteristics; but scriptural piety is the same now, as in the days of David and Asaph; the same as when Paul lived, the same as experienced by the pious fathers of the Christian church; the same as described by the Reformers, the Puritans, and by the evangelical preachers and writers of the present day. When the gospel takes effect on any of the heathen, although it is certain that

they never had the opportunity of learning any thing of this kind from others, yet we find them expressing the same feelings which are common to other christians. Persons from different quarters of the globe, whose vernacular tongue is entirely different, yet speak the same language in religion. Members of churches, which hold no communion; and which, perhaps, view each other, when at a distance, as heretics, often, when brought together, recognise in one another, dear brethren, who are of one mind in their religious experience.

The late eminently pious and learned theologian, the Rev. Dr. Livingston, related to me, not many years before his decease, a pleasant anecdote, which will serve to illustrate the point under consideration; and which I communicate to the public more willingly, because I do not know that he has left any record of it behind him. While a student at the University of Utrecht, a number of pious persons, from the town and from among the students, were accustomed to meet for free conversation on experimental religion, and for prayer and praise, in a social capacity. On one of these occasions, when the similarity of the exercises of the pious, in all countries and ages, was the subject of conversation, it was remarked by one of the company, that there was then present a representative from each of the four quarters of the world. These were Dr. Livingston from America, a young man from the Cape of Good Hope, in Africa, another student from one of the Dutch possessions in the East Indies, and many natives of Europe, of course. It was therefore proposed, that at the next meeting, the three first gentlemen referred to, together with an eminently pious young nobleman of Holland, should each give a particular narrative of the rise and progress of the work of grace in his soul. The proposal was universally acceptable; and, accordingly, a narrative was heard from a native of each of the four quarters of the globe; of their views and feelings, of their trials and temptations, &c. The result was highly gratifying to all present; and I think that Dr. Livingston said, that it was generally admitted by those present, that they had never before witnessed so interesting a scene.

*The Contrast.*

IN the retired, though populous parish of W——, where our country residence has long been fixed, it has been my lot to witness many scenes of illness and of death amongst our poorer neighbors. The greater number, I should say, were calculated to raise our hopes, and enlarge our faith in the highest degree; for their end was peace, patience in much suffering, and a death-bed cheered by faith in the merits of a dying Saviour. I has often struck me, that, amongst the humbler class those apparently blessed with the fewest advantages, we meet with more active faith, and a more sure dependence upon the divine will, with a less dread of the last awful summons. Often, when taking the last farewell of some of these humble and lowly spirits, have I prayed, ‘that my end might be as peaceful as theirs.’ It was indeed a practical lesson of humility. “God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.”

One year I was called upon to visit, for many months, at two cottages a very short distance apart: both inmates were in a hopeless state as far as regards the body, but one of the poor women, Jane, —— was much blessed in her sufferings; she was dying of a peculiarly painful disease of malignant character; she was in constant bodily agony, and could get little or no rest by day or night. The disease was beyond the aid of all human alleviation; for every thing that kindness or sympathy could suggest had been tried, but without effect; all medical assistance was pronounced useless, and poor Jane P.—— lingered on from month to month, patient and resigned, but without a hope of any relief from pain on this side the grave. It was distressing to witness her bodily sufferings; she constantly said, that, if it was not for the consolation of ‘prayer,’ she did not think she could get through her days, but the blessed hope of salvation through the merits of her Saviour cheered her onwards, and I never heard a murmur or saw an impatient gesture during the many long, weary months I visited her numble abode. ‘It is the Lord’s will, she would merely

say, 'and he knows what is best for us poor sinners.' The Bible was her guide, and she was thankful to hear it read when increasing weakness prevented her reading the holy precepts herself. One of her children (for she had a large family,) a little boy, and evidently at heart the mother's darling, was constant in his tiny endeavors to be of use to his suffering parent, and he daily reads a portion of the Scriptures to her on his return from the village school. She said he often soothed her by his ready attention and affection; 'He seems to feel for me; if he only says, Good night mother, he says it so kind like that I am sure it does me good.' Poor soul! her husband was a rough, hard-working man, some years her senior; he had a large sickly family, as well as his poor afflicted wife, to maintain out of his weekly wages, therefore some allowance might perhaps be made; but I fear he was not always so kind as he ought to have been, and I sometimes had reason to suspect that the curse of the country's rural population, 'the beer-shops,' decoyed him into spending a larger proportion of his wages than was suited either to his finances or to his own well doing. But never, by word, or look, did the poor patient suffer or imply that such was the case; she was thankful for a little assistance or attention bestowed, and always seemed anxious to make the best of her melancholy situation. Her thoughts were evidently not on this world: she was willing to abide God's time cheerfully, though a release from a painful state of warfare was what she earnestly desired. She told me, when her illness first began to assume its alarming appearance, she was often much troubled in her mind, for when poverty and sickness are combined, the prospect is very bitter—none can tell how bitter but those who have experienced it, but poor Jan said the Lord had in much mercy remembered her, for she had not only met with many kind-hearted friends who had amply relieved her earthly wants, but she had been blessed with the advantage of much spiritual consolation, and many otherwise dreary hours had been beguiled of half their anguish, half their bitterness.

The last time I saw her, it was one bright sunny afternoon. I had walked across the verdant fields after the morning service—for it was the sabbath day—all nature

looked blythe and gay ; the birds were singing merrily ; the wild flowers reveled in the golden sunbeams : the corn gave promise of a plentiful harvest ; and the deep blue sky was free from even the shadow of a cloud. How different the scene which was presented to my view when I entered that sorrow-stricken cottage ! the poor man and his young family were all assembled in the little dark kitchen, a comfortless looking place, which plainly told how much the deprivation of the hitherto helping hand was felt. They begged I would go up stairs, for 'she is very bad,' was all the communication which passed ere I was clambering up the perpendicular staircase, and found myself alone with poor Jane ; she was sinking fast, but she spoke cheerfully as soon as she distinguished my voice, for her sight was dim. I sat down by the side of her humble pallet with its patch-work quilt, and very sweet it was to hear the dying accents of praise and thanksgiving amidst the pangs of this life's curse ; for, with a thorough conviction of her own sinful state, and a firm reliance on her Saviour's intercession at the throne of mercy, the arch-enemy, death, seemed robbed of half its sting, before the last fearful scene was passed. 'I hardly thought to see you again, ma'am, but the change will soon come, I am quite happy and ready, and I bless the Lord daily for the many mercies he has vouchsafed to me, even unto the last ; God bless you, ma'am we may meet again, but not here.'

After a pause she told me of the few arrangements which she hoped would be effected with regard to her children, particularly with respect to the baby, which alas ! was but a few months old, and required, from its extreme delicacy, more than ordinary care : 'It may seem hard,' she feebly murmured, 'to be called away so early from all those dear ties of earthly affection ; and had it pleased God to have allowed me a longer space for their sakes, I should have rejoiced, but I feel sure all is ordered for the best. I leave them to the care of one who will never forsake or desert his own ; the Lord is merciful, and will remember us ; and for myself, "to die is gain indeed."'

I parted from my poor friend : and very soon afterwards she was mercifully removed from amongst us.

May we not with humble faith in God's promises, believe that her earthly sufferings were sanctified to her, and that she is now in eternal rest, that blessed rest which we are all looking forward to, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit,—that farewell token of the presence of our merciful Redeemer sent in mercy, to cheer the drooping and the weary on the heaven-bound pathway?

My visits to the cottage of Margaret S——— were more painful; for she, poor creature, though lingering under an equally hopeless disorder, but not of so distressing a character as that of her poor neighbor, yet could not turn her thoughts to that world where alone true joys are to be found. She was irritated and annoyed whenever the subject was brought before her. 'She should get well, she was not thinking of dying; when her cough was better and she could gain a little strength, she knew she should be about again; and what was the use of making her mope and fancy she was ill?' It was useless to argue with her whilst in this frame of mind. She could read, but the bible seemed to give her no consolation. In early life she had not always borne the best of characters, and she had at one time fallen deeply into sin; but since her marriage with William S——— she appeared to fulfil her various duties most satisfactorily, and was notable and thrifty in her household management; but there was still a restless sort of incipient discontent, a half-smothered churlishness of manner, which seemed struggling with better feelings. She evidently shrunk from any serious cause of self examination, not heeding our blessed Saviour's declaration, that he came to seek and to save that which was lost, and that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. I lent her some books, in the hope, vain as it proved, of interesting her feelings, and thereby engaging her attention in the cause, but the only comment she ever made was, 'That she dared say they were very good books; it might be all very true; she could not say but what that might suit some folks, but she should be well soon, and did not need to have such serious thoughts put into her head.' Poor Margaret S——— had very many earthly blessings; for she had an excellent, kind-hearted husband, a healthy family, daughters both able and willing to attend upon

her, and a nice cheerful cottage, and their landlord and master was kind and considerate to them in all respects. It was sad, however, to see her, poor woman, time after time, when I went into the little kitchen, sitting rocking herself backwards and forwards in the chimney corner, gradually getting weaker and weaker, yet each time assuring me she had no thought of dying. 'I must get well,' was the constant cry, which only sounded too like, 'I will get well.' She was always glad to see me; and at one time when illness had prevented my going to see her as usual, she expressed her regret at my nonappearance; she did not like to hear me allude to the fallen state of man, and the last final change, but she felt nevertheless, that it was her own eternal interest I had at heart when I endeavored, day by day, to direct her thoughts to that one, that only source of comfort to the repentant sinner,—a dying Saviour's love! "Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." Margaret sometimes asked me how that poor creature Jane P—— was getting on, generally accompanying the inquiry with the observation, 'Ah! ma'am, she really is dying.' I ventured once to describe the patience and resignation of her poor afflicted neighbor, who was some fifteen years younger, having barely numbered thirty summers, and who bore meekly the heavy dispensation with which it had pleased the Lord to try her strength. 'Poor wretch! so I have heard say,' was all the comment vouchsafed in reply to the interesting details of her fellow Christian's heavenly frame of mind.

Only a few weeks before Margaret was called to her account Jane P—— was released from her sufferings; their remains were deposited in the self-same year; but oh! how different were their respective views; one looking forward with the blessed hope of a joyful resurrection, the parting scene gilded even in poverty and agony, with the bright and as unclouded as that to me, memorable sabbath-day, when I bade farewell to the departing spirit—and the other—I can only look back with regret to the state of feeling manifested by Margaret S——; for it is a cheerless prospect to see a fellow being wilfully blind to all spiritual consolation and expectations, and to



see that fellow-mortal drooping and passing away to that bourne from whence no traveller returns, without feeling that precious gift of the Holy Spirit descending upon the heart, creating and making all things new, shedding its glorious light even upon the confines of the tomb, and teaching us the awful truth contained in the Holy Scriptures, "To die is gain."

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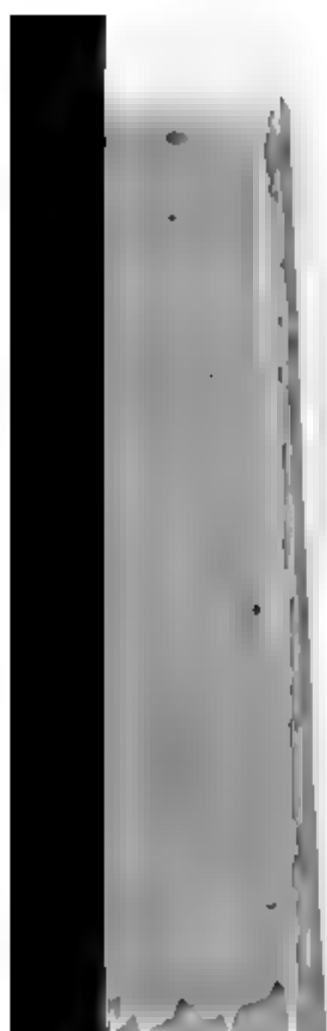
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